Sargent's Temperance Tales

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THE

TEMPERANCE TALES

BY

LUCIUS M. SARGENT.

Cum vini vis penetravit
Consequitur gravitas membrorum, præpediuntur
Crura vaccillanti, tardescit lingua, madet mens.
Nant oculi, clamor, singultus, jurgia gliscunt.
LUCRETIUS, Lib. iii. Ver. 475.

NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

TWO VOLS. IN ONE.

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

In presenting a comprehensive edition of the "Temperance Tales" to the public, the publisher complies with the request of many highly respected friends of the temperance cause. These tales were prepared for the purpose of doing good; and it has been sufficiently acknowledged, that they have accomplished their object, in no ordinary degree. Hundreds of thousands have already been scattered over the earth. Editions have been published in England and Scotland, and several of these tales have been translated into the German language. Editions have also been printed at Botany Bay, and at Madras, in South India. The perusal of some one of these narratives is well known to have turned the hearts of many persons of intemperate habits, from drunkenness and sloth, to temperance and industry. Many years have passed since their first publication, in separate numbers. It may not be uninteresting to the children of parents, once intemperate, to cast their eyes upon those pages, whose influence, under the blessing of Heaven, has preserved them from a miserable orphanage. The publisher confidently hopes that the circulation of the Temperance Tales will greatly tend, as it ever has done, to the advancement of the reformation.

W. S. D.

MY MOTHER S GOLD RING.

This is the first of a series of stories, of which it possibly may be the beginning and the end. The incident, which is the foundation of the following tale, was communicated to the writer, by a valued friend, as a fact, with the name of the principal character. Another friend, to whom the manuscript was given, perceiving some advantage in its publication, has thought proper to give it to the world, as Number One; from which I infer, that I am expected to write a Number Two. The hint may be worth taking, at some leisure moment. In the mean time, pray read Number One: it can do you no harm: there is nothing "*sectarian*" about it. When you have read it, if, among all your connections and friends, you can think of none, whom its perusal may possibly benefit—and it will be strange if you cannot—do me the favor to present it to the first little boy that you meet. He will, no doubt, take it home to his mother or his father. If you will not do this, throw it in the street, as near to some dram-seller's door as you ever venture to go: let it take the course of the flying seed, which God is pleased to intrust to the keeping of the winds: it may yet spring up and bear fruit, if such be the will of Him, who giveth the increase.

I HAVE one of the kindest husbands: he is a carpenter by trade, and our flock of little children has one of the kindest fathers in the county. I was thought the luckiest girl in the parish, when G—— T—— made me his wife: I thought so myself. Our wedding-day—and it was a happy one—was but an indifferent sample of those days of rational happiness and uninterrupted harmony, which we were permitted to enjoy together, for the space of six years. And although, for the last three years of our lives, we have been as happy as we were at the beginning, it makes my heart sick to think of those long, dark days and sad nights, that came between; for, two years of our union were years of misery. I well recollect the first glass of ardent spirit, that my husband ever drank. He had been at the grocery to purchase a little tea and sugar for the family; there were three cents coming to him in change; and, unluckily, the Deacon, who keeps the shop, had nothing but silver in the till; and, as it was a sharp, frosty morning, he persuaded my good man to take his money's worth of rum, for it was just the price of a glass He came home in wonderful spirits, and told me he meant to have me and the children better dressed, and, as neighbor Barton talked of selling his horse and chaise, he thought of buying them both; and, when I said to him, "George, we are dressed as well as we can afford, and I hope you will not think of a horse and chaise, till we have paid off the Squire's mortgage," he gave me a harsh look and a bitter word I never shall forget that day, for they were the first he ever gave me in his life. When he saw me shedding tears, and holding my apron to my face, he said he was sorry, and came

to kiss me, and I discovered that he had been drinking, and it grieved me to the heart. In a short time after, while I was washing up the breakfast things, I heard our little Robert, who was only five years old, crying bitterly; and, going to learn the cause, I met him running towards me with his face covered with blood.

He said his father had taken him on his knee, and was playing with him, but had given him a blow in the face, only because he had said, when he kissed him, "Dear papa, you smell like old Isaac, the drunken fiddler." My husband was very cross to us all through the whole of that day; but the next morning, though he said little, he was evidently ashamed and humbled; and he went about his work very industriously, and was particularly kind to little Robert. I prayed constantly for my good man, and that God would be pleased to guide his heart aright; and, more than a week having gone by, without any similar occurrence, I flattered myself, that he would never do so again. But, in a very little time, either the Deacon was short of change, as before, or some tempting occasion presented itself, which my husband could not resist, and he returned home once more under the influence of liquor. I never shall forget the expression of his countenance, when he came in, that night. We had waited supper a full hour, for his return: the tea-pot was standing at the fire, and the bannocks were untouched upon the hearth, and the smaller children were beginning to murmur for their supper. There was an indescribable expression of defiance on his countenance, as though he were conscious of having done wrong, and resolved to brave it out. We sat down silently to supper, and he scarcely raised his eyes upon any of us, during this unhappy repast. He soon went to bed and fell asleep; and, after I had laid our little ones to rest, I knelt at the foot of the bed, on which my poor misguided husband was sleeping, and poured out my very soul to God, while my eyes were scalded with the bitterest tears I had ever shed. For I then foresaw, that, unless some remedy could be employed, my best earthly friend, the father of my little children, would become a drunkard. The next morning, after breakfast, I ventured to speak with him upon the subject, in a mild way; and, though I could not restrain my tears, neither my words nor my weeping appeared to have any effect, and I saw that he was becoming hardened, and careless of us all. How many winter nights have I waited, weeping alone, at my once happy fireside, listening for the lifting latch, and wishing, yet dreading, to hear his steps at the door!

After this state of things had continued, or rather grown worse, for nearly three months, I put on my bonnet one morning, after my husband had gone to his work, and went to the Deacon's store; and

finding him alone, I stated my husband's case, and begged him earnestly to sell him no more. He told me it would do no good, for, if he did not sell it, some other person would sell it; and he doubted if my husband took more than was good for him. He quoted Scripture to show, that it was a wife's duty to keep at home, and submit herself to her husband, and not meddle with things, which did not belong to her province. At this time, two or three customers called for rum, and the Deacon civilly advised me to go home, and look after my children.

I went out with a heavy heart. It seemed as if the tide of evil was setting against me. As I was passing farmer Johnson's, on my way home, they called me in. I sat down and rested myself, for a few minutes, in their neat cottage. Farmer Johnson was just returning from the field; and when I saw the little ones running to meet him at the stile, and the kind looks, that passed between the good man and his wife; and when I remembered, that we were married on the very same day, and compared my own fortune with theirs, my poor heart burst forth in a flood of tears. They all knew what I was weeping for, and farmer Johnson, in a kind manner, bade me cheer up, and put my trust in God's mercy, and remember that it was often darkest before daylight. The farmer and his wife were members of the temperance society, and had signed the pledge; and I had often heard him say, that he believed it had saved him from destruction. He had, before his marriage, and for a year after, been in the habit of taking a little spirit every day. He was an industrious, thriving man; but, shortly after his marriage, he became bound for a neighbor, who ran off, and he was obliged to pay the debt. I have heard him declare, that, when the sheriff took away all his property, and stripped his little cottage, and scarcely left him those trifles, which are secured to the poor man by law; and when he considered how ill his poor wife was, at the time, in consequence of the loss of their child, that died only a month before, he was restrained from resorting to the bottle, in his moments of despair, by nothing but a recollection of the pledge he had signed. Farmer Johnson's minister was in favor of pledges, and had often told him, that affliction might weaken his judgment and his moral sense, and that the pledge might save him at last, as a plank saves the life of a mariner, who is tost upon the waves.

Our good Clergyman was unfortunately of a different opinion. He had often disapproved of pledges: the Deacon was of the same opinion: he thought very illy of pledges.

Month after month passed away, and our happiness was utterly destroyed. My husband neglected his business, and poverty began

to stare us in the face. Notwithstanding my best exertions, it was hard work to keep my little ones decently clothed and sufficiently fed. If my husband earned a shilling, the dram-seller was as sure of it, as if it were already in his till. I sometimes thought I had lost all my affection for one, who had proved so entirely regardless of those, whom it was his duty to protect and sustain; but, when I looked in the faces of our little children, the recollection of our early marriage days, and all his kind words and deeds, soon taught me the strength of the principle, that had brought us together. I shall never cease to remember the anguish I felt, when the constable took him to jail, upon the dram-seller's execution. Till that moment, I did not believe, that my affection could have survived, under the pressure of that misery, which he had brought upon us all. I put up such things, of the little that remained to us, as I thought might be of use, and turned my back upon a spot where I had been very happy and very wretched. Our five little children followed, weeping bitterly. The jail was situated in the next town. "Oh George," said I, "if you had only signed the pledge, it would not have come to this." He sighed, and said nothing; and we walked nearly a mile, in perfect silence. As we were leaving the village, we encountered our Clergyman, going forth upon his morning ride. When I reflected, that a few words from him would have induced my poor husband to sign the pledge, and that, if he had done so, he might have been the kind father and the affectionate husband that he once was, I own, it cost me some considerable effort to suppress my emotions. "Whither are you all going?" said the holy man. My husband, who had always appeared extremely humble, in presence of the minister, and replied to all his inquiries, in a subdued tone of voice, answered, with unusual firmness, "To jail, reverend sir." "To jail!" said he; "ah, I see how it is; you have wasted your substance in riotous living, and are going to pay for your improvidence and folly. You have had the advantage of my precept and example, and you have turned a deaf ear to the one, and neglected the other." "Reverend sir," my husband replied, galled by this reproof, which appeared to him, at that particular moment, an unnecessary aggravation of his misery, "reverend sir, your precept and your example have been my ruin; I have followed them both. You, who had no experience of the temptations, to which your weaker brethren are liable, who are already addicted to the temperate and daily use of ardent spirits, advised me never to sign a pledge I have followed your advice to the letter. You admitted, that extraordinary occasions might justify the use of ardent spirit, and that, on such occasions, you might use it yourself. I followed your ex

ample; but it has been my misfortune never to drink spirituous liquors, without finding that my *occasions* were more *extraordinary* than ever. Had I followed the precept and example of my neighbor Johnson, I should not have made a good wife miserable, nor my children beggars." While he uttered these last words, my poor husband looked upon his little ones, and burst into tears; and the minister rode slowly away, without uttering a word. I rejoiced, even in the midst of our misery, to see that the heart of my poor George was tenderly affected; for it is not more needful that the hardness of wax should be subdued by fire, than that the hear of man should be softened by affliction, before a deep and lasting impression can be made. "Dear husband," said I, "we are young; it is not too late; let us trust in God, and all may yet be well." He made no reply, but continued to walk on, and weep in silence. Shortly after, the Deacon appeared, at some distance, coming towards us on the road; but, as soon as he discovered who we were, he turned away into a private path. Even the constable seemed somewhat touched with compassion at our situation, and urged us to keep up a good heart, for he thought some one might help us, when we least expected it. My husband, whose vein of humor would often display itself, even in hours of sadness, instantly replied, that the good Samaritan could not be far off, for the priest and the Levite had already passed by on the other side. But he little thought - poor man — that even the conclusion of this beautiful parable was so likely to be verified. A one-horse wagon, at this moment, appeared to be coming down the hill behind us, at an unusually rapid rate, and the constable advised us, as the road was narrow, to stand aside, and let it pass. It was soon up with us; and, when the dust had cleared away, it turned out, as little Robert had said, when it first appeared on the top of the hill, to be farmer Johnson's gray mare and yellow wagon. The kind-hearted farmer was out in an instant, and, without saying a word, was putting the children into it, one after another. A word from farmer Johnson was enough for any constable in the village. It was all the work of a moment. He shook my husband by the hand; and when he began, "Neighbor Johnson, you are the same kind friend"—"Get in," said he; "let 's have no words about it. I must be home in a trice, for,' turning to me, "your old school-mate, Susan, my wife, will sit a crying at the window, till she sees you all safe home again." Saying this, he whipped up the gray mare, who, regardless of the additional load, went up the hill faster than she came down, as though she entered into the spirit of the whole transaction.

It was not long before we reached the door of our cottage. Far

mer Johnson took out the children; and, while I was trying to find words to thank him for all his kindness, he was up in his wagon and off, before I could utter a syllable. Robert screamed after him, to tell little Tim Johnson to come over, and that he should have all his pinks and marigolds. When we entered the cottage, there were bread, and meat, and milk, upon the table, which Susan, the farmer's wife, had brought over for the children. I could not help sobbing aloud, for my heart was full. "Dear George," said I, turning to my husband, "you used to pray, let us thank God, for this great deliverance from evil." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I fear God will scarcely listen to my poor prayers, after all my offences; but I will try." We closed the cottage door, and he prayed with so much humility of heart, and so much earnestness of feeling, that I felt almost sure that God's grace would be lighted up, in the bosom of this unhappy man, if sighs, and tears, and prayers, could win their way to heaven. He was very grave, and said little or nothing that night. The next morning, when I woke up, I was surprised, as the sun had not risen, to find that he had already gone down. At first, I felt alarmed, as such a thing had become unusual with him, of late years; but my anxious feelings were agreeably relieved, when the children told me their father had been hoeing, for an hour, in the potato field, and was mending the garden fence. With our scanty materials, I got ready the best breakfast I could, and he sat down to it, with a good appetite, but said little; and, now and then, I saw the tears starting into his eyes. I had many fears, that he would fall back into his former habits, whenever he should meet his old companions, or stop in again at the Deacon's store. I was about urging him to move into another village. After breakfast, he took me aside, and asked me if I had not a gold ring. "George," said I, "that ring was my mother's: she took it from her finger, and gave it to me, the day that she died. I would not part with that ring, unless it were to save life. Besides, if we are industrious and honest, we shall not be forsaken." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I know how you prize that gold ring: I never loved you more than when you wept over it, while you first told me the story of your mother's death: it was just a month before we were married, the last Sabbath evening in May, Jenny, and we were walking by the river. I wish you would bring me that ring." Memory hurried me back, in an instant, to the scene, the bank upon the river's side, where we sat together, and agreed upon our wedding-day. I brought down the ring, and he asked me, with such an earnestness of manner, to put it on his little finger, that I did so; not, however, without a trembling hand and a misgiving heart. "And

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MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.

now, Jenny," said he, as he rose to go out, "pray that God will support me." My mind was not in a happy state, for I felt some doubt of his intentions. From a little hill, at the back of our cottage, we had a fair view of the Deacon's store. I went up to the top of it; and while I watched my husband's steps, no one can tell how fervently I prayed God to guide them aright. I saw two of his old companions, standing at the store door, with glasses in their hands; and, as my husband came in front of the shop, I saw them beckon him in. It was a sad moment for me. "Oh, George," said I, though I knew he could not hear me, "go on; remember your poor wife and your starving children!" My heart sunk within me, when I saw him stop and turn towards the door. He shook hands with his old associates: they appeared to offer him their glasses: I saw him shake his head and pass on. "Thank God!" said I, and ran down the hill, with a light step, and seizing my baby at the cottage door, I literally covered it with kisses, and bathed it in tears of joy. About ten o'clock, Richard Lane, the Squire's office-boy, brought in a piece of meat and some meal, saying my husband sent word, that he could not be home till night, as he was at work on the Squire's barn. Richard added, that the Squire had engaged him for two months. He came home early, and the children ran down the hill to meet him. He was grave, but cheerful. "I have prayed for you, dear husband," said I. "And a merciful God has supported me, Jenny," said he. It is not easy to measure the degrees of happiness; but, take it altogether, this, I think, was the happiest evening of my life. If there is great joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth, there is no less joy in the heart of a faithful wife, over a husband that was lost, and is found. In this manner the two months went away. In addition to his common labor, he found time to cultivate the garden, and make and mend a variety of useful articles about the house. It was soon understood, that my husband had reformed, and it was more generally believed, because he was a subject for the gibes and sneers of a large number of the Deacon's customers. My husband used to say, Let those laugh that are wise and win. He was an excellent workman, and business came in from all quarters. He was soon able to repay neighbor Johnson, and our families lived in the closest friendship with each other. One evening, farmer Johnson said to my husband, that he thought it would be well for him to sign the temperance pledge; that he did not advise it, when he first began to leave off spirit, for he feared his strength might fail him. "But now," said he, "you have continued five months, without touching a drop, and it would be well for the cause, that you should sign the pledge." "Friend John

son," said my husband, "when a year has gone safely by, I will sign the pledge. For five months, instead of the pledge, I have, in every trial and temptation — and a drinking man knows well the force and meaning of those words — I have relied upon this gold ring, to renew my strength, and remind me of my duty to God, to my wife, to my children, and to society. Whenever the struggle of appetite has commenced, I have looked upon this ring: I have remembered that it was given, with the last words and dying counsels of an excellent mother, to my wife, who placed it there; and, under the blessing of Almighty God, it has proved, thus far, the life-boat of a drowning man."

The year soon passed away, and on the very day twelvemonth, on which I had put the ring upon my husband's finger, farmer Johnson brought over the Temperance book. We all sat down to the tea-table together. After supper was done, little Robert climbed up and kissed his father, and, turning to farmer Johnson, "Father," said he, "has not smelt like old Isaac, the drunken fiddler, once, since we rode home in your yellow wagon." The farmer opened the book: my husband signed the pledge of the society, and, with tears in his eyes, gave me back — ten thousand times more precious than ever — MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.

WILD DICK AND GOOD LITTLE ROBIN.

A very few weeks only have gone by, since I requested you to read Number One. It is probable that you have complied with my request; for the publishers inform me they are already at work upon the ninth edition, and have been requested, by the friends of temperance, in the State of New York, to permit them to strike off one hundred thousand copies for gratuitous distribution.

I have been cheered by the assurance of some highly intelligent and benevolent individuals, that Number One has been productive of good. I wrote it for that end, and sent it forth into the world, with a prayer to that effect. I thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that he has vouchsafed his blessing upon these humble labors.

I now respectfully present Number Two for your perusal. It has been objected to Number One, that the language in which it is written is above the level of certain capacities; and that farmer Johnson does not talk precisely in a farmer-like style. The same objection may, with equal propriety, be made to Number Two. But it must be remembered, that these stories are not intended for *little children* alone, nor by any means exclusively for uneducated persons. There are many, *of mature age, excellent capacity*, and *highly educated*, whom we would persuade to become as *little children*, and profit by that instruction which these tales are designed to supply.

We are apt to over-graduate the change, between our present seasons and the corresponding seasons of our youth, forgetting that Thomson's description of an English spring, by which so many of us have been fairly transported, in our childhood, over the sea, is, after all, the genuine spring which lives in our early recollections. It appears to me, that we have been occasionally misled, in a somewhat similar manner, in the preparation of books designed for certain classes of our fellow-countrymen. Under a monarchy, it is of importance to keep up the *Chinese wall of distinction* between the rich and the poor. When a simple commoner, by his prodigious wealth, or colossal intellectual power, *distinguishes himself*, he is taken over the wall, and transformed into a lord, lest he should furnish an inconvenient exception to the general rule. Knowledge and ignorance, refinement and vulgarity, under such a form of government, are placed and retained in the most striking contradistinction to each other. Societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge are gradually demolishing the barrier. Until very lately, however, a convention of all the American children, of seven years old, would have rejected, by an overwhelming vote, as beneath their capacity, a very large proportion of all the little volumes prepared for the mechanics and peasantry of England. It is not easy to perceive, even in works designed for children alone, the utility of broken English; nor of a mean and meagre phraseology in those intended for the majority of the people. There are many sensible remarks, having a bearing on this subject, in Pope's ironical examination of the comparative merits of the pastorals of Phillips and his own. To be sure, it would not be expedient to make a farmer talk like a metaphysician, nor a rough child of the ocean like an accomplished divine.

I cannot believe that a hard word, occurring once, or even twice, in a little work of this kind, is likely to be productive of harm. No human creature understands the pleasure of overcoming the difficulties, which lie in his path, more thoroughly than a New England farmer; and, even if a hard word should lie across the furrow, he will not only be enabled to turn it out, with the assistance of Noah Webster's patent plough, but he will be the better pleased with the fruit of his toil, for the labor it may cost him.

Richard Wild and Robert Little were born on two pleasantly situated homesteads, that bounded on each other. Their parents, though differing essentially in their habits of life, were good neighbors. There were but a few weeks' difference between the ages of these children, and they grew up from their cradles with the strongest attachment for each other. I have seen Robert, a hundred times, in the fine mornings and evenings of summer, sitting on a particular rock, at the bottom of his father's garden, with his dipper of bread and milk; not tasting a mouthful till Richard came and sat down, with his dipper, at his side. They teetered together on a board, placed over the boundary wall. As they grew a little older, they snared blue jays and trapped striped squirrels in company; and all their toys and fishing tackle were common property.

I have often thought there was something in the name which a boy acquires at school. Richard Wild, and Robert Little, who was smaller of stature, were called, by their school-fellows, wild Dick and good little Robin. Robert Little was truly a good boy, and he was blessed with worthy parents, who brought him up in the fear of God, and who not only taught him the principles of piety and virtue, but led him along in those pleasant paths, by their own continual example in life and practice. Richard Wild was not so fortunate. His father and mother paid less respect to the Sabbath day; and, although, as I have said, the parents of both these children were good neighbors, and exchanged a variety of kind offices with each other, in the course of a long year; yet there were some subjects upon which they very frequently conversed, and never agreed. The most interesting of all these topics of discussion was the temperance reform. Farmer Little was a member of the society, and, in his plain, sensible way, by his own excellent example, not more than by his counsel, within the circle of his little neighborhood, one of its valuable advocates. Farmer Wild was opposed to it, in preaching and in practice. He was opposed to it chiefly because it was "*a sectarian thing*." He preached against it on all occasions, at the mill and the smithy, the town-hall and the grocery-store; but he was particularly eloquent upon training days, when the pail of punch was nearly drunk out; for he was not one of those who preach and never practise. At that time, he was not esteemed an intemperate man. To be sure, he was frequently in the habit of taking enough to make his tongue run faster than usual, and to light up, in his heart, a feeling of universal philanthropy; which invariably subsided after a good night's rest. Farmer Wild's wife derived a great deal of comfort from a cheering glass. It was particularly grateful on washing days; and she soon became convinced that it tasted quite as well on any other day of the week. There was a time when she was unwilling that her neighbors should become acquainted with this disposition for liquor. She was then in the habit of indulging herself in the frequent use of tea, at all hours of the day. She kept it, in constant readiness, on the upper shelf of the pantry closet. Upon a certain day, little Dick was taken so suddenly and seriously ill, that his father went for Dr. Diver. The child was unable to stand, and was so drowsy and sick at his stomach that the family were fearful he had been poisoned; and the more so, as he had been seen, in the earlier part of the day, playing before the apothecary's shop. Dr. Diver had recently procured a stomach-pump; and, as he was quite willing to try it, the experiment was immediately and successfully made upon the stomach of little Dick,

who was speedily relieved of rather more than half a pint of strong milk punch. He stoutly denied, with tears in his eyes, that he had ever tasted a drop of any such thing; but finally confessed that he had been sucking tea, as he had often seen his mother do, from the nose of her teapot, upon the upper shelf. Farmer Wild, in spite of his wife's remonstrances, took down the teapot, and examined its contents, when the whole matter was easily unravelled. The farmer scolded his wife for her habit of drinking punch in the morning; and she scolded her husband for his habit of drinking rum at all hours of the day. The presence of Dr. Diver appeared to have little influence in abating the violence, or softening the acrimony, of the family quarrel; and little Dick was quite willing to be spared, by both parents, though at the expense of a broil between themselves. As soon as Dr. Diver had carefully wiped and put up his stomach-pump, he took his leave, cautioning little Dick to avoid taking his tea so strong for the future. The doctor was not only a skilful physician but a prudent man. It is fortunate for the peace of every village in the land that doctors are generally aware that the acquisition of extensive practice depends, in no small degree, upon their ability to hear, see, and say nothing. A village doctor is the depository of a great many contrary stories, which, like the contrary winds contained in the bag presented by Æolus to Ulysses, would operate sadly to his disadvantage, if he should suffer them to get loose. The bosom of a physician should resemble the old lion's den in the fable, into which many strange things were seen to enter, but from whence none ever returned.

It need not be stated, that farmer Wild and his wife were getting into a bad way, and that Richard was not likely to be benefited by the example of his parents. Pride will frequently operate when all higher and holier motive will not. Vicious inclinations are often restrained, in the presence of those whom we fancy ignorant of our besetting sins. Thus it was with farmer Wild and his wife. The domestic explosion, produced by the affair of the teapot, had completely broken the ice, as it were; and, from that moment, neither the husband nor the wife adopted any private courses for the gratification of their appetite for liquor. The farmer used gin, and rum was the favorite beverage of his wife. Their respective jugs were regularly carried by little Dick, and brought home filled, from the grog-shop. Dicky always calculated on the sugar at the bottom of his father's glass; and his mother never failed to reward him with a taste of her own, if he went and came quick with the jug. Richard, who knew nothing of the evil consequences of drinking spirit, saving from his experience with the stomach-pump, had offered,

more than once, a portion of that, which he had received from his parents, to Robert Little, who always refused it, and told Richard that it was wrong to drink it. But Richard replied, that his father and mother drank it every day, and therefore it could not be wrong. "Besides," said he, "father and mother are always so good-natured and funny when they drink it; and, after a while, they get cross and scold, and, when they drink it again, they fall asleep, and it 's all over." Robert, as good little boys are apt to do, told his father and mother all that Richard had said to him. Mr. Little had observed for some time, that farmer Wild was neglecting his farm, and getting behind-hand; and, after talking the matter over with his own good wife, he came to the conclusion that it was his duty to seek a fair opportunity, and have a friendly and earnest conversation with his old neighbor, on the fatal tendency of his habits of life. "I shall have relieved my mind and done my duty to an old friend," said he, "if my efforts should produce no good." He availed himself, accordingly, of the first fair occasion which presented itself, on the following Sabbath, after meeting. His counsel was of no avail; and he was grieved to find, by an increased violence of manner, and an apparent regardlessness of public opinion, that his poor neighbor Wild was further gone than he had supposed. His irritability of temper had sadly increased, and Mr. Little was shocked to find that he could not converse on the subject without using profane and violent language. The next morning he sent in a few shillings, which he owed Mr. Little, with a short message by Richard, that he believed they were now even. Robert came in, shortly after, weeping bitterly, and saying that Richard's father had forbidden their playing or even speaking together any more, and had threatened to flog Richard soundly, if he dared to disobey. However painful to Robert, Mr. Little did not consider this prohibition so great an evil. Richard Wild, though of a very affectionate temper, under the influence of his father and mother was becoming a bad boy. He was not over nine years of age, and had already acquired the name of the little tippler; and had been suspected, upon more than one occasion, of being light-fingered. Farmer Little's wife, however, could never speak of those early days, when Richard used to bring his dipper of milk, and sit upon the rock with Robert, at the bottom of the garden, without putting her apron to her eyes. Robert would often look wistfully at Richard, as he passed, and nod to him through the window; and Richard would return it in the same manner, after he had satisfied himself that neither his father nor mother was observing him. Dick, with all his failings, was a generous boy. A portion of his apples and nuts was frequently seen, in

the morning, under Robert's window, where he had placed them over night, not daring to venture over in the day-time. Nevertheless, he was becoming daily an object of increasing dislike through the whole village. Although there were some who pitied the poor boy, and thought his parents much more to blame, through whose example he had undoubtedly acquired that ruinous relish for ardent spirit; yet the villagers generally considered the whole family as a nuisance, and likely, before long, to come upon the town. Squire Hawk, the chairman of the selectmen, who kept the grog-shop in front of the meeting-house, concluding that farmer Wild was completely down at heel, and had no more money, refused to let him have any more liquor at his store, and proposed to post him as a common drunkard. But Deacon Squeak, who kept the dram-shop at the corner of the road that leads to the grave-yard, knew something more of poor Wild's affairs, and observed, that it would be hard to do so, on account of his family; he knew, from his own experience, that a little liquor was, now and then, a help to any man. It was soon known over the village, that farmer Wild had conveyed the last remnant of his little property, a small piece of meadow land, to Deacon Squeak, to be paid for in *groceries*, at his store. Poor Wild, with the assistance of his wife and little Dick, soon drank out the meadow land. The Deacon himself was then perfectly satisfied that it was a gone case. Richard Wild, and Temperance Wild, his wife, were forthwith posted as common drunkards; and all persons "*of sober lives and conversations*," who sold rum in the village of Tippletown, were forbidden to furnish them with ardent spirits any longer. The means of subsistence were now entirely gone, and their removal to the workhouse was a matter of course. It was haying time, and little Dick was permitted to earn his victuals by helping the hay-makers. They soon detected him in getting behind the hay-cocks, and drinking the rum from their jugs; and accordingly little Dick got a sound thrashing, and was driven out of the field; for these hay-makers were so far inclined to promote the cause of temperance, that they would not permit any persons, but themselves, to drink up their rum.

Poor Dick! he cut a wretched figure, as he went whimpering along the road, rubbing his red eyes upon his ragged sleeve. He spent that day in strolling about farmer Little's woodland and orchard, in the hope of meeting Robert. But he was unsuccessful; and, at night, he went, crying and supperless, to bed, in the farmer's barn. He slid down from the hay-mow, before daylight, and resolved to quit a place, where he had neither father, nor mother, nor friend, to whom he could look for protection and support. The

day was just dawning, as he came out of the barn: his path lay close to the cottage of farmer Little; he laid a small parcel on the door-stone, and passed rapidly on. The parcel was found there, by the first person who came out in the morning; it was a top, which Robert had lent him a great while before. It was wrapped up in a piece of paper, on the corner of which was written, "*Good-by, Robert.*" Before he quitted the village, Dick turned aside for a moment, to give a last look at his father's cottage. It was untenanted, and the person into whose hands it had fallen had barred up the doors and windows, so that Dick could not get in; but, through a broken pane, he looked into the vacant room, where he had passed so much of his short life. He looked over the wall of the little garden, now filled with weeds. As he was turning away, he felt something move against his leg, and, looking down, he saw the old cat, that still clung to her accustomed haunts. She purred to and fro at his feet, and looked up in his face. Poor Dick was certain she knew him, and he burst into tears. She followed him a little way up the lane, and then returned slowly to the cottage.

"It was a bonny day in June," as the poet says, but the darkest in the short pilgrimage of little Dick. The birds sang delightfully, as if to mock the poor fellow's misery; and the copious showers of the night had varnished every leaf in the wood. The sun had scarcely arisen, and the villagers of Tippletown had not yet bethought themselves of their morning drams, before little Dick had fairly cleared the boundary line; and, upon a rock, on the eminence which overlooks the village, he sat down to look back upon it, to take a little rest, and to cry it out. To be sure, he had walked only four miles, but he had slept little, and eaten nothing, for many hours; and he fairly cried himself to sleep. He had slept nearly an hour, when he was awakened by a shake of the shoulder. He awoke in no little alarm, but became more composed, upon seeing before him a stranger in a sailor's dress, with a good-natured face, and a pack upon his shoulders. "A hard hammock, my lad," said he, "if you have been turning in here for the night." Dick told him his whole story, and concluded by saying that he had eaten nothing, for many hours. "Now, my lad," said the sailor, "you should have told me this first;" and, overhauling his pack, he pulled out plenty of bread and cheese, and bade Dick help himself, which he did, without being pressed a second time. When he had finished, 'Look ye here," said the man of the sea. "If you have been lying to me, you have done it with an honest-looking face; but, if, as you say, your father and mother have got into work-house dock, and there 's nobody to give ye a lift, what say ye to a sailor's life, eh!

WILD DICK AND GOOD LITTLE ROBIN
Darley Del.
H.W. HERRICK

I 've been home to see my old mother, some fifty miles back and to leave her something to keep her along; and I 'm now getting down again, for another cruise. Now, if you like it, I 'll take ye under convoy You 're no bigger than a marlin-spike, to be sure, but the best tars begin when they are boys. Well," continued he, strapping on his pack, and taking up his hickory stick, "what say you, my lad, yes or no?" Dick accepted the proposal, and away they trudged; the sailor relating, by the way, a hundred tales calculated to stir the landsman's heart.

Let us cast back a look upon Tippletown. On the day, when the top and the farewell message were found upon farmer Little's doorstone, Robert was sent home sick from school, with a message from the schoolma'am, that he had cried the whole morning. Even farmer Little and his wife were deeply affected at the little incident. Day passed after day, and it was commonly believed that Dick had run off. In about six months his father died of the dropsy, and his mother soon followed, of consumption; and both were buried from the workhouse in the drunkard's grave.

A year had gone by, and nothing had been heard of Dick. In the month of June, a mariner stopped to rest, at the tavern in Tippletown, on his way to visit his relations, in another state. He inquired if a family, by the name of Wild, lived in that village, and was informed that the parents had died in the workhouse, and the son was supposed to have run off. He then related his adventure with little Dick, for this was the very sailor who took him to sea. "A smart little fellow he was," said he, "and if he had lived, there would not have been his better, in good time, to hand, reef, and steer, aboard any ship that swims. He was but eleven, and as smart as a steel trap." "Pray, sir," said the landlady, laying down her knitting, and taking off her glasses, "was Richard Wild lost at sea?" "Ay, ay, good wife," said the mariner, dashing the tear from his eye, with a hand as big and as brown as a leg of mutton half roasted; "lost at sea, off Cape Hatteras, in a gale that made the old ship crack again, and with the sky as black as midnight without moon. A sea, and a horrible sea it was, struck us on the quarter, and took the poor lad with it, together with Bob Gleason, the second mate Bob, poor fellow, cried out lustily, and his shout, as he went over, was louder than the storm; but the cries of little Dick sunk into the hearts of the whole crew The old boatswain, who had a fine voice, and was the life of the ship's company, refused to sing another song till we got into port." "And why, in the name of patience," cried the old landlady, whose spectacles had fallen, in her excitement, into the spider, where she was cooking the sailor's breakfast, "why

did n't you stop your vessel and take 'em in?" "Stop the whirlwind goody!" replied the man on the sea, in a voice in which grief and anger were equally apparent; "you might as well ask your landlubber of a militia captain, strutting out yonder on the common, to countermarch a West India hurricane. Stop the old ship! Why, I tell ye, old woman," raising his voice to the pitch of an angry bull, "I tell ye we were scudding, with a rag of a storm foresail, at the rate of thirteen knots an hour. Stop her with a vengeance! Why, the old dragon of a ship was flying through the sea like a crazy shark. I could have jumped over after the poor boy, with a lighter heart than I can tell you the story; but I was at the wheel, goody, and, if I had let go, for an instant, we should have broached to, and then you would never have had the story from me. I bawled out loud enough: they heard me, I 'll warrant ye; three hen-coops were torn from their lashings and thrown overboard, sooner than you can say Jack Robinson." "Well, well," said the old woman, "I would have left my wheel any time, to save the life of the poor child." The sailor rose, and strapped on his pack, and took up his old stick. "Stop, sir," said the old woman; "your eggs are just done; I meant no offence by what I said; your breakfast will be on the table directly." "Not at all, goody," said he, as he threw down a five-franc piece on the table; "no offence, but my stomach is full enough for to-day; your breakfast would stick in my hatches." The old salt walked out of the inn, without saying another word, and was soon out of sight of the villagers, who had crowded round the door.

The story soon spread over the village, and received a variety of commentaries, agreeably to the various impressions, left upon the minds of different persons, in relation to the subject of it. "There is an end of the devil's bird," said Squire Hawk. "It all comes of intemperance," said Deacon Squeak, as he had just come from pouring twenty-one gallons of pure water into a hogshead containing forty-two gallons of New England rum. There were some, however who viewed the matter in a different light; and who were willing, now that he was gone, to admit that Dick was not a hard-hearted boy. Old Sukey, the cripple, said that he was a great rogue; "but there," said she, showing her crutch, "the little fellow made it for me, and I 've used no other for three years." The news cast a gloom over the family of farmer Little. Robert, who first heard the tale, was scarcely able to relate it to his father and mother. The good man moralized very sensibly upon the subject; ran briefly over the history of poor Wild and his wife; admitted that Richard was a boy of good parts, and of an affectionate temper; and

very properly ascribed his bad habits and untimely end to the example of his wretched parents.

In a few years, farmer Little found it convenient to employ a boy, upon his farm, instead of his own son, whom he had thoughts of putting under the care of Parson Jones, to be fitted for college. A neighbor had made trial, for some time, of a lad, obtained at the House of Reformation; and the farmer had made up his mind to follow the example. He made application accordingly. In a short time, he received an answer from the directors, stating, that there was a boy in the institution, by the name of Isaac Lane, who was desirous of going on a farm, and whom they were willing to bind out, and could safely recommend. Farmer Little agreed to receive him, and a day was appointed to visit the city, for the purpose of executing the indentures. Before the period arrived, he received a letter from the directors, in the following words:—

BOSTON, *May* 23, 18—.

DEAR SIR:

A circumstance has occurred of which it is proper to give you immediate notice. The lad, whom we were about to bind out to you, and who had appeared much gratified with the arrangement proposed, upon the statement of your name and residence, became exceedingly dejected and embarrassed, and finally communicated the following story to one of the directors. He says that his real name is Richard Wild; that his parents are living, he believes, in your village; that he ran away four years ago, and was induced to go to sea by a sailor, who was particularly kind to him; that he was washed overboard in the Gulf Stream, in a gale of wind, and, seizing a hencoop that was thrown after him, was taken up the next morning, and finally brought into this port; that, not wishing to use his real name, he adopted that of the sailor, who carried him to sea. Under this name, he was sent to the House of Reformation, for tippling and stealing. He is willing to come into your employ, but thinks you will not be willing to receive him. You will do as you think proper. It is but an act of justice to this lad to say, that his conduct here has been exemplary, and he appears to us to have needed nothing, but the advantages of moral influence. He is in great favor with his fellows, not less than with the superintendent and directors. He has been two years in the institution. An early answer is requested. Respectfully yours, &c.

The astonishment, produced by the reception of this letter, in the family of farmer Little, can easily be conceived. The course to be pursued became a subject for serious reflection with the farmer, who

seldom had occasion to repent, at his leisure, of follies committed in haste. It scarcely need be stated, that Robert and his mother were strongly in favor of receiving Richard Wild, as one of the family. The next day farmer Little set forth for the city, to form an opinion for himself, after seeing the boy, and conversing with the directors. In two days he returned, with Richard Wild at his side, now no longer little Dick, but a tall stout boy, with an agreeable but rather sober expression of face. It was an interesting sight to witness the affectionate meeting between Richard Wild and Robert Little. The farmer admitted to his family, that he could scarcely have believed it possible, that so great a change could have been wrought in any boy, as appeared to have been produced in Richard, during his residence at the House of Reformation; and he expressed himself highly gratified by the manner in which he had received the intelligence of the death of his parents. The continued exhibition of precept and example, at that excellent institution, for such a length of time, had broken the chain of evil habit, and given to this unfortunate and misguided boy a new departure, as the sailors say, for the voyage of life. "How very great," said farmer Little, "are the responsibilities of parents, for the influence of their example upon their children! And how can we be sufficiently grateful to those kind-hearted men, who tread in the steps of their blessed Master; who go about doing good; who have built up such institutions as these; and who go up and down the streets of our great cities, snatching these brands from the burning!" "I consider the House of Reformation," said Parson Jones, who had heard of this remarkable event, and ridden over, but too late, to see Richard, who had gone to his work; "I consider the House of Reformation," said this good man, "as a great moral machine. How remarkably does this child appear to have been the object of Heaven's particular regard! He has been almost miraculously preserved upon the pathless waste of waters. He has not been permitted to perish in the midst of his wickedness; but, under the guidance of the Father of the fatherless, he has been borne in safety to the shore. All things have worked together for his good. Even the very sins, which he committed, have conducted him to the place of safety and reformation."

The arrival of Richard Wild in the village of Tippletown was an event of no ordinary character. Many were eager to behold the child, that had been lost, and was found; and not a few, in whose minds curiosity and incredulity were blended together, were desirous of scrutinizing the little sinner, that was said to have repented. Accordingly, on Sabbath morning, all eyes were turned towards farmer Little's pew, to catch a glimpse of little Dick; and so uni-

versally striking was the change, not only in size, but in his air of manliness and the gravity of his deportment, that he went by no other name, from that day, than Richard Wild. The wretched and ragged little runaway, flying barefooted from his native village, with his dirty clothes and crownless hat, had undergone, to all appearance, a complete transformation, within and without. He was now nearly fifteen years of age, and robust for his years. His ruddy complexion, well-washed face, and smooth dark hair, together with his blue jacket and trowsers, white collar and neat black riband, were indicative of cleanliness and health. After meeting, as farmer Little and his wife, with their daughter Abigail, were returning home, followed by Robert and Richard, when they had turned off the main road into the by-way that leads to the farm, they were called after by old Sukey, the cripple, who came hobbling behind them, as fast as leg and crutch could carry her. They paused for old Sukey to come up with them. "Now tell me," said she, "is it Richard Wild? I have kept my eyes on the boy, sinner that I am, the whole morning, but he has not lifted his own to give me a chance to see if it was he, by the little cast that he had, you know." Richard shook hands with the zealous old creature, and no sooner raised his eyes upon her than she exclaimed, "Oh yes, it is he; and you was not drowned, after all, was you, poor boy? You was always a good-hearted boy, Richard, and you see," said she, holding up the old crutch, "you see I have kept it, have n't I?" Richard was pained and pleased by the various recollections, associated with the circumstance, to which the old woman referred; and, with another cordial shake of the hand, and a promise to come and visit her at her old cottage, he bade her good-by, and followed the farmer and his family, who had advanced a little way before.

Richard continued to grow in favor with God and man. He gave farmer Little complete satisfaction, by his obedience, industry, and sobriety. He was permitted to cultivate a small patch of ground, on his own account; and the first money which he obtained by his diligence was employed in procuring a plain gray slab, which he placed upon the spot, where the sexton assured him his parents were buried; though nothing marked the place but the crowning sod. The inscription was wonderfully simple, and intended, not as an unmerited honor to the dead, but as a simple memorandum for himself. It was comprehended in five words, with his own initials, and ran thus: "My poor Father and Mother. R. W."

He was very kind to old Sukey, who was very poor, but who kept herself from dependence on the town for support, by her own industry, and the assistance of her daughter Margaret, who, with an

old house dog, were the only tenants of the little low cottage, at the bend of the river.

It is now eighteen years since Richard returned to the village Few villages, in the same number of years, have undergone such remarkable changes as Tippletown. It is changed in name and in nature. It is now called Waterville, and not a single license is granted, within its bounds, for the sale of ardent spirit. It is hard, as the proverb saith, for an old dog to learn new tricks: Squire Hawk, having been removed from the board of selectmen, and unable to obtain a license for the sale of rum, in that village, removed his residence to another; and, after keeping a grog-shop for a few years, died of the dropsy. We are grieved to say, that Deacon Squeak died a drunkard, and was buried from the poor-house.

As you enter the village, over the great county road, you see, at a short distance from the public way, and on the westerly side of it, under the shade of some remarkable elms, two white houses with green blinds; they are precisely alike. One of them is the residence of the Reverend Robert Little, the present worthy minister; and the other is occupied by Richard Wild, Esquire, the chairman of the selectmen. These houses are on the very sites once occupied by the cottages in which "Wild Dick" and "Good Little Robin" were born. There is a beautiful summer-house, tastefully covered with grape-vines, lying midway between these dwellings, and which is obviously common to both. It is constructed over the rock at the bottom of the garden, upon which they used to convene, with their dippers of bread and milk, some thirty years ago. Old farmer Little and his wife are yet living, or were in June last, and residing happily with their children. Their son, the clergyman, married an amiable young lady from a neighboring town. Abigail is married; not as the reader supposes, and as the whole village had arranged it, to Richard Wild, but to a respectable farmer in the upper parish.

About eight years ago, the British consul published the following advertisement:—"*If Richard Wild, who, in the year* 18—, *was washed overboard from the ship George, off Cape Hatteras, be living, he is requested to give notice at the office of the British consul, in this city.*" Some person informed Richard of the publication. He accordingly presented himself at the consul's office, and was shown the copy of a will, in these words:—"I, Isaac Lane, now of the city of London, master mariner, having no near relation, do hereby give, devise and bequeath all my estate in this world, to Richard Wild, formerly of Tippletown, in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, in New England, and to his heirs forever, provided, as is barely possible, the said Richard be living, and claim this bequest

within two years from my decease, otherwise to the use of Greenwich Hospital." Here followed the testamentary formalities. The consul then requested Richard to exhibit his right arm; upon which were seen pricked in, with India ink, an anchor with the initials, I. L.—R. W. He then put into his hands a letter from a barrister in London, referring to these particulars, and stating that the property amounted to not much less than £4,000 sterling, or rather more than $17,000, American money. The necessary arrangements were soon made; and little runaway Dick became an object of particular interest with the males, and even with some of the females of Tippletown, as Mr. Richard Wild, with a fortune of $17,000, and not a debt in the world; which is more than many a merchant can say of himself, though, with one eye closed upon his debts, and the other open upon his credits, he may look down upon the clear estate of Mr. Wild with infinite contempt. Squire Hawk had a very pretty daughter; and there was no man in the village more obsequious to Richard. Mr. Wild always treated the Squire with the respect due to an older man, but he came no nearer. He had never crossed the fatal threshold of his shop since his return. He considered Squire Hawk and the Deacon as the prime ministers of the ruin of his parents; but he did not presume, by any act of hostility to either, to assume the high office of Him, to whom vengeance belongs. Shortly after this unexpected accession of property, Miss Hepsy Hawk astonished the parish with an expensive salmon-colored silk, and a new Navarino; and she used to linger an unnecessary length of time at the door of her father's pew, till Mr. Wild came down the aisle; and then she would go wriggling and fidgeting out by his side as close as she could decently get. But, after a while, finding that she could not attract his attention, she gave up the experiment, contenting herself with remarking to all her acquaintances, that he was dreadfully cross-eyed.

Mr. Richard Wild managed his property with great discretion. His first act was to purchase the old homestead on which he was born. He was particularly kind to the poor, and old Sukey Lamson, the cripple, came in for a full share of his beneficence. The villagers were very much surprised at his kind attention, when he became overseer of the poor, to the old Deacon, who was then in the poor-house. The mystery was easily explained,— Richard Wild was a Christian. It was rather remarkable, that the last fraction of the Deacon's estate should have been sold by him to Richard Wild, and that it should have been the very meadow land which, under circumstances painfully similar, had been sold by his father to the Deacon himself.

There was a prodigious stir in the village when Richard was married. Sukey, the cripple, was at the wedding, leaning on her old crutch, and with a new gown and kerchief; and nobody had a greater right to be there. There was no little confusion and surprise, when, a few Sabbaths before, the Reverend Mr. Little published the bans of marriage, between Mr. Richard Wild and Miss Margaret Lamson. Margaret was a pious girl; and, if it were sinful to be pretty, no girl in the parish had more to answer for than Margaret Lamson; though she was altogether too poor to think of a Navarino or a salmon-colored silk. I need not say that Parson Little performed the marriage ceremony. When, after the service, he went up to congratulate old Sukey, "Ay," said she, holding up the old crutch, "he will always be a stay and a staff to me, and he always has been, and nobody knows it better than you, Robin—the Lord forgive me, but I am getting old, and can't help looking upon ye both as my boys." The old woman is still living, at the age of eighty-nine. She retains her faculties surprisingly; and may be seen every morning, at the front chamber window of the Squire's house, with her knitting in her hands.

There is a common bond among all the virtues: no truly good man was ever ungrateful: every year, Mr. Wild sends a fine cheese and a barrel of apples to the superintendent of the House of Reformation, not for their intrinsic value, but as a continuing mark of his grateful and affectionate respect.

I AM AFRAID THERE IS A GOD!

For an unbeliever in the doctrines of revelation, we can pray, that God would help his unbelief. For an unbeliever in the existence of a God, we can scarcely frame words, in the form of a suitable petition. We shudder at our own presumption, as we approach the mercy-seat.

A Deist or an Atheist, in former days, might have been occasionally found, in our cities, wandering and alone; his hand, like the hand of Ishmael, against every man, and every man's hand against him.

It is not so, at the present time. Infidelity and Atheism plant their standard in the very heart of our metropolis. Yet, in the words of our Declaration of Rights, "It is the right as well as the *duty* of all men in society, publicly, and at stated seasons, to worship the SUPREME BEING, the great Creator and Preserver of the universe."

For the miserable individual, who disbelieves, all by himself, and troubles not the world with the account of those crooked paths and painful processes, by which he descends into those awful depths, where he lies forlorn; for him we have no other feeling, than that of commiseration.

For the abandoned wretch, who dares, in the most open and audacious manner, to lay his unhallowed hands upon the book of God, — not to expound the Scripture, but to prove the word of God to be a lie; — who can teach nothing, because he knows nothing; — who gathers around him a group of both sexes and all ages, and endeavors to prepare them for a career of infamy, by rending away, one after another, the posts and pillars, upon which the social compact is sustained; — who would take away the hope, that makes the humble Christian happy, and leave him nothing but mourning, in his dying hour, for the oil of joy; who vends books, indecent and abominable in their character, and wilfully wicked in their design; for such a corrupt and profligate scoundrel as this, we have no other feeling than a sentiment of unmeasured and unmingled abhorrence.

Can it be believed, that a wretch, so depraved, can be found upon the earth, who will dare to show his contempt for God's holy word, by hurling the sacred book across the room, in a public assembly of males and females! — Such is the fact. We leave the reflections to those, who well know what offences are punishable by indictment at common law, and to those who desire not to leave their official duties unperformed.

The murderer, the thief, the corrupter of innocence, the advocate of "*liberal*" principles, the consistent villain, who shudders at nothing but the imputation of hypocrisy, who admits the charge of seduction, but defies the world to show that he ever laid claim to superior sanctity, these and their confederates, who are the main pillars of infidel societies, are seldom cold water men. The stimulus of intoxication impels its youthful votary to the gaming house or the brothel; and then, to relieve the conscience, yet unseared, of its oppressive load, it conducts him to the schools of infidelity; where he is happy to be told, and struggles to believe, that no crime, however atrocious, can entail upon its perpetrator any punishment, beyond the grave; that "the judgment" shall never come; and that the ideas of a God and of a future state are perfectly absurd. Schools of infidelity are obviously the preparatory houses for every variety of crime; and the offender, stained with crime, and trembling with alarm, flies back for absolution; and is comforted, while he listens to the proclamation of a miserable being, who is probably remarkable for nothing but his ignorance and his audacity, that there is no God.

Life is passing like a dream. The grave, ere long, will demand its tribute. No human being can demonstrate, that there *is not* a God; and the last hour of the infidel may bring with it an age of agony; and his soul may be filled with the tremendous apprehension, that there is!

My father was a respectable mechanic in the town of ——. On the subject of religion there existed the most perfect unanimity between my father and my mother; and their whole lives were ample illustrations of their confidence in the promises of God, and of their firm and sustaining belief in the precepts and doctrines of Christianity. My parents were both members of the Temperance Society, and earnest promoters of the cause, to the extent of their limited influence and ability.

They were the parents of three children, Absalom, Bethiah, and myself. At the age of forty-five, I look back upon their simple manners and consistent piety, with a feeling of affectionate respect. The village of ——, which was our place of residence, retains its

primitive simplicity, such as it was, some forty years ago, in a degree beyond almost any village in the commonwealth; not because it is situated at a very remote distance from the metropolis, for such is not the fact; but its water privileges have not yet attracted the serious attention of the manufacturer; it lies abroad from all the routes of existing canals and contemplated railways; it has not been so fortunate as to become the residence of any man of fortune, retired from the bustle of the world; and it has never given birth to any more distinguished personage, than General Driver, who keeps the public house; is chairman of the selectmen; commands the militia; and represents the town in the General Court.

The village pound, and the old gunhouse, with its red doors and weather-beaten flagstaff, are just where they were, when I used to gather to the spot, with all the children of the village, to see Washington and Adams dragged forth upon the common, on the fourth of July; for such were the titles of two brass four pounders, intrusted to the care of Captain Solomon Dow. The Reverend Mr. Cooley is still the parson of the parish; and, although a new generation has sprung up, since the days of my boyhood, there is enough remaining of all, that once was, to enable the memory to play the architect adroitly, and rebuild the edifice, with all its parts and proportions, within and without. Even of the pulpit cushion, upon which the good man has administered for forty years, there is enough remaining to settle the question of identity. The young women enter the meeting-house, with sprigs of fennel, and the boys, with pond lilies in their hands; old Caleb Kidder sits in the singers' seat, with his pitch-pipe, just where he used to sit; and Madam Moody, at the age of eighty, in her old brocade, occupies the same seat, in the broad aisle, on the right, as you enter, which she occupied full forty years ago.

It has pleased God to bless me in my basket and my store; and I never feel so grateful, for the bounties of Providence, as when I reflect, that they have enabled me to succor and sustain my honored parents, in their dark days, and to repay them, in some measure, for all their kindness, which I never fully appreciated, till I became a parent myself. They still live in the old cottage; and, after many afflictions, from a quarter whence they had anticipated nothing but rays of comfort, in their latter days, they present a pattern of Christian resignation to God's holy will.

My parents, as I have stated, were pious people. They were in he practice of morning and evening devotion. My father never omitted it, unless he was prevented by sickness; and, however pressed for time, he never departed from a slow and reverential manner of performing it "Whatever business may be delayed,"

he used sometimes to say, "the Lord's work should never be hurried." Notwithstanding the daily precept and example of this worthy couple, they were called to a bitter trial. The wall of strength which they had endeavored to build round about them, the safeguard of religion, which they had raised for the protection of their lambs, was not sufficient for them all:—the wolf leaped into the fold, and snatched one from their grasp—they were the parents of a DRUNKARD and an INFIDEL!

I have often thought that the simple narrative of their blasted hopes would furnish materials for an interesting tale.

Upon a Saturday morning, in the month of June, 18—, a young gentleman, of very genteel appearance, arrived with a fine horse and stylish gig, at the door of Driver's tavern; and, delivering his equipage to the hostler, requested accommodations, for a day or two, during his stay in the village. It was soon rumored about, that the stranger was no less a personage than Mr. Bobb, active partner in the firm of Bobb and Binnacle. There could be no reasonable doubt upon the subject, for he had communicated the information himself, before he had been an hour in the village, to the hostler and the barkeeper; incidentally dropping a hint, now and then, of their extensive operations, and very considerable interest in various manufacturing establishments. The manufacturing fever was, at this period, approaching that remarkable crisis, after which so many subjects were reduced to a condition of weakness, from which they have not entirely recovered at the present day. The mania had not actually extended to our village; but the proprietors of land, bounding on the river, evidently considered their estates of greater importance. The value of water privileges, the law of flowage, and the prodigious profits of manufacturers, became topics of frequent conversation at the tavern and the grocery. Squire Gookin openly and frequently avowed, that he would not sell his meadow lot, above the red bridge, for six times the sum it cost him; and he has faithfully kept his word to the present day.

Mr. Bobb had scarcely refreshed himself and his apparel, after a dusty drive, with a basin of pure water and a clothes-brush, before he inquired of General Driver, who was stirring up toddy for the selectmen, who were in session at the inn, whether there were not some good privileges on the river, that might be bought up, on speculation. The General mentioned Squire Gookin's, and two or three others. He offered the services of his son, to show Mr. Bobb the locations, and apologized for not being able to go himself; but it was haying time, and the press for toddy was so great, that he could not leave.

While this conversation was going on, Enoch Smith, who went, I remember, by the name of Skyrocket Enoch, because his stories flew so swiftly, and ended so frequently in smoke; Enoch, who had listened attentively to the conversation, lost no time in repairing to Squire Gookin's, and assuring him, that a gentleman of great wealth had come from the city, on purpose to buy his water privilege. Shortly after, Mr. Bobb and the General's son were seen going in the direction of the river; and it was rather amusing to observe the Squire carefully watching their operations, from behind his corn-barn.

On Sabbath morning, Mr. Bobb was ushered into General Driver's pew, by no less a personage than the General himself; and it was universally agreed, that a prettier man never walked up the broad aisle, than Mr. Bobb. Katy Cummings, who was too much of a wag ever to get a husband, admitted that he had disturbed her devotions, and that she should have set her cap for him, if he had not appeared to take so much comfort in his whiskers. One young woman obviously attracted the stranger's attention, in an extraordinary degree; decidedly the prettiest girl in the parish; no other than my sister, Bethiah. In the afternoon, the constant direction of his eyes towards my father's pew became so very particular, as to attract the notice, and provoke the smiles, of more than one of Mr. Cooley's congregation; and, in the evening, young Mr. Driver conceived himself authorized, by his intimacy with our family, to introduce Mr. Bobb to our acquaintance. He was evidently desirous of making himself agreeable, and he certainly succeeded. It was apparent to me, from the very first moment of his introduction, that Bethiah was not at all deficient in that mother wit, which enables a young woman to divine, if a gentleman's visit be intended for herself; and I was not less assured, in my own mind, that she was pleased, that it should be. His desire to ingratiate himself with every member of our family rendered his manners extremely respectful and modest; and we heard little of the extensive operations of Bobb and Binnacle. He repeated his visit, upon the following day; and, whatever might have been the measure of his original interest in manufacturing speculations, it soon became apparent, that he had lost all recollection of Squire Gookin and his water privileges, in a subject of a more absorbing nature.

His visit in the village was extended beyond the period which he had assigned for his departure; and he was finally summoned away, by a letter from Mr. Binnacle, informing him of an unexpected pressure in the money market. His attentions to my sister were very particular; and the manner in which those attentions were received

eft no doubt of the favorable impression which had been made upon her mind, perhaps upon her heart. The possibility of such a consequence had occurred to both my parents. Bethiah was an excellent girl, but her mind was not altogether free from a romantic bias. My father thought proper to converse with her upon the danger of indulging any other feelings, than those of good will, towards an individual, of whom she knew so little, as of this agreeable stranger.—"Dear father," said she, bursting into tears, "we are engaged, provided you and mother will give your consent, and I am sure you will not refuse it, when you come to know Mr. Bobb as well as I do."—"Gracious heaven!" cried her astonished father, "engaged!—know him as well as you do!—my child, you are but seventeen years of age, and you have seen this young man every day, for a week; what can you know of him?"—"Dear father," replied this infatuated girl, "I know everything; he has told me all about his family, and his situation in life. His partner, Mr. Binnacle, is a retired sea-captain, of handsome property. He knows little or nothing of the business in which they are engaged, and leaves everything to the management of Mr. Bobb."—"Leaves everything to the management of Mr. Boob!" exclaimed my father, in a tone almost of derision. "Bethiah, as you respect my paternal authority, and value my happiness and your own, proceed no further in this rash business, until I have made such inquiries as are dictated by common prudence."

My poor father conferred with my mother, as a matter of course, and blamed himself severely, for permitting an attractive young man, of whom he knew so little, to jeopardize the happiness of his child. "Perhaps," said my mother, "he may be all that he represents himself to be."—"It may be so," said my father, "but I will suffer the matter no longer to remain in uncertainty. I will go, tomorrow, to the city, and make all proper inquiries on the subject." Without disclosing his intention to any other person, he set forth, at an early hour.

Mr. Bobb had left behind a zealous advocate, in my brother Absalom, who was one year younger than Bethiah. Indeed it would be difficult to say, upon which of the two this young man had produced the more favorable impression. It is sometimes amusing to contemplate the fantastical grounds, upon which youthful lovers will rest a conviction, that they are destined by Heaven, for each other. After exhausting all other arguments upon her mother, in justification of her conduct, Bethiah admitted, that she had been greatly surprised, and perhaps somewhat influenced in her feelings, by discovering that the initials of Bethiah Atherton Jennings, when reversed, were also the initials of Julius Augustus Bobb.

My father returned on the following day. He had ascertained that Bobb and Binnacle were engaged, to some extent, in the manufacturing business. The depths of that ocean of speculation were, at that time, altogether unfathomable. But my father evidently inclined to the hopeful side of the problem. He had received no information unfavorable to the moral character of Mr. Bobb. He was esteemed an amiable man, by his acquaintances, and perfectly honorable in his dealings. His parents had been free livers, and died just about the time, when they had run through a very handsome property. My father was pained to hear, that this young man had probably received no serious impressions on the subject of religion, in his youth; but he was gratified, on the other hand, to learn that he was a member of the temperance society.

There are matters of deeper interest, in which it is desirable to engage the reader's attention; and I will therefore pass over this portion of our family history, in a summary manner. My parents smiled upon the hopes of their daughter. Bethiah, in due time, became the wife of Mr. Bobb, and went to reside in the city. The dawn of their married life was as bright and clear as the dawn of an April day. Would to heaven, this were the only point, in which there existed a resemblance between them! They had not been married six months, before a report was circulated in the village, that Bobb and Binnacle had failed. This report was readily traced to Skyrocket Enoch, who had returned with a wagon from the city. My father went to examine Enoch, upon the subject. He stated, that he had heard of a manufacturing firm, that would fail shortly, but did not hear their names; he guessed it must be Bobb and Binnacle; and as he had been full four and twenty hours a coming up, he reckoned they must have failed by the time he arrived. Our apprehensions were excited, on the following day, by a letter from Mr. Bobb, pressing my father to come down, as soon as possible. He complied with this request, and was informed, that there was not the least cause of alarm; but the pressure for money was so great, that they were compelled to ask his assistance. They were in want, at that time, of $7,000, and could obtain it of the bank, with his endorsement. It was rather more than all my father was worth in the world, but the case was urgent. He put his name upon their paper; the $7,000 were swallowed up in the whirlpool of their complicated concerns, like a ship's long boat in the maelstrom of Norway. In a fortnight, they were bankrupts, stock and fluke; and my father's little property, the laborious accumulation of many years, went before the torrent, like chaff before the driving storm.

If, upon such an occasion, there be any consolation, and undoubtedly there is, in universal and respectful sympathy, my poor old father had an abundant share of that good thing. The creditors were very considerate; they were commercial men, in whom the spirit of trade had not vanquished the spirit of compassion and humanity.

My father surrendered all his little property, requesting permission to retain nothing but the tools of his trade, which were secured to him by law, and the old family Bible; but the creditors relinquished their claim upon his furniture, and he gave them possession of his homestead, which was sold with his consent, subject to his right of redemption, under the mortgage. "God's will be done!" said he, as he locked up the old house, for the last time, preparatory to the delivery of the key to the new proprietor.

He was sixty-three years of age, when he commenced life anew. He went with my mother, who bore her misfortunes quite as well as her husband, to board with a neighboring farmer, a portion of whose barn he speedily converted into a temporary work-shop; and, the next morning, the old sign of "DAVID JENNINGS, HOUSEWRIGHT," long laid by, and which had been familiar to the villagers for thirty years, was cleared of its dust and cobwebs, and placed over the door.

"Just what I should have expected," said Parson Cooley, when he first heard of it. "David Jennings would sooner take up the implements of honest industry, than add to the burthen of any other man." The next Sabbath he preached an excellent sermon, on resignation under afflictive trials. As he went home, he observed to his wife, "Squire Gookin has lost a few sheep of the rot, and his countenance exhibited the deepest distress during the whole time I was preaching; while David Jennings and his wife, who have lost all they have in the world, presented the happiest examples I have ever witnessed of cheerful submission to God's holy will."

Almost immediately after my sister's marriage, my brother Absalom, agreeably to a previous arrangement, went to the city, as an under clerk, in the store of Bobb and Binnacle; and, at the time of their failure, being a young man of good abilities, he soon found employment in another establishment.

From my early youth, I had a partiality for a seafaring life; and I have followed the profession, ever since I was sixteen years old. I had doubled that age, at the period of my sister's marriage, and arrived from Bombay, just a week before the ceremony took place. In about six weeks afterward, I sailed for Calcutta, and was absent during the period of these calamities, and, indeed, for nearly three years, without any direct intelligence from home. I had heard a rumor of the failure, but nothing of my father's misfortune.

I arrived at the port of New York, in May, 18—, and taking the mail stage, reached Worcester, the nearest town, upon the route, to the village where I was born. I then obtained a horse and chaise, and came to the old homestead a little after midnight. I rapped at the door, and, after a short interval, the window was opened, and a voice, my father's, as I supposed, for it was raining hard, and I could not perfectly distinguish, inquired who was there. "Don't you know the voice of your own son?" said I. — "Friend," replied the person at the window, "the tavern is only a quarter of a mile off, and, if you are in your right mind, I advise you to find your way to it." — The window was immediately put down, but not till I was satisfied, that the voice was not the voice of my father. I have heard breakers over the lee bow, in a darker night; but never did the blood rush so violently to my head, as at that moment. "My parents are dead, then," said I, involuntarily, as I placed my hand upon my forehead. — At that moment, the window was opened again, and I heard a female voice, within the apartment, exclaiming in a tone of earnestness, "I have no doubt it is he." — "What is your name?" said the man at the window. — The heart of the patriarch was not more full, when he put the question to his brethren, *I am Joseph, doth my father yet live?* than mine, when I put a similar inquiry, in relation to my old father and mother. The occupants were soon in motion; and, the door was opened by farmer Weeks, a worthy man, who proceeded to rake open the fire, while his good wife began to prepare some refreshments. They persuaded me to remain, till daylight, and gave me a particular account of my father's misfortunes. I learned also from them, that Bobb and Binnacle had separated, and that the latter had returned to his old profession. Farmer Weeks observed, that my father and mother bore up, under the loss of their property, wonderfully well; but he admitted, that some other troubles, within the last two years, had made a deeper impression upon their minds. I gathered from the hints, which the farmer dropped, with evident reluctance, that their unhappiness was caused chiefly by the misconduct of my brother Absalom.

As soon as the day dawned, I proceeded to the house, in which farmer Weeks informed me my parents had continued to reside, since their removal from the cottage. As I drew near, I observed a person coming from the door, with a broad axe over his shoulder, and a carpenter's apron: his quick step, for a moment, deceived me; but a second glance assured me of the truth — it was my old father, going forth to his morning's work. He knew me, in an instant, and dropping his tools upon the ground, threw his arms about my neck, and wept like a child. We returned together to the house. My

poor mother, who appeared to have suffered more, in her bodily health, in consequence of her domestic affliction, was overjoyed at my return. Even the kind people, where my parents resided, appeared to think themselves fairly entitled to rejoice with those, who rejoiced, to whom they had given the surest evidence of their sympathy in affliction.

"Poor Bethiah," said I, as soon as we were left to ourselves, "what is her situation, and that of her husband?"—"Bethiah," said my father, "is the mother of three little girls. Her husband, I trust, is becoming a religious man. They are very poor, and have hard work to get along in the world. But Bethiah says there never was a kinder husband. Their troubles seem to have attached them more closely to each other."—"And Absalom," said I, "where is he?"—"In the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity," replied my poor father, with an expression of the deepest affliction, while my old mother covered her face with her hands.—"For Heaven's sake, dear father," said I, "what is the matter, has he committed any crime?"—"Absalom," said he, in a voice, scarcely articulate for grief, "is a DRUNKARD and an INFIDEL! While he continued with his sister and her husband, he was virtuous and happy. After the failure, he found employment elsewhere; fell among evil associates, and was ruined. He frequented the theatre, and other scenes of dissipation, and speedily acquired habits of tippling. In a moment of intoxication, he was persuaded to go to a meeting of infidels; their doctrines were new to him; and, however monstrous, their very novelty excited an interest in his mind: he went again, and again, and became a convert. He was not in the habit, at this period, of going frequently to his sister's residence; and the mischief was accomplished, before I had any knowledge of his evil courses. At length, I received a letter from Bethiah and her husband, communicating their fears. I repaired to the city, the next day; and, arriving in the evening, I inquired for Absalom, at his lodgings; and was informed, that he might probably be found at the lecture room. I obtained directions, and repaired to the spot without delay. I entered a room, in which was a collection of males and females of decent appearance, and took my seat, in a retired corner.

"After a few minutes, I discovered my misguided son, and endeavored to keep myself concealed from his observation. Presently the lecturer commenced. He was a tall man, with round shoulders, and very gray hair. I should think him over sixty years of age; his face was florid; his eyes were contracted, downcast, and expressive of cunning and duplicity. I should not have been willing to trust any man, who had so much the appearance of a knave. But what

was my horror, when this gray-headed castaway threw the volume of eternal life across the room, and pronounced God's holy word no better than a lie! What were my emotions, when I beheld this poor miserable wretch, tottering, as it were, upon the brink of the grave, abusing the lamp of reason, by employing it to mislead his fellow-creatures to destruction; prostituting the highest gift of God, to prove, that there is no God! At length this hoary-headed scoundrel exhausted his stock of sacrilege and folly, and resumed his seat. The meeting broke up; and, keeping my eye upon my wretched boy, I followed his steps into the street. He turned into a dram-shop, in the neighborhood of the pandemonium from which he had so lately descended. I saw him, while my eyes wept tears of anguish, pour the accursed poison down his throat. I forbore to interrupt his orgies, in their present stage; I determined, agonizing as it might be to a father's heart, to observe his progress. In a short time, he sallied forth; and again I followed his steps.

"After winding through several streets, he associated himself with an abandoned woman, who was strolling purposely alone; and they repaired, arm in arm, to another dram-shop, of a more genteel description. They passed into a recess, provided with curtains for concealment. I stood, at a little distance from the door, and in a short time, I saw a servant conveying liquors and refreshments to the recess, and closing the curtains, as he retired. Now, thought I, is my time; — I passed into the shop, and, taking up a light, proceeded to the spot, and drawing back the curtain, held the light before my face. This child of sin was perfectly thunderstruck: at first, he attempted to escape; but I held him firmly by the arm. His vile companion, and a brazen-faced Jezebel she was, had already fled. Absalom, said I, as I relinquished my hold, and took my seat before him, do you not believe there is a God? — No — was the reply, in a voice of drunken desperation! — Father of mercy, I exclaimed, has it come to this! and looking, for an instant, at his feverish face and bloodshot eye, and contrasting the object before me with the treasured recollections of my happy boy, I buried my face in my hands, and sobbed aloud. When I raised my head, he had gone. Inquiries were repeatedly made at his boarding house, but in vain. It was solemnly affirmed, that he had not returned there. I have never seen him from that hour. — But all this comes not from the ground. I am blessed beyond my deserts. Bethiah is happy, in her poverty; and her husband is becoming a better man for a better world; your dear mother enjoys a tolerable share of health; my own health and strength are excellent, and I have enough to do; and, to crown all, you, my first-born, are alive and well, and safely returned

to us again. And now, as I see breakfast is nearly ready, let us thank our Heavenly Father for all his blessings, and for the special Providence of your return."

Farmer Weeks exerted himself to find accommodations for his family, as soon as possible; I paid off my father's mortgage, and my parents were speedily restored to the old cottage. The tools were carefully collected, and replaced in the carpenter's chest; and the sign of DAVID JENNINGS, HOUSEWRIGHT, was returned once more to its resting-place, in the garret. The affectionate respect of the villagers, for my parents, was clearly manifested, in the cheerful congratulations, and hearty shakes by the hand, which met them at every step: and, when my father was in search of a horse-cart, to carry back his furniture, and the rest of his little property, the neighbors gathered round, and took it, at once, in their hands and upon their shoulders, and the whole removal was accomplished in half an hour. Skyrocket Enoch, who, with all his relish for the marvellous, was the most amiable mischief-maker in the village, flew, like a shuttlecock, from house to house, breaking looking-glasses and crockery ware, in the best-natured manner imaginable.

After my parents had been resettled on the homestead, I visited my sister and her husband in the city. I found her, at lodgings, up three pairs of stairs, in an obscure but respectable part of the metropolis; and, receiving a direction to the first door, on the right hand, on the upper landing, I proceeded to find my way. On reaching the door, I heard a voice, which, I knew, was Bethiah's; — I listened for a moment; — she was getting one of her little ones to sleep, with the same lullaby, that our good mother had sung to us all. — I tapped at the door; — she opened it herself; — in an instant we were locked in each other's arms.

She was thin and pale, but I did not perceive, that she had ost any of her beauty. Her fine light hair, and bright blue eyes, and beautiful teeth, for which she had always been remarkable, still remained, like the prominent points in some interesting landscape: where the woodcapt hill, and the winding stream, and the natural cascade, are beautiful still, though the sun may have departed, and the moon alone may display them, by her paler lamp.

"Brother," said she, "look at these," pointing to her little children, her bright face covered with smiles and tears, like the soft lightning and gentle showers of an August evening, when the elements are playing witch-work with the western sky. Her first born were twins; they were tottling about the room, and the baby was in the cradle. "They are lovely children," said I, "but where is your husband?" — "He is coming home now" she replied, "I see

nim from the window." — I followed the direction of her finger, — I should not have known him. "Three years," said I, "have altered his appearance prodigiously." — "Oh, yes," she replied, "we often laugh over the recollections of our foolish dreams. We have done with castle-building in the air; and are building, I trust, upon a better foundation. My husband is one of the best husbands; he is getting to be one of the best Christians also." — I was sufficiently prepared to meet him kindly, when he opened the door.

Everything, which had characterized his person, three years before, as the "*active partner, in the firm of Bobb and Binnacle*," had gone by the board, as we sailors say. He was plainly but neatly dressed; and a patched boot and rusty hat, though I noticed a better one for Sunday, hanging in the corner, indicated an attention to economy. After a kind greeting, we sat down together. Bethiah spread a neat cloth, on a little pine table, and was making preparations for their frugal meal. — "Captain Jennings," said her husband, a little of the old leaven of pride mantling upon his cheek, "I am afraid we can give you nothing better than a roast potato, for dinner." — "Now," said I, "look here, if you give me any other title than Brother David, I 'll be off, and I want nothing better than a roast potato, provided you 've got any salt." — As I said this, I gave him a hearty shake by the hand. — The tear came into his eye. "Excuse my weakness," said he, "but I have seen so much of the cold side of the world for some years, that I am scarcely prepared for the other."

We ate our simple dinner, with an excellent relish. After it was over, "Now," said I, "let 's have a short talk. I must go back, to-night. I understand from Bethiah, that you have settled with your creditors, and are earning about three or four hundred dollars a year, as a clerk in a wholesale store. That will not do. Cook, who has kept store in the village, for forty years, has got old, and rich, and wants to sell out; now I want to make a temperance store of it; and, if you can be happy in the country, and are willing to take it, I 'll buy the stock and stand for you: I 've got old Cook's terms and the refusal in writing."

Nothing could surpass the satisfaction, expressed by Bethiah and her husband, at this proposal. I returned, and closed the bargain; and, in less than a fortnight, Mr. Bobb was behind the counter, in full operation; Bethiah was settled down with our old father and mother, in the spot where she was born; her twins were creeping over the bank of violets, at the back of the house, where she had crept, when a child; and her baby was rocking in the cradle, which had been occupied, by four generations.

The next Sabbath, when we were all collected together, in the family pew, there was a general expression of satisfaction, on the countenances of our friends and neighbors: and there were tears in many eyes, when Parson Cooley, now three score and ten years of age, preached a moving discourse from that beautiful passage, in the thirty-seventh psalm, *I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.*

About two years after this happy reünion of our family, our excellent minister received a letter, from a clergyman in the city, communicating information, respecting my miserable brother. After a career of infidelity and intemperance, he was, as the writer supposed, upon his death-bed, in the last stages of consumption. The good man, who sent this information to Parson Cooley, had visited the dying young man repeatedly, and described his mind to be in such a state, that he desired to die, but for the wish to live, that he might atone for his transgressions. As family resemblance will sometimes appear to be lost, in a present generation; and return, with all its freshness, in that which succeeds; so those religious impressions, which are made upon the youthful heart, by some faithful hand, and of which no trace may be seen, through a series of frivolous years, will sometimes return to sustain the tottering steps of one, who had been lost by the way-side; and may ultimately prove the means of salvation, through God's boundless mercy, in a dying hour.

It was thought prudent to conceal this intelligence from my parents, for the present: and, agreeably to the wish he had expressed, to see some of the family, before he died, I immediately set forth upon this melancholy embassy.

I reached the wretched hovel, to which I had been directed, as speedily as possible. I did not disclose my name to the miserable object, who came to the door, but simply inquired, if Absalom Jennings was there, and how he was. The old woman, who let me in, answered, that the doctor, whom the clergyman had sent there, thought he could not live long. She added, that the leader of the Freethinkers had never visited him, during his sickness, which had continued several weeks; but that several of the followers had been there; and that two of them were then up stairs. I passed up a narrow stairway, and arrived at a little apartment, the door of which was partly open. I listened, for a moment, to the closing words of a conversation, between these emissaries of Satan, these devils incarnate, upon earth, and my dying brother. — "Well, Jennings," said one of them, "out with it, what do you think now, do you believe there is a God!" — I heard nothing but a deep groan, which

went to my heart. — "Come," said the other, "speak out; if you believe there is a God, we won't come here again." — "Johnson," said my poor brother, in a voice of bitter anguish, and in words, which were uttered, as if they came from the bottom of his soul; and, I am sure, they went to the bottom of mine, "I am afraid there is a God!" — These demons in human shape rose to leave the apartment. As they passed near me, — "Never set your cloven feet again," said I in a whisper, "within the chamber of this dying sinner." — "Why what business is it of yours?" said one of them To avoid confusion in such a place, I followed him quietly down stairs, and taking him by the shoulder, "This wretched young man," said I, "is the son of my father and my mother: enter his apartment again, and, if you do not believe in God. I will give you good reason to believe in man, for I will break every bone in your skin."

They walked off, in evident alarm; and I returned to the apartment. I crept softly to the chamber. I saw, upon a miserable pallet a pale emaciated man, whose eyes were shut, and whose features I studied attentively, for some time, before I could discover enough to satisfy me, that I beheld the wreck of a ruined brother. Nothing remained of the full features, the smooth forehead, the prominent black eye, or the ruddy complexion. The features, and especially the nose and cheek bones, were sharpened in a remarkable manner; the forehead was checkered by the signet of premature old age; the face had all the paleness of a corpse; and the eye, which was still closed, appeared deeply sunken beneath the projecting eyebrows. — I approached closely to the bed. — "Absalom," said I; — he opened his eyes, and turned upon me those lights, so soon to be extinguished in the grave. — "Absalom," I repeated, "do you not know me?" — "Oh, David," he exclaimed. "is it you!" and, covering his face with the bed-clothes, he became convulsed with sorrow "My poor brother!" said I, for my heart yearned towards him, as I sat down beside him, on the pallet of straw, and took his long, lean hand in my own. — "Oh, David," said he, "can you love me now?" and he drew my hand to his parched lips, and bathed it in tears.

I sent for the physician, who positively forbade his being moved, as I had wished, into better lodgings. I therefore made the best arrangement, in my power, for his comfort, and prepared to remain with him, during the night. He appeared to be overwhelmed with a grateful sense of this trifling act of humanity. The strongest wish of his heart, which he frequently repeated, was the desire of seeing his father, and asking his forgiveness. I accordingly de-

spatched a messenger to Parson Cooley, requesting him to open the matter to my father, and come to the city with him, as soon as he conveniently could.

They arrived before noon, on the following day. The interview was very distressing. My poor old father no sooner entered the room, than this wretched young man, by an unexpected and extraordinary effort, got out of his bed, and, upon his hands and knees, for he could not walk, crawled to his feet and exclaimed, "Father, forgive me, before I die." My father was greatly shocked by his appearance; and the exertion undoubtedly shortened the period of my poor brother's existence.

After taking a little nourishment, he appeared so much better, that I felt almost inclined to think he might recover: but it was only the flashing and flickering of life's lamp, before it is extinguished forever.

During this interval he begged his father and Parson Cooley to sit near him. "Do you not trace all your misery to the use of ardent spirit, Absalom?" said the good minister.—"No sir, he replied, "I never drank any, till about eighteen months ago, but I became extremely fond of wine; and the first time, that I went to an infidel meeting, I was intoxicated with wine, which I drank at the bars of the theatre. When I could no longer obtain wine, as the means of intoxication, I resorted to ardent spirit, because it was cheaper; and finally the fatal relish for ardent spirit destroyed my taste, in a great measure, for milder stimulants. Intoxication drove me to the brothel; and the doctrines, taught at the infidel meetings, justified my conduct in going there. When I became conscious of an oppressive burthen, in the form of crime, I was delighted to be told, and to be convinced, that such things, as I had thought sinful, were perfectly innocent. The leader of the infidels tried to produce this conviction on my mind; I was desirous of being convinced; and, at length, I mistook the desire to be convinced for the conviction itself."—After a short pause, he continued as follows: "A man, who has committed theft, would be glad to believe, that there was no judge on earth; for then he could not be tried here; and a man, who has committed all sorts of crimes, would be glad to believe, that there is no God in heaven; for then he could not be tried hereafter, and to him the JUDGMENT never cometh. In my hours of intoxication I was more than ever disposed to justify the doctrines of infidelity; and, when listening to lectures upon infidelity, I was the more ready to justify the practice of intoxication, and of all other crimes. I believe the leader, who lectures upon infidelity, to be an unprincipled villain, and that he preaches these

doctrines, because they are so much more comforting to a hoary headed impenitent wretch, than the doctrines of the cross. May God of his infinite goodness forgive me my offences, and an abandoned and profligate old man for leading me to destruction."

The whole of his physical and intellectual power appeared to be exhausted, by this last effort. He dropped his head on one side, and there followed a slight convulsion. — I went instantly to his bedside; his eyes were glazed; — he was fast locked in the arms of death; — the spirit of the penitent infidel had fled.

Our good minister supported my old father from the apartment. By my advice, they returned immediately home. In due time, the earth received its tribute; and I returned to the village.

It was a remarkable coincidence, that on the very next Sabbath, in reading the Scriptures, Parson Cooley opened to the eighteenth chapter of the second book of Samuel; and when he pronounced the words of David's lamentation, in the concluding verse, "Oh, my son, Absalom, my son," the good old clergyman could scarcely speak for his emotion.

Time, though it cannot obliterate the recollection of such misery as this, has already mitigated our affliction. — My parents are still living, at a good old age. Their chief employment is a cheerful preparation for death. My sister and her husband, with their flock of little ones, are prosperous and happy.

I sometimes encounter an individual, perhaps the member of some temperance society, who scrupulously abstains from ardent spirit, under its specific name; but who is eminently qualified, not only for the commission of folly, but for the perpetration of crime, by the employment of some milder stimulant: upon such occasions, the declaration of my unhappy brother, on his death-bed, comes forcibly before me; the use of wine alone brought him to infidelity and ruin!

I never meet an individual, who does not *believe*, that there *is* a God, but who cannot, by any human possibility, *know* that there *is not*, without a vivid and painful recollection of the life and death of this wretched young man. The dying words of a poor penitent infidel, can never be forgotten, "*I am afraid there is a God!*"

A SECTARIAN THING.

Whenever an *able* advocate resorts to a variety of weak and frivolous arguments, in support of his just cause, it may be safely concluded, that the cause is unsound, and that he *knows* it to be so.

The venders of ardent spirit, throughout the world, even at the present auspicious era of the temperance reform, are a numerous, powerful, and vigilant body of men; wise, in their generation, to perfection. If the traffic in spirituous liquor could be defended, by the ingenuity of man, it is reasonable to believe, that, among the multitude, an advocate, sufficient for the work, would lift up his voice in its defence.

The respectability of those, who denounce the traffic, as IMMORAL, entitles their opinions, publicly and formally delivered before the world, to the most careful consideration of the whole human family. The purity of their motives is beyond suspicion. The universality of their character is obvious; they come from all quarters of the world, and lay aside, as they approach this great common field of philanthropy, the discriminating badges of their various professions, and political opinions, and religious creeds. However unable to agree, upon other matters, they heartily concur in the opinion, and they solemnly pronounce that opinion, that *the use of ardent spirit as a drink and the traffic therein are morally wrong, and ought to be abandoned through the world.* This opinion has been repeated again and again; by the Congressional convention; — by the great convention, at Philadelphia, from all the states; — by the highly respectable convention at Worcester; — by the New York state convention, at Utica; — and, more recently, by the convention in the state of Connecticut. Many of the most eminent men, of this and other countries, have been forward to promulgate and sustain this formal declaration. The reasons, on which it rests, have been scattered abroad upon the earth, like the leaves of the trees. They have fallen upon every dwelling, like the drops of rain. Journals, magazines, circulars, reports, tracts, tales, full of information and interesting narrative, have been distributed with an unsparing hand.

What then, in the shape of an argument, do the venders of spirituous liquors propose, in justification of their continued traffic? — Absolutely nothing. — For a time, it was undoubtedly believed by many, that the temperance reform would pass away, like a vapor. Under this belief, the voice of worldly wisdom whispered to the venders, that their strength lay in silence and perfect inaction. — The continual accession of strength, to the side of temperance, and the daily diminishing demand for the drunkard's beverage, began, at last, to impair that belief. — Indications of restlessness were occasionally exhibited. "*At a large and respectable meeting of the grocers in the city of Boston, it was unanimously resolved, that they looked, with deep regret, upon the proceedings of the self styled friends of temperance.*" Nothing could be more natural, than that a body of men, who sell ardent spirit, should look with regret upon the efforts of those, who were combining to persuade the world not to drink it any more. But the friends of temperance were not likely to be diverted from a course, upon which the Father of Mercy might be supposed to vouchsafe a smile of approbation, because the venders of strong drink *looked* upon that very course, through the dust of self-interest, with "*deep regret.*"

When no argument can be found to sustain a practice, — and such is not a very wonderful condition of things, if the practice be morally wrong, — the most common course is to impugn the motives of those, who combine to oppose that practice. Accordingly, however preposterous the allegation may appear, the temperance reform has been called a *sectarian thing.* — In a country, in which, under our declaration of rights, no denomination of Christians can be subordinate, in law, to another; where no religious faith can rise and reign, as the religion of the land, what is *a sectarian thing?*

THERE is a beautiful river, upon whose unfrequented shores I have often strolled, when a schoolboy. Upon a Saturday afternoon, when it was too hot for the fish to bite, and not even the attraction of a fine young frog would draw out the motionless pickerel from his covert, under the lily-pad leaf; how often have I laid at length, upon that river's bank, listening to the wind, soughing through the tall pines. This scene of my early recollections was then the very empire of stillness, undisturbed, save, now and then, by the clarion throats of two or three colloquial crows, perched upon the topmost branches; or the splash of a solitary kingfisher, the halcyon of the rivers and lakes. — But it has passed like a vision. — I know nothing so closely resembling the operation of the finger

of magic, as the change, which has been wrought, in these sequestered shades. Upon this lonely spot, then unmarked by the finger of man, now not a vestige of nature remains. Even the river has been diverted from its course; and its bright waters, which used to glide so delightfully along, have been restrained by barriers and converted into artificial cascades. The tall pines have been brought low; the crow, and the kingfisher, and the hill fox have been driven into deeper recesses, by the progress of civilization, like the pursued and persecuted red man; and the soughing of the winds and the carolling of the birds, in a May morning, have given place to the roar of waterfalls, the ringing of bells, and the noise of machinery. The clear and aromatic atmosphere of the pine-lands is filled with the smokes of a thousand fires, and rendered almost unbreathable, by its commixture with poisonous vapors. Even the waters are unnaturally tinged with a variety of dyes, and rendered unsafe for the use of man. In a word, this romantic spot is now the scene of a great manufacturing establishment. It is the nucleus, around which there has gathered a surprising alluvion of population and wealth. It bears the name of Clatterville; and, among its inhabitants, there is not a more thriving, driving little man, than Mr Aminadab Sharp.

This individual, who was one of the most successful merchants in Clatterville, had been well known in the western country, as Captain Sharp. But I have never been able to find the origin of this title of distinction, unless in the fact, that, for several years after he went thither from New England, he was the sole owner and commander of one of those little square covered boats, which are frequently seen, on the Mississippi, and known by the name of pedlers' arks; and which are commonly furnished with every variety of notion, from a tin cullender to a silk glove. We have nothing to do, however, with the early history of Mr. Sharp. He had become a man of handsome estate; owned the square brick house in which he lived; and was married to a very respectable woman, who, though she had no pretensions to beauty, belonged to that denomination of human beings, who are very appropriately called the salt of the earth. They had only one child, a boy of fair promise, and who received the name of his father. At this time, little Aminadab was four years old, and uncommonly forward for his time. Mrs. Sharp was esteemed, on all hands, a truly pious and excellent woman; and nothing would put her husband into such a violent passion, as a suggestion from any quarter, that he himself was deficient in any of the Christian graces. He had subscribed most liberally in behalf of the new church; Parson Moody dined at his house, every

Saturday, with all the punctuality of an eight day clock; the clergymen from all quarters made his house their home, whenever they exchanged with Parson Moody; and, besides, he had paid three fourths of the cost of the new organ. Mrs. Sharp was a judicious woman, and comprehended her husband's character to perfection. Her words were all good words, in proper season. Occasionally she would place some useful book in his way; but she was too well acquainted with the infirmities of his temper, to attempt to argue with him, on the subject of religion. She prayed for him in secret, with all the fervency of an affectionate wife, that religion, pure and undefiled, might spring up in his heart. Nevertheless, there was a subject, upon which she felt herself conscientiously impelled to argue strenuously against the opinions of her husband: the education and general management of little Aminadab were an everlasting source of painful disagreement between them. Mrs. Sharp, upon this interesting theme, reasoned with great calmness, until the period arrived, and it invariably did arrive, when her husband would listen to reason no longer. She was particularly desirous that Aminadab should profit by attending the Sunday school. This her husband opposed with great earnestness. "Look at me," said he, "I 've got on thus far pretty well. I 've never been to a Sunday school. I 'll never agree to it; and, sooner or later, you 'll find my words to be true. It 's *all a sectarian thing*." Mr. Sharp promised his wife, that, if Heaven should be pleased to grant them another child, male or female, it should be entirely under her direction; but he insisted on the privilege of rearing their first born, Aminadab, according to his own notions of propriety. In little more than a year, Mrs. Sharp became the mother of another boy. She reminded her husband of his agreement, almost as soon as she heard its life-cry; and in the joy of his heart, he solemnly ratified the engagement, conceding, in all things, to her wishes, even in the matter of baptism Little Aminadab had never been baptized, for, as Mr. Sharp justly observed, he had never been baptized himself, and he never meant to be; but he had gotten on pretty well in the world: indeed he looked upon every kind of baptism, as *a sectarian thing*. Little Joel, for that was the name, chosen by Mrs. Sharp, in honor of her father, was, in due time, given to the Lord in baptism.

It was a favorite notion with Mr. Sharp, that boys were put to their learning, at much too early a period. Aminadab was permitted to run at large, until he was eight years old. At length, by the earnest persuasion of Mrs. Sharp, her husband was prevailed on to commit him to the care of Ma'am Wilkins, who was accordingly sent for to the house; and, in the presence of her intended charge,

received particular instructions never to break the little fellow's spirit, by the application of the rod. "If study should not agree with him," said Mr. Sharp, "let him do as he pleases, pretty much. Leave the matter to nature, which is the true guide, after all. I 've gotten on pretty well in the world, as you see, Ma'am Wilkins, and I was left pretty much to myself. Making boys study against their wills is going against nature, and this newfangled business of whipping children, in my opinion, is nothing but *a sectarian thing*." Ma'am Wilkins was too discreet, to permit an exhibition of her own notions of discipline to disturb the happy relation, subsisting between herself and so important a man as Mr. Sharp. She accordingly patted Aminadab on the head, and expressed the high satisfaction she enjoyed, in the prospect of becoming his instructress. As she rose to take her departure, it was a wonder, that she did not throw the whole tea service down upon the floor; for Aminadab had contrived to pin the table-cloth to her gown; and, as it was, she went off with a large yellow marigold in her bonnet, which was not noticed, by Mrs. Sharp, till Ma'am Wilkins was half across the common. Every judicious parent will agree, that Aminadab was richly emitled to a smart whipping, or an equivalent in some other form "The boy will be ruined," said Mrs. Sharp, "if he goes unpun ished for this." "Let him alone, my dear," said her husband, who sat, shaking his sides with laughter, "it is only another evidence of his genius. Such a child requires but little teaching. He 'll be a self-made man, mark my words. I used to cut such capers myself, when I was a boy, and yet you see, my dear, I 've gotten along pretty well in the world."

Ma'am Wilkins had not much reason to flatter herself upon the acquisition of a new pupil in the person of Master Aminadab Sharp The incident of the table-cloth was an inauspicious omen; and the discovery, which was not made till she reached her home, tha she had been parading upon Clatterville common, with a large yel low marigold in the back of her bonnet, afforded no very favorable prognostic.

The missionary cause had become a subject of very considerable interest with the more serious people of the village; and Mrs. Sharp was particularly desirous of promoting its welfare. Unfortunately her husband had formed an opinion against it. "What is the use," said he, "of wasting money upon people, whom we don't know and don't care for, at the other end of the world?" — "They are our fellow-creatures," said Mrs. Sharp, "they have souls to be saved, and we can send them Bibles and missionaries, which may prove the means of salvation." — "Charity begins at home," he

replied. — "Well, my dear," she rejoined, "there are home missions, to which your charity will be directed, if you prefer it." — "I don't prefer anything about it," said Mr. Sharp. "I 've studied the subject to the bottom; mark my words, if it don't turn out *a sectarian thing*."

In a fortnight, Ma'am Wilkins became entirely satisfied, that she must give up the school in Clatterville or Aminadab Sharp. He was not only a privileged character, but, being conscious of his own impunity for all his offences, he did precisely as he pleased; he encouraged the bad boys, and terrified the good ones, until he became, to the very letter, a praise to evil-doers, and a terror to those that did well. She addressed a respectful note to Mr. Sharp, informing him, that she could no longer be mistress, while Aminadab was master. Aminadab was accordingly withdrawn, Mr. Sharp being perfectly satisfied, that the school was altogether below the level of the boy's capacity. After a twelvemonth of idleness, he was sent to the public school.

It was about this period, if I remember rightly, that Mrs. Sharp became greatly interested in the success of an auxiliary Bible society, in which several of her respectable friends were earnestly engaged. She desired the pecuniary aid of her husband. — "Not a cent," said Mr. Sharp; "I know just how this thing was gotten up; I know who was at the bottom of it all; it 's *a sectarian thing*."

Little Joel, in all his early indications of character, presented the closest resemblance to his elder brother. He was a sprightly and rather a mischievous child, but docile, good-tempered, and manageable. Mrs. Sharp availed herself of all her vested rights, by virtue of the compact with her husband, to bring up little Joel, in the way he should go. She watched over him with unabating solicitude. From his earliest years she had taught and accustomed him to prayer; and he had now attained an age, when she conceived it to be proper to urge her husband to establish the practice of family devotion. "Wife," said he, "you and Joel may pray as much as you have a mind to. As for myself, though the thing may be well enough in itself, I 'll have nothing to do with it. It 's *a sectarian thing*." Accordingly Mrs. Sharp was in the habit, morning and evening, of taking little Joel into her closet, and offering up their prayers and thanksgivings to Almighty God.

The most excellent maxims, like the sharpest tools, are capable of incalculable mischief, unskilfully employed. The accession of unexpected wealth, the opportunity for indulging in any of the luxuries of life long withheld and suddenly presented, are frequently followed by consequences of the most ruinous character. Mr. Sharp

was perfectly satisfied of the truth of this position; but how strange an application he made of the principle, when he gave ardent spirits to little Aminadab, to accustom the child to their gradual employment, and as the means of preserving him from habits of intemperance. It is scarcely necessary to state, that he looked upon the whole temperance reformation as *a sectarian thing*. He was singularly irritable, whenever the subject was introduced, and has been heard to affirm, with great violence of manner, that he would sooner cut off his right hand, than employ it in signing a temperance pledge. Parson Moody, who was a highly respectable Unitarian clergyman, had been earnestly requested, by Mrs. Sharp, to converse with her husband on the subject; for she had lately become somewhat alarmed at his daily and increasing indulgence. Parson Moody was a consistent advocate of the temperance cause. He had resolved, before God, to abstain from the use of spirit, and he had no scruples against giving an outward and visible sign of that resolution, before man. He had therefore signed the pledge of the temperance society. He was not of that number, who strain at the gnat, after having swallowed and digested every inch of the camel. To be sure, among his parishioners, there were two wealthy distillers and several influential grocers and retailers; but there were few clergymen, less likely to be diverted from the performance of any duty, by the fear of man. There was not an individual in the village, beside himself, who would have ventured, in the hearing of Mr. Sharp, to speak openly and decidedly in favor of the temperance reform. An occasion soon arose, which produced a discussion of considerable interest, between Mr. Sharp and his worthy minister.--"Good morning, my friend," said Parson Moody, as he entered the merchant's parlor, at an unusually early hour, for a morning visit. Mr. Sharp returned the salutation, with his usual kindness of manner, for he had a high respect and esteem for the good clergyman. After he had been seated for a short time, Mr. Sharp, attracted by the uncommon solemnity of his manner, interrupted the silence, by inquiring after the news of the morning. "It is not an agreeable office to be the bearer of bad news," the good man replied.—"Dear sir," exclaimed the affrighted merchant, rising suddenly from his seat, and seizing the minister by the hand, "has any accident happened to the factories?"—"None that I neave heard of."—"You relieve me of my anxiety," rejoined the merchant.—"And yet," continued his reverend friend, "you never had greater cause for anxiety, in your whole life. I have come here to discharge a duty, and to inform you, that, unless a remedy can be thought of, and immediately applied, your son Aminadab will become

a drunkard!" — "Gracious Heaven!" said Mr. Sharp, "what can you mean? My son a drunkard! I would rather follow him to his grave." — "I know you would," the clergyman replied, "and I have no doubt, that the consequence, which I solemnly predict, appears altogether improbable to you. But permit me to ask you, my friend, are you ignorant that your boy drinks ardent spirit?" — "My dear sir," said Mr. Sharp, "I have given him a little, now and then, from his childhood, that he might become familiarized to the use of it; and lest, if I kept it from him, he might hanker after it; and, when he became his own man, fall into bad habits." — "My good friend," returned the clergyman, "did you ever hear of a sensible physician, who proposed to familiarize his patients with the cholera or yellow fever, by inoculatingthem *a little?*" — "But the cholera and the yellow fever," said Mr. Sharp, "are fatal diseases, and drinking ardent spirit is by no means always fatal." — "Nay, my friend," the minister rejoined, "those diseases are not always fatal, and inoculation, with the matter of either, is, in no respect, more unnecessary than drinking ardent spirit; which may, with perfect propriety, be called inoculation for intemperance. Some men will take the distemper, and others will not. Some will escape premature death, and do worse, by living on, a burthen to themselves and their friends. Four fifths of all crime and nine tenths of all domestic wretchedness are believed to arise from the use of ardent spirit." — "Be this as it may," Mr. Sharp replied, "I keep a good watch on my boy, and nobody ever saw him the worse for liquor." — "You deceive yourself, my friend," said Parson Moody, "this very last night he stole out of your back door, no doubt after you and your family were in bed, and in the society of some of the most abandoned boys, in the village, was found intoxicated, at a dram shop in Tinker's Alley."

When the evidence and statements of the good clergyman had removed every doubt of the fact from the mind of Mr. Sharp, he appeared to suffer the deepest distress, but expressed his determination to inflict severe personal chastisement upon Aminadab. — "My afflicted friend," said Parson Moody, taking the hand of his parishioner, "will such a course be even-handed justice? Your child has, without doubt, been misled. Ought not the weight of your displeasure to fall upon the author of this deplorable mischief?" — "Undoubtedly," replied the agonized father; "have you any suspicion, reverend sir, which may lead to his detection?" This faithful counsellor, still holding him by the hand, replied, with an expression of mingled pity and severity — "*And Nathan said unto David Thou art the man!*" — The miserable father bowed down his head and burst into a flood of tears.

For the first time in his life, the image was fairly and faithfully before him of all the horrible consequences of his own unaccountable improvidence and folly. He had himself escaped, thus far, the shame and sin of habitual intoxication; and he had counted, with perfect confidence, upon the same good fortune for his child. He had admitted into the calculation no allowance for difference of moral power or physical temperament, to resist the destructive influence of ardent spirit; nor for the different kinds and degrees of temptation to which they might respectively be liable; nor for the fact, that he himself had commenced, at the age of manhood, and that the experiment was begun with Aminadab, when a child.

Mr. Sharp was in the condition of a man, who had disregarded the symptoms of some fatal disease, the knowledge of whose existence had cast an air of solemnity over the countenance of every friend; while the sufferer himself, utterly unconscious how soon the lease of life would expire, sported with the flimsy remnant of existence, as if it were only the beginning. What are the sensations of such an individual, when the physician reveals to him the fatal secret, or the first gush of blood from the lungs summons the miserable pilgrim to put his house in order! Such were the feelings of this unhappy parent, when he first began to realize, that he might yet live to commit the bone of his bone and the flesh of his flesh, his first born and favorite child, to the drunkard's grave.

His grief completely overwhelmed him. — "I can pity you, and weep for you, my poor friend," said the benevolent pastor, as the tears came into his eyes. — "Ah, sir," exclaimed the unhappy father, "you know not how often and how earnestly I have set before this boy of mine the hateful picture of a drunkard. It is true I have indulged him, in the temperate use of a little spirit, now and then, for the reasons I have mentioned; but I have always cautioned him to be careful in the use of it. Alas, my dear sir, I now see that I have committed a sad mistake. But what is to be done to save my poor child from destruction?" — "That," Parson Moody replied, "is not only a most important, but, I fear, a most difficult question. Prevention is a simple thing; remedy is often a very complicated and uncertain process. You have certainly, as you say, committed a sad mistake. If the paths of intemperance are indeed the gates of hell and the chambers of death, you have acted rashly, my unhappy friend, in permitting your son to enter even but a *little* way. To be sure, you have cautioned him not to become a drunkard, but have you not pushed your child a *little* way over a terrible precipice, while you raised your warning voice to save him from falling into the gulf below? Have you not encouraged him to

set fire to a powder magazine, and cautioned him to burn but a very *little?* I would not harrow up your feelings; but you have another son; — your responsibilities to God are very great; and so are mine, as your spiritual guide. It is possible I have already neglected my duty, in withholding that counsel, which I now earnestly give you, as a friend, and as a minister of the gospel; — for the sake of your poor children, for the sake of society, for your own sake, my dear sir, I conjure you to abandon the use of ardent spirit, in all its forms."

During this solemn and touching appeal, Mr. Sharp had paced the room in great agitation of mind: at its conclusion, he grasped the hand of his reverend friend, and exclaimed, in a voice, inarticulate for grief — "Not a drop, my worthy friend, not a drop shall enter my habitation, nor pass my lip, from this, the most miserable hour of my life." — "Amen," said the holy man, "and may God grant it may be the most profitable hour of your existence."

After a short pause, "I hope," said Parson Moody, "to see the day, when you will be one of the most active and influential members of our temperance society." — "In regard to that," replied Mr. Sharp, "I can give you no encouragement whatever. I have thought upon the subject and read some of their books, but I have come to the conclusion, that this temperance reformation, as they call it, is nothing but *a sectarian thing*." — "And pray, my worthy friend," said the minister, with a smile, in which solemnity and sorrow prevailed, "what do you understand by *a sectarian thing?*" — "*A sectarian thing?*" said Mr. Sharp; "why I consider *a sectarian thing* to be a — I don't know that I can exactly explain my meaning, but *a sectarian thing* is, I suppose, a —." "Well, well," said Parson Moody, looking at his watch, "I perceive I have already overstaid an engagement. I will call this afternoon, for the purpose of continuing our conversation." — He took Mr. Sharp affectionately by the hand, and departed; leaving him in perfect astonishment at his own entire ignorance of a term, which he had so frequently and so confidently employed.

The petty mortification, arising from this circumstance, was immediately lost in the contemplation of that deep domestic affliction, which seemed to be drawing nigh.

Mr. Sharp left the apartment to go in pursuit of Aminadab. He found, upon inquiry, that the boy was seen going, that morning, in the direction of the school-house; and he resolved to wait for his return, at the dinner hour. He then sought the apartment of Mrs Sharp, whom he found engaged in the instruction of little Joel. Upon the first communication of this sad news, the tears came into

her eyes; but she soon wiped them away, and turning to her husband, "I have shed these tears," said she "because I cannot see you weep alone; as for that poor boy, he has had more already than his share of my tears and sighs. It has been, for a long time, the daily burthen of my prayers to God, that he would support us both, under this impending calamity; for I have expected it from the beginning. It was evident to me, long since, that Aminadab had acquired a fatal relish for spirit. What could I do? I would not reproach you, my dear husband, but, when I have seen him, so far the worse for liquor, as to be insolent and disrespectful, and have told him, that rum would make him a drunkard; he would reply, 'Father drinks it, three or four times a day; will rum make father a drunkard?' When I have said to him, that he ought to give it up and drink water only; he always replied, with a sneer, 'Water is *a sectarian thing*, and father says so.'"—"Martha," said Mr. Sharp, "I have declared before our minister and before God, and I now say it before you, not another drop shall enter my habitation nor pass my lips. If I have been the means of ruining my poor boy, may God, of his infinite mercy, forgive me: we have another child, who shall never appeal to his father, for a justification of his intemperance" Mrs. Sharp was greatly affected, and shed many happy tears, at this joyful resolution of her husband. There is something contagious in such matters, even with those, who are scarcely able to comprehend the moving cause; little Joel rose from his cricket, and, putting down his book, reached up to kiss both his parents, with his eyes full of tears.

When the dinner hour arrived, as Aminadab did not return, a message was sent to Master Lane, who stated, that the boy had not been at school, for more than a week; that his previous absences had been very frequent; and had been passed over, upon his statement, that he had been employed, in his father's store.

This intelligence was not likely to abate the anxiety of these unhappy parents. They sat down to their meal, in silence and in sorrow.

The table had scarcely been removed, when, according to his promise, the good minister entered their dwelling. Mr. Sharp acquainted him with Aminadab's conduct, at Master Lane's school, and that he had not returned, since the morning. It was supposed, however, that, conscious of his detection, he was strolling somewhere in the village, and would not come back until bed-time.

"Now, my friend," said Parson Moody, as soon as Mrs. Sharp had retired, and left her husband and the clergyman together; "if we can strengthen our good resolutions for the future, by an exami-

nation of our past errors, and a calm contemplation of all that we have lost; however painful the task, it is one of the most profitable exercises, in which we can engage. Suppose you had long been a member of the temperance society, and as zealous in promoting its important concerns, as you ever have been in the prosecution of your ordinary undertakings; you would, in such case, neither have partaken of ardent spirits, nor have had them in your house; is it not altogether probable, that you would have been spared that affliction, which now wrings your bosom? You have one child, to preserve, and another, if it be possible, to reclaim; you have resolved to abandon the use of ardent spirit. This is well. Why have you done this? Have you been actuated by any religious, moral, or philanthropic motive? Not at all. You have been moved, by a selfish regard to your own fireside, your own domestic welfare alone. I urge you, as a man of good feeling, as a philanthropist, to reflect, that you owe something to your fellow-creature. Mr. Sharp, your influence is great, for good or for evil. Justifying their conduct by your example, there are undoubtedly other parents, in this village, who are now sowing the wind, and who shall reap the whirlwind like yourself: there are here other children, the children of those parents, who are moving rapidly along, on the rail-road to ruin. You have formed a good resolution for yourself; — proclaim it to the world, for the sake of your fellow-man. Go, and with a firm hand, set your name to the pledge of the temperance society. You say, that you have considered the temperance reform *a sectarian thing*." — "Yes, sir," said Mr. Sharp, "I have always supposed it was gotten up by the Orthodox, the Trinitarians; and I was greatly surprised, when I first learned, that you had become interested in the cause." — "You could not believe, that any good thing could come out of Nazareth," said the clergyman. "My friend," he continued, "*you* have honestly misused a term, which is nothing better than a crafty invention of the enemy, a mere watchword of opposition. Would you refuse to be saved from drowning, because the hand of rescue was extended by a Christian, whose religious sentiments were different from your own? Would you persist in perishing rather than be drawn out of the water, by a Trinitarian? Some of the most useful and ingenious articles, in your factories, were invented by Calvinists, Baptists, and Episcopalians. Why do you permit them to be introduced? — they are *sectarian things*. An infidel discovered the secret of inoculation; shall we therefore forego its advantages? We call ourselves liberal Christians; let us not forfeit that character, by any refusal, equally illiberal and impolitic, to go along with our fellow-Christians, of any denomination,

in a great work of universal philanthropy." — "Your reasons, my dear sir," said Mr. Sharp, "are very persuasive." — "But I have been reasoning on a false presumption," replied the minister; "for, if the attempt to abolish the use of inebriating liquor be *a sectarian thing*, the prime mover and promoter of that *sectarian thing* was very far from orthodoxy; Mahomet was not a Trinitarian. Even in modern times, the first president of the oldest temperance society in the New England States, the celebrated Samuel Dexter, was an Unitarian. Now, my good friend, neither you nor I, I am afraid, will be able to look into this matter more thoroughly than that great and learned man. The temperance cause furnishes a broad ground of neutrality, upon which men of every profession and of every faith, by working, shoulder to shoulder, in the cause of humanity, may learn a little of the high and holy mystery of loving one another. I will now leave you to your own reflections. The temperance book is at my house; if you should decide to put your name upon the list of members, you can send for it; I shall press the matter no further."

Mr. Sharp thanked the good man for all his counsel, who, with a look of the greatest benevolence, shook him by the hand, and took his leave.

The supper hour arrived, and Aminadab had not returned. The shades of evening began to gather, and the parents became alarmed for his personal safety. At length it was ascertained, beyond a doubt, that he had run away. One of his late associates, as bad a boy as any in Clatterville, gave the information, that Minny, as he was called by his companions, suspecting the object of the parson's early visit, had listened at the key-hole, until he heard his father declare his resolution to give him a flogging, when he determined, as he said, "*to clear out.*" Minny, the informant stated, had plenty of cash, for he had shown him the bills. The latter part of this intelligence induced Mr. Sharp to examine the writing-desk in his chamber. He found it had been broken open, and rifled of a pocket-book, containing about three hundred dollars in bills.

Crime is a social creature. There are individuals, it is true, who appear to be almost exclusively addicted to some particular vice; but who would, in all probability, have been equally infamous, in any other department of iniquity, had time sufficed, and opportunity occurred. When the moral barrier is broken down, when a breach is once made, by the artillery of sin, the whole heart is not likely to be occupied by one solitary tenant. Crime, as we have said, is a social creature; it is gregarious, in a remarkable degree. Few there are who have passed through the higher degrees of infamy,

and finally settled down for life, on a fellowship in the state prison who cannot remember the grog-shop, which was the primary school, where they received their elementary instruction. Aminadab had no sooner lost all respect for virtue in general, by becoming a tippler, than he lost all respect for his parents, and all fear of God; and became almost immediately an idler, a truant, a liar, and a thief.

Such measures were employed as seemed best calculated to ascertain the direction he had taken, but in vain.

Upon an early day of the ensuing week, Mr. Sharp waited upon Parson Moody, and expressed a wish to subscribe the pledge of the temperance society. The good man brought forth the book with the greatest alacrity, and placed it, with pen and ink, upon the table. It was the merchant's usual custom to employ only the initial letter of his given name; but, on the present occasion, he wrote *Aminadab Sharp*, at full length, with a heavy hand, and, doubtless, with a heavier heart. He admitted, with perfect frankness, to Parson Moody, that he had totally misapprehended the character of the temperance reform; not because the subject was at all complicated in itself; but simply because he had not taken sufficient interest in the matter, to examine the nature of his early prepossessions against it. "Experience has been to me," said he, with a deep sigh, "a severe instructor; but the lesson will never be forgotten." He laid down the temperance book, and took his leave.

Shortly after his departure, Deacon Gurley called at the parsonage. It is to be regretted that the conduct of some other deacons should have excited unkind suspicions in the reader's mind, as is probably the case, in regard to Deacon Gurley. But this respectable man had never trafficked in broken constitutions and broken hearts. He was a steady supporter of the cause of temperance. — "Good news, Deacon Gurley," said the clergyman. "Ah," said the deacon, "has neighbor Sharp found his son?" — "No," replied Parson Moody, "but he has found his conscience, poor man, which is even a greater gain; he has signed the pledge of the temperance society." — "Can it be possible?" said Deacon Gurley; "bad luck for the dramsellers in Clatterville; for neighbor Sharp never does anything by halves." — "Here it is," said the good parson, taking up the book, — "but bless me, what is this? — he has not been sparing of his blotting paper, has he?" continued the minister, holding up an hundred dollar bill, which had been placed between the leaves. "That is very well," rejoined the deacon; "but fifty such would be less beneficial to the cause, than the force of his example, and the effect of those exertions, which he will certainly make, in its behalf. As I said before, Aminadab Sharp does nothing by halves."

The deacon's predictions were speedily verified, to the letter Mr. Sharp was in nobody's debt, and a great many people were in his. The importers, distillers, taverners, grocers, and retailers, with their retinue of tipplers and toadeaters, could in no way thwart or annoy him. He did not want their votes, for he would never consent to be a candidate for any office. He had a number of these people for his tenants; they were all promptly notified, that their leases would not be renewed. He was the sole proprietor of the principal hotel; he made an immediate arrangement with the lessee, and converted it into a temperance house. No person was admitted to work in the factories, who would not pledge himself to abstain from ardent spirits. He did all in his power to circulate information, on the subject of the evils of intemperance; and, whenever he passed a group of idle boys, he was sure to rouse their better energies into profitable action, by throwing among them some good little book, or temperance tale. Several of Mr. Sharp's tenants agreed to continue their leases, selling no ardent spirit. — "*Sharp* is the word, now-a-days," said an old, gray-headed, fiery-looking fuddler, as he turned off, disappointed of his dram, from the fourth grocery store, in a cold frosty morning; "if Clatterville folks put up with this, there 's an end o' the good old spirit o' New England. If things goes on so, half the inhabitants will move over to Brandywine village afore Christmas, where there 's no sich sectarian nonsense a going on."

The old sinner was mistaken. Nobody moved over to Brandywine village, on account of the reformation in Clatterville; and the improvement, in the manners and habits of the people, soon became a topic of universal remark.

Days, weeks, and months rolled rapidly along, and no trace was discovered of the runaway boy. Before this dark cloud settled over his dwelling, Mr. Sharp had appeared, like Sir Balaam, to believe, that God's good providence was a lucky hit. But he had learned an important lesson of the instability of earthly happiness. His pride had become humbled; and he was now perfectly satisfied, that the world was not made for Cæsar nor Aminadab Sharp. He now perceived that riches, even if they do not take wings and fly away, cannot buy back the peace of a broken-hearted father. The tongues of a thousand sycophants could not now charm away the bitter conviction that he was the parent of a drunkard and a thief. Sad were the feelings of this unhappy man, when he reflected upon the origin and progress of this domestic calamity, and remembered the words of the holy volume, "*And Nathan said unto David, Thou art the man!*"

It was very natural, that, at the period of this calamity, Mr. Sharp in the compass of a few weeks, should have examined his own heart more carefully, than during the whole of his previous life. Such was certainly the fact. He was introduced to a new code of sensations; he began to have a practical understanding of the passage, which teaches the broken in spirit, that the help of man is a reed.

In this season of affliction, he derived the greatest support from the consolations of an excellent wife; he began fully to understand the value of the gem, which he had taken, for better for worse. It was about a month after the departure of Aminadab, that Mr. Sharp, returning home, in the evening, had retired privately to an apartment, connected with their sleeping chamber. As he was sitting there alone, ruminating on his misfortune, his wife entered her chamber with little Joel; and, supposing herself within hearing of no being, but the Giver of every good and perfect gift, she proceeded to offer up her evening supplication. The yet unconverted husband sat listening to the prayers of a child of God.—He listened, for a while, in solemn and respectful silence; but when, in a voice, scarcely audible for her sobs and tears, she asked of God his guidance and support, for a lost and a wicked boy; and that he would sustain an afflicted father, and bring him into the fold in his own good time, he could no longer repress his emotions, but, rising from his seat, crept forward silently, and knelt by her side.

On the subject of family prayer, this was no longer a house divided against itself; and many other good things were admitted, one after another. Joel became an uncommonly fine boy. He was carefully brought up in the way he should go, and there was no reason to apprehend, that he would depart from it, when he should come to be an old man.

About five years and a half after the departure of their eldest son, Mr. Sharp received a letter from the chaplain of the State Prison in the state of ———, in the following words:—

——, *Dec.* 14*th*, 18—.

Dear Sir:

Peter Jones, a convict in this prison, who is dying of consumption, has desired, that the enclosed may be forwarded to you, as soon as possible. Respectfully, your humble serv't,

W—— I——.

Aminadab Sharp, Esq., Clatterville.

The enclosed letter was in the following words:—

State Prison, Dec. 12, 18—.

Dear Parents:

Receive the dying words of a wicked child. I have but little strength, and my words must be few. When I left you, I took the

Providence road, and came to New York, where my life was consumed in all kinds of dissipation, while the money lasted, which I took from father's desk. When it was all gone, I got into the company of those who put me in the way of getting more. I have two or three time resolved to reform. At one time, I did not taste ardent spirit, for three weeks; I worked till I had earned almost enough to bear my expenses home. I kept out of the way of ardent spirit, for my hankering was so great, that I was afraid I should not hold out. One afternoon, as I was on the wharf, a man came to speak to me, who had been drinking rum. I smelt his breath, and I could resist no longer. I went to the dram shop, and my earnings were soon spent. For the gratification of my appetite, I was induced to rob a gentleman of his pocket-book, which brought me here. — Dear mother, God will reward you for all your good counsel, though it has been lost upon your poor boy. If I could only see you, it would be a comfort to me, before I die. I would try to muster strength to crawl out of my bed, and ask your forgiveness on my knees.—Dear father, don't let little Joel have any spirit, but heed the last request of his dying brother. — I am known here only by the name of Peter Jones.

From your undutiful son,

AMINADAB SHARP.

The conception of that anguish, which this letter produced, is only within the province of imagination. I have neither the hand nor the heart to give it form. "O my dear husband," said Mrs. Sharp, "let us fly to this poor prodigal before he dies!" — It was determined to start, on the morrow's dawn. — Another letter from the chaplain came in the midnight mail — the victim of a father's imprudence was no more.

The last account I received of this family was in the fall of the year 18—. I then passed through the village; and, while the horses were resting at the inn, I noticed a gentleman walking slowly alone, with his hands behind his back, who, every now and then, shook his head, in a singular manner. — "Who is that gentleman?" said I. — "It is Mr. Sharp," said the hostler, "who lost his son: he is somehow melancholy, as you see; and, as he goes along, he often mutters to himself, *poor boy, poor boy!*"

Joel has grown up an excellent young man; and abundantly repays his mother, for all her maternal care. He is a pattern for all young persons in the village, teaching them, by his example, to honor their fathers and their mothers, that their days may be long in the land which the Lord their God hath given them.

GROGGY HARBOR.

I love a sailor, — not a drinking, swearing, swaggering sailor, — Heaven forbid. Nothing, upon the land or the sea, can exhibit a more finished example of man's improvidence and folly, than the conduct of those silly fellows, who divide the whole span of their existence into two unequal parts; devoting almost the whole of it to the severest labor and the most imminent peril, and a few days, weeks, or months of intervening time, to unlimited debauchery. Such a sailor's life is truly a dog's life, and his death is a dog's death; for, living and dying, a drunkard and a profligate are, mathematically, upon a level with the brutes that perish — saving the judgment.

But I sometimes meet a fine fellow, upon whose live oak timbers time has been working, apparently to very little purpose, for sixty years. Salted on the stocks, and with a salt, that shall never lose its savor; or, in other words, imbued upon his mother's knee, with those principles of religious faith, which, amid all the storms of life, have proved the sheet anchor of the soul. Whether I contemplate the skill and prowess of this honest fellow, on his own peculiar element, or listen to those tales of the sea, with which a sailor can stir the landsman's heart, or mark his serene and dignified deportment, as he takes his seat in the house of God; I never looked upon such an one as this, without a sentiment of affectionate respect.

"Groggy Harbor," like an accommodating almanac, is calculated for the New England States; but will answer for every part of the world. This little work was particularly written for a friend, with whose name I should be proud to adorn it, if I had not an inveterate dislike of dedications. My reverend friend needs nothing of the kind from me. It is enough for him to be permitted to enjoy the reflections of a practical philanthropist; to guide his hardy followers to the living God, with little reverence for the forms and ceremonies of the present world; and to win, for himself, emphatically, the title of the friend of seamen, — for them an immortal crown.

I must be indulged in a single remark, and then, under the blessing of Heaven, as I trust, I will cast my little book, literally, upon the waters. I have seen the sturdy group of weather-beaten men, who zealously attend upon the eloquent ministration of my worthy friend. When I have seen a thousand eyes at once, which have looked many a north-wester out of countenance, paying their tribute to the voice of nature and of eternal truth, I have said within myself, — I had rather be the preacher in this hethel, and draw one honest tear for my pains, than the archbishop of Canterbury, with the reasonable expectation of a Stilton cheese, and a haunch of venison.

THE Orkney islands, the Orcades of the ancients, are separated from the northern extremity of Scotland, by a frith, not more than ten miles in breadth; yet so limited was the intercourse between these islands and the main, one hundred and fifty years ago, that a Scotch fisherman was imprisoned, in May, for publishing the account of the elevation of the Prince and Princess of Orange to the throne of England, the preceding November: and he would probably have been hanged, had not the news been confirmed, by the fortunate arrival of a ship from Glasgow.

At the period, to which we are about to refer, the communication was scarcely more frequent, between the metropolis of New England and the obscure little village of FISHINGPORT, more familiarly known along the neighboring sea-coast, by the less attractive appellation of GROGGY HARBOR. Its exports consisted of fish, and its imports were principally rum. So long as the Spring and Fall fairs were sufficiently productive to procure for the inhabitants an annual supply of this important article, with a suitable quantity of tobacco the majority of the people were perfectly satisfied. To be sure, there was an aristocratical party, who, not contented with the pos-

session of these necessaries of life, aspired after such luxuries as flour, sugar, and molasses, and a reasonable quantity of winter and summer apparel. But by far the larger portion selected the more favorable intervals along the barren coast; and planted, here and there, patches of potatoes and Indian corn, literally struggling with the precipice for bread. The poor man's pig, sacred in the eye of the law, and secured from the grasping creditor, was here an important personage in every household; and, although the pork of Groggy Harbor was proverbially fishy, yet with abundance of fish and potatoes, and plenty of rum, they were as happy as Hottentots, knowing little of the present world, and caring less for any other.

There were inhabitants in Fishingport, of a very different order; they were perfectly respectable, but they were very few. Of this number some continued to reside in a place, where so much was constantly presented of a painful and disgusting character, because of their attachment to the place of their nativity, and to the posts and pillars of their youth. Others had determined to remove from a spot, possessing so few attractions, as soon as they *felt themselves* sufficiently wealthy; an era which never arrived. And one or two still held on, unwilling to part with a distinction, which would not have followed them beyond the boundary line.

Fishingport was provided, of course, with its municipal government. In this interesting village, there was something more than the requisite amount of lying, fighting, and cheating, for the establishment of a lawyer's office. There were two in full operation, whither the aggrieved fled for shelter, as sheep fly to the bramble bush, leaving half their fleece behind.

The clergyman of the village was miserably paid, and frequently reminded, in an endless variety of ways, of the burthen, which he brought upon the parish. For once that he reminded his thoughtless parishioners of their dependence upon God, they were sure to remind him twice of his own dependence upon them. Whenever he married a couple or baptized a child, they seldom sent him any other present than a couple of haddocks. Indeed, Parson Twist wanted that independence of character, without which, no clergyman will be likely to sustain himself long, and profitably for his flock. He endeavored to please all parties; and, of course, he did not tell his people the solemn truth. It was a common observation, in the village, that his sermons were neither fish nor flesh.

It was seldom the case, that any other craft was seen in the port, than such small vessels, as were engaged in the fishing business. In a severe storm, it was not uncommon for square-rigged vessels to

seek an anchorage in the harbor, but they seldom communicated with the shore. It was therefore a subject of very considerable interest, when, upon a clear morning in October, with a cracking breeze from the west-north-west, a ship of four or five hundred tons was seen standing round the "Drunkard's Ruin," for that was the name of a reef, on which an intoxicated captain had perished with his whole crew, some forty years before.

While the numerous idlers who crowded to the shore were giving their opinions, as to the character and object of this unusual visitor, she backed her topsail, lay to, about a mile from the end of the reef, and fired a gun for a pilot. But no pilot was at hand; and it became a matter of debate, which soon rose to altercation, what should be done. The clergyman, who was roused by the sound of ordnance, while employed in finding a new text for an old sermon, upon the perfectibility of human virtue, surprised by so unusual an occurrence, upset the contents of his inkhorn upon some of the most interesting parts of his discourse, and, seizing his hat, was soon in the midst of a conclave, as clamorous and as contrary-minded, as the celebrated synod of Dort. The sudden apparition of the minister abated nothing of that eagerness, with which the disputation was carried on But every disputant appeared to feel just enough respect for Parson Twist, to be willing to strengthen his argument, by the authority of the clergyman's opinion. "Look here, Parson Twist," said a rough, red looking fellow, who had already seized a pair of oars, 'the tide 's setting in strong, and she 's backing on to the reef; if she touches, she 's gone; don't ye see how deep she is in the water, Parson? In less than two hours, I know by the glin, we shall have a real blow, right ashore."—"Well," said Parson Twist, looking round cautiously upon the group, "there is something in what you say, Mr. Bean."—"Ay, ay," said an old wrecker, who had taken the sea-shore, as a highwayman takes the highway, for thirty years, "this is her last trip, and ye can't save her, none of ye; and if ye go within a hundred fathoms of the old hulk, they 'll say ye run her on to the 'Ruin;' don't ye think so, Parson?" "Why, it is matter for reflection, Mr. Mooney," replied the minister: "I cannot say *but* it is so, and I cannot say *as* it is so." "I 'd fetch her in for a glass o' grog," said a wrinkled old fellow, with a tarpaulin hat on the tip top of his head, who, even at that hour of the morning, was staggering under the influence of the rum-puzzy. "You fetch her in!" said another, who was not so groggy by half; "ha! ha! ha! do it, Billy, and I 'll find the grog."

By this time the first speaker had thrown his oars into a whale-boat, and, crying, "Come, Parson, give us a shove," with the assistance

of two or three others, hauled her into the surf. At this moment, old Mooney, who had climbed up on a crag, that overlooks the harbor, cried out to those below: "Ship your oars, my boys, that 's an old salt off there, and if he has n't run his jib-boom into this harbor afore, my name is n't Mark Mooney." — "Why what is he about, Mark?" said Bean, who was in the act of shipping the boat's rudder; at the same time, he observed in an under tone to his companions, "Bear a hand, the old sea-wolf only wants another wreck, and he 'd care no more for a dozen poor fellows dying in the surf, than for a dozen porpoises galloping there." "Go on a fool's errand then, if you will," continued Mooney; "I tell ye, the old salt-water dog has got two boats sounding round the reef — there now, look for yourselves, round goes the topsail — see how she pays off — there she goes." Sure enough, she was soon out of danger, and when she had given the "Ruin" a better berth, she lay to again, for her boats to come aboard, and fired another gun. Shortly after, while Bean and his companions were about starting again, Mooney shouted from the crag, "You won't get to sea to-day; here, Bean, come up aloft." Bean jumped out of the boat, and ran up the cliff, and following the direction of the old wrecker's finger, he saw Jim Dixon's pinkey, under all sail, coming round the reef, from the back of the harbor, and standing directly for the ship. "Well, well," said Bean, as he came down from the crag, "she 'll be full as safe under honest Jim Dixon's care, as though you or I had the charge of her, daddy: Jim knows the harbor, every inch of it, and would wreck his new pinkey any time, to save a brother sailor."

Jim soon ran up under the stranger's lee; and, in a very few moments, she was under way, standing into the harbor. She soon began to take in sail; and, in three quarters of an hour, was riding at anchor, about two cables' length from the town.

At this moment, the largest part of the population of Fishingport had collected upon the shore; and curiosity had never been excited to such a pitch, unless when a vague rumor reached the village of the capitulation of Yorktown, full three months after that happy occurrence.

Jim Dixon could scarcely get foothold upon the shore, for the throng, that pressed upon him with inquiries. "Give us a little fresh air!" said Jim, as he pushed forward among the crowd, with his brawny shoulders, the mass of men, women, and children curling in his rear, like the parted waters of the German ocean, roun the stern of a Dutch dogger. Having attained an eminence, Jim turned round and addressed his fellow-citizens, in a short and sens

ble speech, nearly as follows — "Don't bother a body to death, and give us a little sea room. — All I know is jest this, that are craft is the Peggy Lane, last from Cadiz, the captain is the queerest sort of a salt fish, that ever swum. The first thing he says to me, when I got upon deck, was this, 'Born in the harbor, my boy?' So I told him I was. 'Is old Peggy Lane alive?' said he. 'Ay, ay, sir,' said I. 'Is friend Ephraim Simpson, the Quaker carpenter alive?' 'Ay, ay, sir,' said I. 'Thank God,' said he; 'ready with the anchor, my boys.' 'Now, captain,' says I, 'it's a pretty sharp morning, let's have a thimble full o' grog, will ye?' 'My lad,' says he, 'you might as well ask a Highlander for a knee-buckle. There 's not a drop aboard my ship, and there never will be, while I command her: but here is something for your trouble.' So he gave me two doubloons. A pretty good morning's work, eh? — I forgot to say, that one of the crew told me he had sailed seven years in the Peggy, with the same master, and that the vessel was named after his old schoolma'am: they told me the captain's name, but I've lost it somewhere in my lubber-hole of a head, and that's all I know about it." "That ship named for Peggy Lane, the old schoolma'am!" cried an old Amazon, in a cracked voice, at the top of her lungs, with a scream of laughter, which was perfectly contagious, and exercised the whole group, for several minutes. "Hand, reef, and steer without grog!" said he with the tarpaulin hat; "a lily-livered set, I'll warrant ye; ha! ha! what would old skipper Hallibut say to that!" — "A finer set of fellows never went round a capstan," said Jim Dixon; "I didn't hear an oath, the whole time I was aboard." Mr. Simon Spicket, the little grocer, as a cunning spider places its web, in a thoroughfare for flies, had planted his shop at the head of the wharf, with a window each way, that he might shift his little parade of decanters, on the principle of a revolving light, as the fishermen came down in the morning, or returned in the evening. Anticipating an unusual run of custom, upon the arrival of the Peggy, in Groggy Harbor, he had arranged his apparatus, and filled his decanters; and arrived among the crowd just in season to catch the last words. "Bless my heart!" cried he, "no spirit! I'm sure I shouldn't think it was safe to go to sea without spirit, in case of a storm or cold weather: never mind, I guess they 'll make up for it on shore."

In about half an hour, a boat was lowered from the ship, and four sailors jumped into it, and waited alongside. In a short time, a person was seen coming over the side. "There," said Jim Dixon, "that 's he — that 's the captain!" The boat now made for the land. All eyes were turned upon this object of univer-

sal curiosity, as he stepped from the boat to the shore; but no person present seemed able to identify the stranger. He was apparently about forty-five, a strong, square-built man, with a sun-burnt visage, and an expression, in which there was nothing of severity, but something to overawe. "Stand by, my lads," said he to the boat's crew. "Ay, ay, sir," was the reply. Recognizing Jim Dixon in the crowd, he asked him if old friend Simpson lived on the hill, where he lived thirty years ago. Jim replied that he did, and offered to show him the way. "No, my lad," said he, "I knew it well enough, before you ever smelt the salt water." As he was turning off, he caught a glance of Mark Mooney, and calling Dixon, appeared to be making an inquiry, to which he simply nodded a reply. After he had gone, "Daddy Mooney," said Jim, 'the captain knows the cut of your jib." "Does he?" said the old wrecker, "I thought he was dead nigh thirty years ago." "Why, who is he?" said Dixon. "Oh, I can't say as I know," said the old man; and putting a fresh quid into his mouth, he turned upon his heel, and walked silently away.

Finding the boat's crew were not likely to come upon the wharf without an invitation, Mr. Simon Spicket proceeded to do the honors of Groggy Harbor. So he came to the capsil, and rubbing his hands, "Rather fallish," said he. "Ay, ay, sir," said the old boatswain, who sat squatting on his haunches, in his shaggy pea-jacket, like a grizzly bear, ready for any customer. "Got a nice fire in the store; won't ye step in, and warm your fingers?" "No, thank ye, sir," the old boatswain replied. "Got plenty of New England and some choice old Jamaica," continued Mr. Simon. "No occasion for any, I thank ye, sir," replied the man of the sea. "Have a little real Hollands if ye prefer it," said the grocer. "No, no, my friend," returned the old boatswain, with a growling tone of voice, which showed that his temper was getting a wiry edge. Mr. Simon Spicket, who knew that he had been licensed for the public good, was not easily thwarted in his philanthropic operations. After a short absence, therefore, he returned to the charge, with — "Some nice old cherry, or I can make ye a mug of flip." "You landlubber," roared the old boatswain, who could stand it no longer, "who wants any of your brimstone and fire? you're the devil's pilot fish, and if I had you by the gills, I'd make you swallow a bucket of salt water; drop her down to a lower berth, my boys, till the captain comes." Mr. Simon Spicket stepped back into his shop, and sat down, with the conviction, that there were people in the world, who could not be served.

The captain had soon made his way to the top of the hill, and

found himself in front of a small white cottage with green blinds. It was easily recognized, as the residence of friend Simpson. It had been recently painted anew, and presented a remarkable contrast to the surrounding habitations. The tap at the door was promptly answered: it was opened by a tall old man, with a capeless coat, and a broad-brimmed hat, from under which the long straight hair descended on either side of the head, much whiter than the sheet, on which I am writing the present narrative. Each stood, in perfect silence, gazing at the other: at length, friend Simpson began, "Well, friend, what is thy business?" "Why, don't ye know me?" said the seafaring man, grasping old Ephraim by the hand, while the tears came into his eyes. "Nay, verily," replied the Quaker, "perhaps thee beest in error; who dost thee take me to be?" "Ephraim Simpson, to be sure," rejoined the sailor, "the best earthly friend I ever knew, save one." "And pray who may be that other?" said the old man. "Peggy Lane," replied the captain, "who found me on the beach, after my parents were lost on the 'Ruin,' just forty years ago, and was a mother to me." "Billy Lane!" said the old man, in perfect astonishment; "but it cannot be possible!" "Billy Lane," said the captain, still holding the Quaker by the hand, "as sure as your good wife's name is Margery, who was always kind to me, and who I trust is alive and well." "Billy Lane!" repeated the old man to himself; "however, there is a God above all, walk thee this way, friend, it may be as thee sayest." So saying he led the way into the little parlor, and stepping out, for a moment, speedily returned with a tall, straight, particular body, who advanced directly to the stranger, and, looking him intently in the face, exclaimed in a shrill small voice, as thin as a thread, "Can the sea give up its dead, before the account!" "Why look here," cried the captain, almost worn out with their obstinate incredulity, "I believe I must go and try my luck with mother Lane," as he had always called his preserver "I guess she'll know her poor Billy, as she used to call me." "Sit thee still, if thou beest Billy," said Margery Simpson; "we have sent for friend Peggy, and thee shalt soon see her here." The stranger took out his pocket-book, and unfolding a small piece of paper, which he appeared to have carefully preserved, handed it to the old man; "Do you remember that, father Simpson?" said he. The Quaker put on his glasses, and, after examining the paper attentively, he lowered his brow, and, looking at the captain over his spectacles, "Verily," said he, "I believe thee sayest the truth, this is my own hand; and I remember giving it to Billy Lane, when he made up his mind to seek his fortune on the sea, in

preference to learning the carpenter's trade; Billy was a good boy, but all for the sea; and, the morning before he went, he asked me to give him some good advice, on a piece of paper, that he might keep it to remember his old master. This is that paper, and I gave it to the boy with my blessing, thirty years ago. This advice is not like common news, good only while it is new; it reads well: '*Say thy prayers;*'" continued the old man, reading over the paper, "'*read thy Bible; mind thy business; be good to the poor, obey the laws; avoid bad company; drink no spirit; let thy yea be yea, and thy nay, nay.*'" At this moment, old Peggy was making her way in at the door. "Is it my poor Billy?" said the old woman. "Ay, is it, good"—mother, he would have said, but his emotion checked his utterance, as he threw his arms round the poor old creature's neck. "Oh me," continued old Peggy, "if it is Billy, how the little creature has grown! Let me look at the back of his head." "Ay, good mother," said he, "you 'll find the scar there." "Sure enough," she exclaimed, "it is my poor boy, that I dragged out of the surf, that terrible day, when all but he were lost on the 'Ruin,' and there is the mark of the cruel blow, that he got from the rocks, or,—Heaven forgive me! from that savage shark of a"—"Nay, nay, friend Peggy," said Ephraim Simpson. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." "And so it is," said she; "poor boy, ye was about five then. I thought it would have been Solomon's judgment over again, and that the wild sea would have had one half of the poor child, while I strove for the other; but there was a greater than Solomon there, He that ruleth the sea, and it was his holy pleasure to have it otherwise."

Captain Lane gratified the curiosity of his old friends, by giving them a brief account of his adventures. The brig, in which he first went to sea, was wrecked on the coast of Morocco. This fraction of his history, it seems, had reached the village of Fishingport. When the vessel struck, their preservation appeared altogether impossible. The crew resorted, for oblivion, to ardent spirit, and were launched, one after another, dead drunk, into eternity. Billy remembered father Simpson's injunction; and, putting the valued paper between the leaves of his little Bible, he strapped the volume round his waist, and threw himself on a spar into the sea. He was tossed in safety to the shore. Here he was taken by the natives, and carried into the interior, where he was detained more than eight years. He at length escaped; and, travelling by night, and concealing himself by day, arrived on the sea-shore. He was fortunately taken off by an English vessel, and carried to Liverpool. He there shipped, before the mast, for Sumatra and back. On the

return voyage, the first and second mates both died, and the captain agreed with him to act in the capacity of mate. He then sailed for Calcutta, first mate of the Hindostan, Indiaman. His thrifty and careful habits and good principles soon placed him fairly before the wind, on the great voyage of life, with excellent common sense, for his compass; the good old age of an honest man, for his port of destination; and the humble hope of eternal life, for his best bower ar chor, in a better world. He had amassed a handsome property, and was resolved to abandon the sea. "Hundreds of times," said he, "in every quarter of the globe, and upon almost every sea, in sunshine and in storm, I 've read over your seven good rules, father Simpson; and here I am, by God's blessing, safe in port, and anchored alongside the best friends I have in the world. Now it may seem an odd freak, for a fellow, that has had a capful of wind from every breeze, and been blown about the world, as I have been, to drop his last anchor, in Groggy Harbor. But I 've come home to live with ye, mother, for the rest of my days." "God bless ye for it, Billy!" said the old woman. "You 're too big now, dear, for the little room in the gable, where you used to lodge, you know; and, as I 've left off teaching the children, for ten years past, you can have your bed in the school-room." Captain Lane shook the kind-hearted old creature by the hand, and bade her give herself no trouble about the bed-room. He then told them, that he would go aboard, and despatch the mate with the ship up to the port of ——, and return to pass a few days with his friends.

The captain had scarcely quitted the dwelling of friend Ephraim, before it was literally taken by storm. Gossips and idlers, without number, flocked about the door, to satisfy their curiosity. As to the old boatswain, nothing could be gotten out of him. He held up his knowledge, as a cow of good resolution holds up her milk. Man of business, as he was himself, he became wearied and disgusted with the sight of such a troop of idlers and ragamuffins, crawling about the grog-shop, like flies about a sugar hogshead, and becoming more and more tipsy, as the sun advanced to the zenith. A little out of patience withal, at being left so long upon his post, he had become as uneasy as a grampus, left upon a sand-bar, by the falling tide.

In the afternoon, the captain's chest was sent ashore, and carried to old Peggy's house; and, shortly after, he followed, himself. It was not long before the anchor was up, and the ship under way. She speedily vanished; and with her, the high hopes and expectations of Mr. Simon Spicket, that eminent distributor of death and destruction by the gill.

It was a bright day for old Peggy Lane; and, as we have no gauge for the pleasure she enjoyed, we leave it to the reader's imagination. In the evening, that is, at four o'clock, — for a village and a metropolitan evening are very different affairs, — she walked up to Ephraim Simpson's, to take tea, leaning with great apparent satisfaction upon the captain's arm; now and then casting a glance at the neighboring windows, as she went along; and evidently gathering additional comfort from every eye, that she happened to encounter.

The little urchin, whom she had rescued from a watery grave, had made an impression upon Peggy's mind, at the age of thirty, which would not give place to any other, at the age of threescore and ten; and it was rather amusing to see the zealous old creature, in the pride of her heart, introducing to those, whom she met, as her "poor little Billy," a stout master mariner of forty-five, with a pair of whiskers, that might have excited the envy of a Spanish admiral

Friend Ephraim and his wife, with Peggy and the captain, enjoyed as much happiness, over the neat little tea-board, as could well be crowded into the compass of three or four hours. A thousand recollections were brought to life; and important incidents, in the pilgrimage of one party, were freely exchanged, for the not less interesting experiences of the other. At length old Peggy and the captain returned to the schoolma'am's cottage, where the schoolroom had been neatly prepared for his reception. After they had parted, and he had been for some time in bed, she opened the door, with, "It 's only your mother, dear; I thought I would come and tuck ye up. I came just now, but I listened, and heard ye saying your prayers, like a good child, Billy; and I rejoiced that ye had not forgotten all that I taught ye when ye was little." With this and her blessing, she took her leave for the night.

Captain Lane was up with the sun, and had taken a stretch across the town, before breakfast. "Why, where have you been, Billy?" said the old woman, as he entered the door; "come, here is some hot coffee for ye, and a beautiful scrawd, and some cunners, that Tommy Loring, the little boy, that does my chores, has caught on purpose for ye, this very morning."

As he sat down to breakfast with a good relish, "Mother," said he, "I 've just been across the harbor; the sun is n't two hours high; I 've been in a multitude of cities and towns of all sizes, in almost every part of the world; and I never saw so many lazy, intemperate looking people, at this hour of the morning, in any place upon earth." "You know it always was so, my child," said she; "Groggy Harbor will be Groggy Harbor; the name will stick, till ye change the nature. It 's bad enough to be sure. There are few

old folks left among us now. There is our next neighbor, Wiley, dying of a consumption, all owing, as the doctor says, to hard drinking. His father died just so. Watkins, the miller, watched with poor Wiley, last Friday night. Ye know, my child, they always leave refreshments for the watchers, and Watkins drank a whole bottle of Geneva, and was found in the morning, dead drunk upon the floor; and poor Wiley groaned all night, with nobody to help him. Parson Twist preached a sermon against drunkenness, last year; and he drew a picture of a drunken man, in his discourse; the next day a great many went to him, and each one told him, if he made any more fun of him in the meeting-house, he would never enter it again." "Mother," said the captain, "this is too tough for me; I shall heave up my anchor, if it's going to blow a drunken hurricane, at this rate, all the rest of my days. I'll go up to father Ephraim's and talk with him about it, and see if we can't boxhaul some of these craft, that are head on for destruction, since there's no mode of getting 'em about, the old-fashioned way. At any rate," he continued, observing that poor old Peggy appeared dejected, at the bare possibility of a separation, "we shall never part company again, my good mother, unless, upon a signal, that all must obey."

He found the Quaker and his wife reading their Bible together. "Sit thee down, Billy," said the old man, and continued to the end of the chapter. When he had finished and laid aside the book, the captain observed, that he should like to hear a few more particulars of those whom he had once known. "Pray," continued he, "what has become of Sam Legget, who worked with me in your shop, father Simpson?" "Poor lad," said the Quaker, "he did very well till they made him a corporal in the militia; his whole soul seemed then to be absorbed in military glory; he never made a good joint after that; he was out treating and trooping a great part of his time, and became good for nothing. I have often caught him, after I had laid out his morning's work, shouldering firelock, and going through his exercise with a handsaw. Poor lad, he died a drunkard." "What became of Peter Watson, who lived over the way?" "Watson became intemperate, as well as his wife; they came upon the town; both are dead; and their children are in the poor-house." "And Barnes, the blacksmith?" continued the captain. "He yet liveth," said the Quaker; "he was put into the work-house more than ten years ago, and is subject to that kind of delirium, which afflicteth the intemperate." "What a scourge intemperance has been upon the earth!" exclaimed the captain; "why poor old Parson Merrit must have had ill luck in turning the wicked to repentance." "It is not agreeable," rejoined the old man, "to speak

that, which is evil of any, especially of those, who preach the gospel; but few had greater occasion than friend Merrit, to cry out, in the words of holy writ, *Pray for us.* He was verily a man of like passions with ourselves. He fell into intemperate habits before he died." "Is it possible!" exclaimed the captain; "but pray, who is that wretched object, the woman yonder, who is bowing, in a strange manner, to every one she meets — you see her dancing along, don't you?" "Yea, Billy, I see the poor unhappy child: she is harmless; and they let her go her own way," replied the old man. "Ah," said Margery Simpson, who had risen from her chair, and was looking at this poor being, who had decked herself with fall wild flowers, and appeared wonderfully merry; "ah,' said she, "the poor thing is in her happy vein to-day; to-morrow no doubt, you may see her sitting between the graves of her husband and her son, and dividing those flowers between them, with as much care, as though she were dividing a treasure into equal parts." "Surely, Billy," said old Ephraim, "thee rememberest Jenny Jones." "Is that miserable creature Jenny Jones," said the captain, "the pretty girl with red cheeks and black eyes, whose fine voice I used to talk about, when I came from meeting?" "Yea, verily," replied the old man.

By the aid of a mischievous memory, the captain had before him a perfect vision of the past: he almost beheld the trim little girl, with her blue gown and neat straw bonnet, with her singing-book in her hand, tripping across the green, of a Sabbath morning. The very peal of the village bell rang, at that moment, in his ear; and he beheld the countenances of the loiterers about the porch. All these associations came at once upon his mind, and, contrasted with the emblem of misery before him, brought the tears into his eyes. "Is she intemperate?" he inquired. "Nay," said his old friend. "I never heard, that she was; her tale is a brief one; she married Jack Lawson, the fisherman, against her father's will: poor old farmer Jones, he was broken down by his family trouble, when Jenny lost her reason. Jack Lawson was a handsome lad, but in a bad way from his youth. He soon died a profane drunkard, and left her a widow, very poor, with a child to support. Bad as he was, Jenny took his death deeply to heart: their loves were young loves, Billy; and nothing roused her, but her sense of duty to the child. She called it John, after the father. She worked very hard, and supported herself and her boy; and I never heard a word against her. Little John fell early into the society of bad boys, and acquired a relish for spirit. Thee, no doubt, rememberest Jerry Tappit, that kept the little grog-shop in Lark's alley?" "The fel-

now who lost his eye in a brawl?" said the captain. "The same," replied father Ephraim; "poor Jenny knew, that her son had a great amount of spirit at Tappit's shop, and she had often forbid him. At length, John was brought home dead. He was killed with a stone, in a drunken fight, in Lot's alley. Jenny gave a shriek, when she first saw the dead body of her child; but her reason was gone, from that hour. A merciful Providence extinguished the lamp, that she might not so clearly survey the measure of her misery. From that time, she was in the habit of going, three or four times a day, to Jerry Tappit's shop; sometimes forbidding him from selling John any more liquor, as though he were still living; or asking if her boy was there; and, at other times, in the most beseeching manner, urging him to go with her and help wake up her poor Johnny. Jerry was greatly annoyed by the poor creature, and once he threatened to beat her, if she came there again; but Jim Dixon, who was passing by at the time, threatened, in his heathenish way, to knock in his deadlights, if he so much as laid the weight of his finger upon a hair of her head; 'You have killed her boy,' said he, 'and now ye would kill the poor creature herself.'" "It was unseemly, no doubt," said old Margery, "for Dixon to talk, in that inconvenient way, or to threaten bodily harm; but all agreed, that it was kind in him to interfere, and save crazy Jenny from abuse; and the more, as it was well known she had refused Jim Dixon for Jack Lawson's sake." "Jim Dixon?" said the captain, as he rubbed away the tears from his eyes, "that 's the young man that brought my ship into the harbor; a smart young fellow, but even he asked for his dram, before the anchor was down." "Yea," said old Ephraim, "the very best of them think it impossible to live without it; but Jim is decent and well to pass in the world, and a civil, obliging lad." "And where," said the captain, "is the man who kept the tavern, at the sign of the Demijohn?" "Dear me, Billy," said father Ephraim, "which one dos't thee mean? nearly twenty, I should think, have kept the Demijohn tavern, since thee wentest away; and I do not remember but two temperate men among them: there was Gookin, I never heard that he was ever drunk; he had an amazing strong head. He had kept the house only three days, when he was arrested for stealing a horse, the year before. And there was a Mr. Barker, who tried it for a fort night; and, hearing that a man had hung himself, after getting drunk at his house, he became conscience-stricken, and gave up the business." "Do tell me, father Simpson," continued the captain, "what was the end of Windsor, the barber?" "His was an awful case," replied the old man; "he became intemperate, and cut so

many of his customers, that he lost his business. Thee remembers-est 'Miah Fidget; he was a fiery little fellow; Windsor, once, when he was shaving Fidget, and very tipsy, cut him terribly. Fidget did not bear it like a Christian, Billy, but gave the poor barber a terrible flogging. Windsor became a miserable sot, lost every customer, murdered his child, and his wife, and cut his throat, with his own razor." "Mercy on us!" said Captain Lane; "I should almost think you were reading the log-book of Gomorrah: but do tell me what became of Archer, the apothecary?" "Died a drunkard," father Ephraim replied. "He was rather careless long before he died. Parson Merrit applied to him for a dose of magnesia, and he gave him a heaping tea-spoonful of tartar emetic, and it nearly killed him." "I will ask after one more; how did Moses Mattock, the sexton, turn out?" "Very badly, Billy, I am sorry to say it. It was thought he would have done pretty well, had it not been for the unchristian practice of treating, at funerals. The Poodle family, who, thee mayest remember, were very poor, and stood in great need of everything but pride, never forgave Moses, for his shocking misdemeanor, when their grandmother was buried. When the old lady had been lifted, and put upon the hearse, Moses, who had taken more spirit than usual, for the Poodles treated very freely, to keep up their respectability, instead of driving to the grave-yard at a decent pace, forgot himself and the occasion entirely, and, setting off upon a trot, drove the old lady, to the scandal of the mourners, to the door of Deacon Atherton's grog-shop. This conduct was more offensive to the family, because it was the very shop where the old lady had all her Jamaica."

"Pray," said the captain, after a pause of some length, "are there more or fewer drunkards, in the harbor now, than when I was a boy?" "I think the increase of drunkards is beyond the increase of the people," answered the old man. "Now, father Simpson," said Captain Lane, drawing his chair more closely to the old man's, and taking him by the hand, "look here; I 've no kith nor kin, that I know of, in the world. There 's nothing that would suit me better than casting anchor, for life, alongside of you and mother Lane. By God's blessing, I 've enough and to spare. But nothing will persuade me to look for moorings here, unless we can contrive a plan to change the nature of the bottom." "I comprehend thee," said the Quaker, "there are yet a few, in this place, who would lend a willing hand in a godly work. They wisely know, that their strength is in sitting still, and waiting for the appointed time." "The spirit moveth me, Billy," said Margery, "to say thee mayest be the means, in the hand of Providence, of

working a wondrous change, in a wicked place." "Thee hast seen enough of the world, my son," said the Quaker, "to know, that it is necessary to be careful in removing the idols of any people, whether they be worshipped, under the form of a stone image or a stone jug. The temples of Baal were protected by the laws of the land · so are these modern abominations, which we call grog-shops. Those, who minister to the 'PUBLIC GOOD,' may well rely on the public support." "I should like to have those fellows, that are making all this misery, on board my ship for a couple of hours. I 'd keelhaul every mother's son of 'em," said Captain Lane; and he really looked as if he would. "Well, Billy," continued old Ephraim, with a smile, "I think I may safely say, there is not one of them, who will go on board thy ship for any such purpose. I cannot deny, when I look upon their work, that they deserve their reward: but we must obey the laws." "I know it, father Simpson," rejoined the honest-hearted sailor; "but, as you used to say, out of the heart the mouth speaketh. Why not speak to the selectmen, and get the town clerk to pipe all hands and overhaul the matter?" "Hast thee not read of Satan rebuking sin?" said the old man. "The selectmen are all three dealers in spirit; and the town clerk keepeth the Demijohn tavern, at this present time Nay, Billy, the better way would be, to collect as many of the men, women, and children, as can be gathered together, and enlighten their minds, by discussing the subject in a Christian manner; but the difficulty lieth in this, we have no speakers on our side. Parson Twist will be lukewarm in the matter, and though he would take an active part, if it were likely to be popular, it will be just the other way. Teazle, the lawyer, will make a long speech, in favor of the dram-sellers; nobody will have courage to answer him, and I fear we may be worse off, than if we had never stirred in the matter at all." "Father Ephraim," said the sailor, slapping his hand upon the table, "give yourself no trouble about a speaker: I must go up to ———, to look after my vessel and cargo; arrange your meeting, for this day week; and I 'll be here upon the spot, and bring ye a speaker; and if any lawyer in Groggy Harbor can get the weather-gauge of him, never trust me again." "And pray Billy, who may he be?" inquired the old Quaker. "Leave that to me," he replied; "give me credit, father Simpson, for a little discretion, after having been knocked about, for thirty years, among Jews and Gentiles. Only get the whole town together, in the meeting-house. Charter a hundred of the lazy loons I see about the streets, and send notices to all quarters, and leave the rest to me.'

"Heaven guide thee, my son," said the old man; "something telleth me it should be so; I will do even as thee sayest."

Ephraim Simpson fulfilled all his ordinary engagements to the letter. Upon the present occasion he was particularly active; and he was rejoiced to find a larger number than he expected, who were willing to coöperate in this good work. One was roused, by the recollection of a ruined child; another was urged on to the holy war, by the remembrance of a parent, whose gray hairs had been brought to the grave, with less of sorrow than of shame; a third was stimulated, by the living emblem of squalid wretchedness, in the person of a drunken brother, or a drunken sister; a fourth had long sighed for this very occasion, to break forth against a curse, which had destroyed the peace of his fireside, and left him, the husband of an habitual drunkard. Friend Ephraim had good reason to be cheered by the result of his labors, thus far. The selectmen were, at first, opposed to granting the use of the meeting-house; but finally consented, in the full confidence of giving the "*fanatics*," as the friends of temperance were called, a complete overthrow. Notices of the intended meeting were posted up, in various parts of the harbor, and no pains were spared, to ensure a full attendance: it was particularly stated, that a distinguished friend of temperance, not resident in the town, would deliver his sentiments upon the occasion.

The next day, notices were put up in the following words: "*At a large and respectable meeting of the grocers of Groggy Harbor, held last evening, at the store of Mr. Simon Spicket, it was unanimously resolved, that we view with deep regret the proceedings of the self-styled friends of temperance.*" This resolution was signed, Simon Spicket, Chairman. Mark Mooney, jun., Secretary. The effect of this notice was rather to increase the notoriety of the contemplated meeting, and to stimulate the little band of Spartans to redoubled exertions.

Parson Twist, as the meeting was to be held in his house of worship, had been requested to open it with prayer. He excused himself on the score of indisposition, and expressed a fear that the friends of temperance were going "*too fast and too far:*" accordingly, the Rev. Mr. Sterling, from an inland town, was invited to attend, and cheerfully accepted.

The thirty-first day of October arrived, the day appointed for the meeting, and a more delightful fall morning I never beheld. The hour appointed was one o'clock, P. M., and, for more than two hours preceding, chaises, wagons and saddle horses were seen arriving from all quarters, and multitudes of men, women, and children on foot;

and, before the time appointed, it was calculated, by competent judges, there were just about ten times the number collected, that commonly attended on the sermons of Parson Twist.

No person, at this moment, was apparently so very uneasy, as father Ephraim. He repeatedly went to the door, and looked up and down the road, with an air of anxiety. At length the meeting was called to order, and old Captain Barney, a respectable officer, who lost an arm in the Revolution, was appointed chairman. It was moved and seconded, that the meeting be opened with prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Sterling, and by reading such portion of Scripture, as he might think appropriate. The venerable man was ascending the pulpit stairs, for the performance of the duty required of him, when friend Ephraim Simpson's anxiety was relieved, by the appearance of Captain Lane, entering the door, followed by a large, hard-favored man, about sixty years of age, with a rolling gait, and wearing a shaggy pea-jacket. Jim Dixon, who knew Captain Lane and the boatswain, provided them with seats.

Never was an unsettled assembly reduced more immediately into a state of silence, than was the promiscuous group, convened upon the present occasion, by the first words, distinctly and impressively uttered by the Reverend Mr. Sterling. "Oh Lord, what is man!" and the pause which succeeded was the silence of the grave. His prayer was marked by an unusual tone of deep religious sensibility. Every irrelevant feeling in the audience was subdued, as by a spell. Even Squire Teazle, the attorney, who had entered the meeting-house, with a consequential, and even a triumphant expression, as though he had somewhere discovered already an omen of victory, was evidently made to feel that he was in the temple of the Lord; that the cause to be tried was not simply a question between man and his fellow, but between God and man. After the prayer, the holy man read, in a solemn and interesting manner, the one hundred and seventh Psalm. The effect was evident upon the whole assembly, when he pronounced those appropriate passages from the twenty-third to the twenty-eighth verse: "*They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For at his word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep; their soul melteth away because of the trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, he delivereth them out of their distress.*'

The rum party, knowing that Captain Barney had always been in the habit of using spirit, had counted on his influence; or, at

least. that he would not be against them. They were confounded, therefore, when, in opening the meeting, he plainly stated, that, whatever good ardent spirit produced, the evil was so much greater, that he should not be sorry to know, that it was all cast into the sea. He clearly set forth the objects of the meeting, and requested any persons present, strangers as well as residents, to express their opinions. He then resumed the chair, and a pause of some length ensued.

At length, a good-looking man, rather above the middle age, rose, with an air of diffidence, and addressed the chairman. "Nobody seems willing to say anything upon this business," said he, "and I 'll trouble the meeting with a few words. My farm, as you know, Mr. Chairman, is three miles from the harbor. If it had been thirty, I might still have been the father of two likely boys, who fell victims to habits of intemperance, contracted by visiting the harbor, and the dram-shops. I have no plan to propose, to remedy the evil, which is every year carrying young men, as well as old ones, to their graves. I trust some remedy will be provided. I came here to give my humble experience, and have nothing more to say."

The next person who addressed the assembly was Mr. Mixer, the keeper of the Demijohn. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "farmer Jenkins, who has just spoke about his boys, feels a kind of ugly towards me, because his boys got liquor at my tavern: now" — "Stop, Mr. Mixer," said the chairman. "You are out of order: the only points to be considered are the evils of intemperance and their remedy; we can have no personal allusions." "Well, sir, all I has to say is this, let folks keep their boys at home, and keep at home themselves if they will. I 'se got a license, and why ha'n't I as good a right to sell liquor with a license, as farmer Jenkins has to sell his corn without one? That 's all I want to know." This produced a little cheering among the rum party, which was promptly checked by the chairman, who remarked, that the meeting had been begun in a Christian spirit, and that, while he was in the chair, it should so be continued and ended. Two or three persons, in liquor, had risen to address the chair; but this remark and the well known character of Captain Barney reduced them to order.

Silence having been restored, Mr. Teazle, the attorney, commenced a speech of nearly an hour's length. The commencement was rather unfortunate. "I rise," said he, "Mr. Chairman, not admitting, on behalf of my clients, any responsibility to this assembly." "Pray, Mr. Teazle," said the chairman, "you speak of your clients; by whom have you been retained?" Teazle was obviously confused, and Spicket hung down his head I beg par-

don," continued the attorney, "my fellow-townsmen, I should have said." The points of his argument were these. The traffic is a lawful traffic, and we have no right to interfere with it; — people may drink or not — they are free agents; and, if they become drunkards, the fault and its consequences are their own; — temperance is a good thing, and liquor ought not to be sold to drunkards, and the law forbids it; — if we want any remedy, beyond a man's own moral power of self-restraint, we must ask it of the legislature; — combinations to ruin the business of a particular class of men are illegal and morally wrong. Mr. Teazle ran over these grounds of argument, in every variety of way; and, to do him justice, with not a little ingenuity. When he concluded, there was much satisfaction exhibited on the countenances of the dealers, and their numerous customers.

The chairman, after a long pause, again requested any person present, who might be so inclined, to express his sentiments upon the subject. Seeing no other person disposed to take part in the discussion, Captain Lane rose from his seat. He was already known to many who were present, though he had not had any opportunity of meeting them in a familiar way. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "it is not my intention to detain you many minutes. Forty years ago I was cast away on the reef, ever since called the 'Drunkard's Ruin.' By the misconduct of an intoxicated captain, the whole crew and several passengers, among whom were both my parents, were drowned. I was then about five years old. I see in this assembly the friend who saved me from a watery grave, and proved to me a kind mother. I also see here another friend, who took me into his family, to learn a trade, which I afterward quitted, for the sea. When we parted, he gave me much good counsel; and, knowing the temptations of a sea-faring man, he particularly cautioned me to drink no spirit. I have never tasted a drop in my life. I have been a healthy, and a prosperous man. I returned here but a short time since, with the intention of casting anchor for life. I have been in many harbors, in the course of thirty years, but I confess, Mr. Chairman, I have never seen a town, where drinking spirit seemed to be so much in vogue, and so completely the chief end of man, as it seems to be here. I move that it is expedient to get up a society forthwith, to put down this wickedness and folly, in some way or other."

The captain's motion was seconded by several voices, and it was evident that he had made a favorable impression on the assembly.

The chairman then stated the motion, as usual, and that it had been seconded from various quarters. In the mean time, Ephraim Simp-

son walked round to Captain Lane, and whispered, "Hast thee not failed in thy promise of a speaker, Billy?" "All in good time; he 'll be here as soon as he is needed," was the reply. Friend Simpson returned to his place, and with his broad-brimmed hat upon his head, addressed the chairman, in the following words, which were listened to with all that respect, which infallibly gathers about the person of an old man of pure and irreproachable life. "Friend Barney," said he, "the Spirit moveth me to say a few words. I like the motion; it is meet and right. If it prevaileth, and I think it will, for the finger of the Lord is surely in this matter, thee mayest live to bless the day, and so may we all, when this poor, perishing child was cast upon our shore. This is a great question, friend Barney; it is not a question of dollars and cents, but a question of life and death, eternal life and eternal death." At this moment, the attention of every person in the assembly was drawn suddenly to the door, by a sharp, shrill cry, and poor Jenny Jones was seen standing at the entrance. "Will nobody go and help me wake little Johnny?" said she. Some kind-hearted person led her gently out of the way; and friend Simpson continued, as follows, while she was passing out of the door; — "It seemeth as if that poor senseless creature had been sent hither, by the direction of Heaven. Thee seest in her, friend Barney, the melancholy effects of this deplorable business. The poor thing hath lost her husband, she hath lost her son, she hath lost her reason! Thee feelest, I see thee dost, friend Barney, and we all ought to feel the force of that rebuke upon our past indifference, which is presented, wherever this wretched woman showeth herself." Friend Ephraim resumed his seat, and Captain Barney was not the only person who had put his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Sulkey, one of the selectmen of the town, "I am no speechmaker, but I cannot see things going on at this rate, and keep my seat. If Captain Lane thinks proper to settle down among us, very well; but he must take us as he finds us. We want no new-fangled notions. Why should we set up to be wiser than our fathers? Rum sometimes does mischief, and what good thing does n't, I want to know? Folks that don't like our notions can go elsewhere; that 's all I have to say.'

"Oh, Captain Barney," cried an old lady of respectable appearance, with tears in her eyes, "I never see that man, without thinking of my poor George, that was ruined at his store." The chairman interrupted her by stating, that it would be hardly proper for females to take part in the debate. He then observed, that it would be very agreeable to the assembly to hear the subject treated more fully, by any person, on either side of the question.

Captain Lane again rose; and the general expectation of a speech of some length, was entirely disappointed by the following brief remarks. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "I do not feel myself able to treat the subject as it deserves. But there is a person in this assembly, who has had occasion to think deeply upon it. He is here by my request. He has been the boatswain aboard my ship for thirteen years; and, if you will put up with plain common sense, and allow a little for the language and manner of an old sailor, he will be willing to give you his views."

The chairman said, he had no doubt it would be very agreeable to the meeting. "Mr. Morgan," said Captain Lane, "our friends here will be glad to have you express your sentiments on the use of strong drink." "Ay, ay, sir," said the old boatswain; and all eyes were turned upon him, as he rose, in his shaggy pea jacket: and, with his clean shirt-collar, and tidy black silk neckcloth, loose, gray locks, and sedate expression of face, he might have passed for the very patriarch of the flood. So far as external appearance and professional relation were concerned, this was the very orator for Groggy Harbor. It was clearly indicated, in the countenance of friend Ephraim, that he was fearful of the result. But the confident expression, on the features of Captain Lane, seemed to say, "It 's old Morgan's watch, and I 'll sleep at my ease."

"Please your honor," said the old boatswain, "I 've come down here by the captain's orders; and, if there 's anything, stowed away in my old, weather-beaten sea-chest of a head, that may be of any use to a brother sailor, or a landsman either, they 're heartily welcome. If it will do any good in such a cause as this, that you 've all come here to talk about, ye may go down below, and overhaul the lockers of an old man's heart. It may seem a little strange, that an old sailor should put his helm hard-a-port to get out of the way of a glass o' grog; but, if it was n't for the shame, old as I am, I 'd be tied up to the rigging, and take a dozen, rather than suffer a drop to go down my hatches." By this time all eyes and ears were riveted upon the speaker. His voice, though he spoke at the natural pitch of it, was remarkably clear and strong; and his whole manner was calculated to create a feeling of respect. He stood as firmly as a mainmast; and a well carved image of him, pea jacket and all, would have made a glorious figure-head for Old Ironsides. Father Ephraim's countenance began to lose its expression of anxiety, and the old sailor continued, as follows:

"Please your honor, it 's no very pleasant matter, for a poor sailor, to go over the old shoal, where he lost a fine ship; but he must be a shabby fellow, that would n't stick up a beacon, if he

could, and fetch home soundings and bearings, for the good of all others, who may sail in those seas. I've followed the sea for fifty years. I had good and kind parents — God bless 'em both. They brought me up to read the Bible, and keep the Sabbath. My father drank spirit sparingly. My mother never drank any. Whenever I asked for a taste, he always was wise enough to put me off: 'Milk for babes, my lad,' he used to say; 'children must take care how they meddle with edge tools.' When I was twelve, I went to sea, cabin boy of the Tippoo Saib; and the captain promised my father to let me have no grog; and he kept his word. After my father's death, I began to drink spirit; and I continued to drink it till I was forty-two. I never remember to have been tipsy in my life; but I was greatly afflicted with headache and rheumatism, for several years. I got married when I was twenty-three. We had two boys; one of them is living. My eldest boy went to sea with me, three voyages, and a finer lad" — just then something seemed to stick in the old boatswain's throat, but he was speedily relieved, and proceeded in his remarks. — "I used to think my father was over-strict about spirit, and when it was cold or wet, I did n't see any harm in giving Jack a little, though he was only fourteen. When he got ashore, where he could serve out his own allowance, I soon saw that he doubled the quantity. I gave him a talk. He promised to do better; but he did n't. I gave him another, but he grew worse; and finally, in spite of all his poor mother's prayers, and my own, he became a drunkard. It sunk my poor wife's spirits entirely, and brought mine to the water's edge. Jack became very bad, and I lost all control over him. One day, I saw a gang of men and boys, poking fun at a poor fellow, who was reeling about in the middle of the circle, and swearing terribly. Nobody likes to see his profession dishonored, so I thought I 'd run down and take him in tow. Your honor knows what a sailor's heart is made of — what do you think I felt, when I found it was my own son! — I could n't resist the sense of duty; and I spoke to him pretty sharply. But his answer threw me all aback, like a white squall in the Levant. He heard me through, and, doubling his fist in my face, he exclaimed. 'YOU MADE ME A DRUNKARD!' It cut the lanyards of my heart like a chain shot from an eighteen pounder; and I felt as if I should have gone by the board." As he uttered these words, the tears ran down the channels of the old man's cheeks like rain. Friend Simpson was deeply affected, and Parson Sterling sat with his handkerchief before his eyes. Indeed, there was scarcely a dry eye in the assembly. After wiping his eyes on the sleeve of his pea jacket, the old sailor proceeded.

"I tried, night and day, to think of the best plan, to keep my other son from following on to destruction, in the wake of his elder brother. I gave him daily lessons of temperance; I held up before him the example of his poor brother; I cautioned him not to take spirit upon an empty stomach, and I kept my eye constantly upon him. Still I daily took my allowance; and the sight of the dram bottle, the smell of the liquor, and the example of his own father, were abler lawyers on t'other side. I saw the breakers ahead; and I prayed God to preserve not only my child, but myself; for I was sometimes alarmed for my own safety. About this time I went to meeting one Sunday, and the minister read the account of the overthrow of Goliah. As I returned home I compared intemperance, in my own mind, to the giant of Gath; and I asked myself why there might not be found some remedy for the evil as simple as the means employed for his destruction. For the first time, the thought of total abstinence occurred to my mind: this, then, said I, is THE SMOOTH STONE FROM THE BROOK, AND THE SHEPHERD'S SLING! I told my wife what I had been thinking of. She said she had no doubt, that God had put the thought into my mind. I called in Tom, my youngest son, and told him I had resolved never to taste another drop, blow high or blow low. I called for all there was in the house, and threw it out of the window. Tom promised to take no more. I never have had reason to doubt, that he has kept his promise. He is now first mate of an Indiaman. Now, your honor, I have said all I had to say about my own experience. Maybe I 've spun too long a yarn already. But I think it would n't puzzle a Chinese juggler to take to pieces all that has been put together on t'other side."

"Friend Barney," said Ephraim Simpson, "I have attended to the stranger's words; they are verily the words of truth and soberness, and I would willingly hear more."

"Spin as long a yarn as you please, Mr. Morgan," said the chairman, "and I hope it will be spun of as good hemp and as hard twisted as the last." The strong disposition to cheer and applaud, which was testified throughout the assembly, could scarcely be restrained, by the efforts of the chairman. Jim Dixon was so delighted, that he actually held up his hat and proposed three cheers. Captain Barney reminded him, that he was in the house of God; and that Mr. Morgan's practical good sense needed no such kind of support. "Please to proceed, Mr. Morgan," said he.

"Well, your honor," said the old salt, "I 've got all that I 've heard here to-day coiled up in my store-room, and with your honor's leave I 'll just overhaul it. The very first man that spoke, said he had

lost two likely boys, by the use of ardent spirit. That was saying something to the purpose. Then up got the gentleman, that said he kept the tavern, and that folks might keep their boys and themselves at home. Cold comfort, your honor, for a poor man that 's lost two children! Now, if a man holds out a false light, or hangs one to the tail of an old horse, and such things have been done, as your honor knows, and I lose my ship by mistaking it for the true light, I should n't be much comforted, by being told, that I might have kept my ship in port or myself at home. Now, if a dram-seller, who happens to outlive a score of poor fellows, who have drank death and destruction at his hands, will still sell the poison, that he well knows must kill a considerable number of those that drink it; he is the man that holds out a false light. The question he asks is a queer sort of a question, your honor, to be sure. Why has n't he as good a right to sell spirit with a license, as the farmer to sell his corn without one? I 've been in countries, where a man who bought a license, or an indulgence, as they call it, to murder his neighbor, might inquire, in the same manner, why he had not as good a right to commit a murder with a license, as his neighbor to sell his well-gotten merchandise without one." "That old fellow would have made a capital lawyer," said Teazle to the chairman in a whisper. — "A little too straightforward for that, Mr. Teazle," replied Captain Barney with a smile.

"Now, your honor," continued the boatswain, "I 've heard lawyers say, that a man could n't be forced to pay his debts, if no claim was made within six years. A man owes the amount just as much after, for all I can see, as he did before, and would be a great knave not to pay it. He may, therefore, as I understand it, be a great knave, according to law. I can't see, therefore, that this rum-selling business is an honorable or a moral business, because it is a lawful business.

"Please your honor, the gentleman, whom I take to be a lawyer, because he said something about his clients, seems to be an ingenious and able man. Now, your honor, when I see an ingenious and able man, talk, as it seems to me this gentleman has, I can't help thinking he knows he has got hold of a rotten cause. Just so, when an old seaman can't make a neat splice, the fault 's in the rope, and not in him. He says the traffic is a lawful traffic, and we have no right to interfere with it. I hope, your honor, the gentleman does n't mean to take the law of us, if we refuse to drink rum; and I suppose nobody wants to interfere in any other way. Dram-selling is not more lawful, I take it, than rope-making; yet we are not obliged to buy a hemp cable, if we like an iron one better. The gen-

tleman says we may drink rum or not; and if we become drunkards, the fault and its consequences are our own. Now, your honor, suppose I should contrive some new-fangled sort of amusement, so very agreeable, that very few would be able to resist the temptation to try it; and yet, in the long run, it should be the cause of death to one out of every fifty, how long should I be suffered to go on? We are praying not to be led into temptation, and yet we are constantly tempting one another to become drunkards, and yet telling them it 's their own fault after all. The gentleman says temperance is a good thing. My notion is, that it would be a bad thing for the lawyers, your honor. He says the law forbids selling ardent spirit to drunkards. It 's a strange sort of a law, that forbids us from giving any more rope to a man that has already hanged himself. Now, your honor, ought not that law to be altered, so as to forbid the dram-sellers from selling it to any person but drunkards, who will soon die off, and leave none but temperate people behind? The gentleman said we must apply to the legislature. If we get a good law, how long will it last, your honor? I don't know whether there 's a weathercock atop o' the state-house; but I 've heard that the wind there goes all round the compass, sometimes in four and twenty hours. Unless the law is put in force, what is it good for? Why it 's like the Dutchman's anchor, that lay on the wharf at Ostend, when he was in a gale, off Cape Hatteras. You might as well have a law, your honor, against the rheumatism. If people can be persuaded to leave off drinking, entirely, that will be as good as a law, written in their members, — and then, your honor, the dram-sellers may drink up the balance among themselves. Total abstinence, it seems to me, is the only remedy, and the evils of intemperance will fall before this simple remedy alone, as the giant of Gath fell before A SMOOTH STONE FROM THE BROOK AND A SHEPHERD'S SLING."

The old man sat down, amidst a roar of applause, which continued for several minutes, in defiance of Captain Barney's best efforts, and the repeated application of his oak stick against the side of the pulpit.

Silence having been restored, the question was taken on the motion of Captain Lane, and carried by an almost unanimous vote. A society was formed upon the spot: and one hundred and thirty two individuals signed the pledge.

The old boatswain was surrounded, after the meeting had dissolved, and received an hundred kind looks and hearty shakes by the hand. The humble hospitality of Fishingport was offered by many, but his business called him immediately away. Jim Dixon and

half a dozen zealous fishermen, in a knot by themselves, were eagerly debating, whether Mr. Morgan might not be prevailed on to relinquish the sea, and if it might not be a good thing to dismiss Parson Twist, and give the old boatswain a call.

"Well, father Simpson," said Captain Lane, after the meeting, "what do ye think of the speaker?" "Beyond my expectation, I confess," said the old man. "If you could hear him tell over," said the captain, "the long list of likely fellows that have foundered all round him in this ocean of rum, for forty years, it would make your heart ache." "Billy," rejoined the Quaker, "I tell thee, he hath done more good, in one hour, than all the clergy could have done, in a twelvemonth, towards the removal of the evils of intemperance."

The progress of the reformation in Fishingport was rapid beyond example. In three months from that time, a drunkard attracted as much attention, as a stranger of distinction. "Now," said old Peggy, "a body can sleep o' nights."

At the next March meeting, the old selectmen declined being candidates for offices, which it was obvious they would not be elected to fill. Three cold-water men were chosen without opposition, who refused all application for licenses to sell ardent spirit in Fishingport.

Captain Lane contracted for a large house, on a beautiful spot of ground, just above father Simpson's, on the left hand, just before you come to the road, that carries you to the meeting-house. It was speedily finished; for he said, his old mother should have the comfort of it, in her old age. Friend Ephraim superintended its construction; and there was not a drop of grog in the joints, from garret to cellar. No man who drank spirit, raised an axe or lifted a hammer in the work.

Here, for many years, dwelt Captain William Lane, the friend of the poor, a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to such as did well. Good, perfectly unmixed, is no ordinary thing. The peace and prosperity of the town, the cheerful, yet busy expression on the features of its inhabitants, the constant arrival and departure of the fishing craft, the kind and provident husbands, happy wives, and dutiful children of Fishingport, became as remarkable, as the intemperance, indolence, and wretchedness of Groggy Harbor, a short time before. On the other hand, it must be admitted, that the sexton and the apothecary had much less to do. Teazle lost the greater part of his business, and his office is now occupied by a worthy shoemaker. Dr. Gale was one of the best friends of the cause. 'Few," said he, "are more likely to profit by the temperance

reform, than men of my profession. We have less to do; but we are paid for it all. Formerly I was worn out, night and day, in the service of a set of poor drunken creatures, whom I could not refuse to attend; whom I supplied with medicine, which they had no means to buy; and from whom I never got a cent."

As no licenses were granted, we need not say that the Demijohn, as a matter of course, became a temperance house. The man who took it, was a person of some humor; he retained the old sign, but turned it bottom upward, to signify that the liquor had run out.

Simon Spicket soon found, that he was doing what is called a small business; for Jim Dixon, who thought Captain Lane, next to the old boatswain, the greatest man in the world, had, with the captain's assistance, set up a grocery store in the heart of the town; and he had the custom of all, who preferred their sugar without sand, and their molasses, before it was diluted.

At the end of two years, the old boatswain, who had lost his wife, quitted the sea, and dropped anchor for the remainder of his days, alongside his old master. The captain made him a present of an acre of land, and he built himself a snug cabin, directly over the way, and in front of the captain's dwelling-house. When the old ship was broken up, he put the figure-head, a Neptune with his trident, over the front door. He was a man of excellent judgment and sterling integrity, and saved the county a considerable amount of time and money; for nothing was more common, upon any disagreement in the harbor, than to hear a proposal on one side, to leave it to uncle Morgan, and an immediate assent on the other.

Parson Twist is yet living, though he has relinquished his holy calling. The captain thought him an amiable man; but he used to say, that the least touch of the helm would make the parson change his course ever so many points, in an instant. The captain was kind to him; and he now keeps a little shop, for the sale of books and stationery.

The Reverend Mr Sterling has been settled in Fishingport, for three years past; and never had a clergyman a more ready assistant, for the promotion of every good work, than has this excellent disciple of his Lord and Master, in good Captain Lane. Old Peggy in her new house, with every comfort about her, is one of the happiest creatures upon earth; and father Ephraim and his wife are not less happy in their old one.

Mark Mooney died, in great anguish of body and mind. His confessions on his death bed to the Reverend Mr. Sterling, were of so painful a character and revealed such atrocious conduct, especially

in relation to the old shipwreck on the Drunkard's Ruin, that the minister and father Ephraim decided not to communicate them to Captain Lane : — the wretch had gone beyond the jurisdiction of all earthly tribunals.

The reader shall have no reason to complain that we leave him in ignorance of the fate of Jenny Jones. The captain became deeply interested in this miserable creature ; and, at his own cost, conveyed her to the Asylum for the Insane. In less than twelve months, she recovered her reason, to the astonishment of everybody, excepting the skilful superintendent ; who remarked, that she might, in all probability, have been cured, at any time before, had she been removed from her old haunts, and judiciously attended. She has been entirely well, for several years; and, having received a good plain education, in her youth, she has, for some time, kept the village school, in the very house where it was formerly kept, by old Peggy Lane.

A neighboring clergyman, on a visit to the Reverend Pastor, after a residence of several days, witnessing the universal indications of industry, health, and good manners, in the inhabitants, and the general appearance of neatness and comfort about their dwellings, lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "Can this be Groggy Harbor?" "No, my friend," said the Reverend Mr. Sterling, "this is no longer Groggy Harbor. Its nature has been changed, and the name may well be forgotten. This change, which fills you with astonishment, and which has given us peaceful firesides, for temples of discord, beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning, has been produced by the simple remedy of TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM ARDENT SPIRIT, which has proved as effectual, in our warfare with intemperance, that giant of human evils, AS A SMOOTH STONE FROM THE BROOK AND A SHEPHERD'S SLING."

RIGHT OPPOSITE.

Neither riches, nor honors, nor learning, nor wisdom, nor age, nor strength, nor stature, nor power, can provide a security for man, against the evils of intemperance. Drunkenness is at home, in the cottage and the castle; upon the sailor's hammock, and the bed of down; among the learned and the ignorant; the poor and the rich; the vulgar and the refined.

It would be matter for curious speculation, to inquire how far the intemperate habits of many educated men have been connected, in their very formation, with their academical and collegiate studies. Expurgated editions of the Greek and Roman classics have been introduced into our academies and colleges. But, as far as my knowledge extends, the process of expurgation has been confined to such portions of the classics, as were of a libidinous or amatory character. Many glowing passages, which are of constant occurrence on the pages of those ancient writers, have been rejected, with eminent propriety, in such editions as are designed for colleges and schools. The effect of the deliberate translation of such passages, into plain English, in a public recitation room, must prove exceedingly embarrassing and indecorous. This consideration, however, is of minor importance. What is the least of all those evils, which may be expected from the laborious acquisition of that precious knowledge, which these objectionable portions contain! The precise import of every word is to be ascertained, with toil, and fixed in the memory; terms and phrases are to be understood; and every part of the sentence, faithfully adjusted to its fellows; until the sentiment, contained in the nut-shell of a sententious and beautiful verse, never, perhaps, to be forgotten, is effectually wrought into the system, like leaven into the lump. The mischievous influence of such reading, while the youthful heart, like molten wax, is peculiarly susceptible of impression, has been fully estimated, by those, who have the superintendence of our literary institutions; and the salutary effect of the preventive measure, to which we have alluded, has been satisfactorily tested.

Let us gravely inquire, if *expurgation*, in relation to those ancient authors, which are employed in schools and colleges, has had its perfect work? Is there no other topic, which may be fairly considered a legitimate subject matter for the excisive process? Is there nothing more for the pruning-hook of the moral instructor?—We think there is. The praises of wine are everlastingly poured forth by Horace, Anacreon, *et id genus omne*. Men and boys are imitative creatures; and, after reading with care, and fixing firmly in their memories, the fervid and eloquent descriptions of Falernian, Chian, Formian and other wines, with which such writers have literally filled their works, not a few rise from the perusal, more than half inclined to make a trial of their virtues. In the absence of all those unenforced wines of other days, our under graduates very naturally resort to such execrable compositions, as are vended, under the name of wine, almost in the very purlieus of our universities: and we greatly err, if the intemperance of the full-grown man, in after days, may not frequently be traced to a classical original.

We believe the influence of such reading to be mischievous, in its operation upon the minds of young men and boys. If it be needful, that they should acquire any knowledge of wine, let them seek it among the words of truth and soberness, and not upon the pages of those fanciful writers, who hold, that drunkenness, in a certain modification, is the handmaid of poesy. Let them acquire correct impressions, at first, by a careful perusal of the elder Pliny's treatise upon wine, and especially of that portion of it, in which he writes, "de ebrietate vitanda."

TWENTY years had rolled away, one after another, like billows upon the ocean, since, upon the day after commencement, in the year 18—, Mr. Atherton had taken his chum, Tom Burley, by the hand, for the last time. They had separated with expressions of great kindness for each other, and an agreement to correspond; which, of late, had not been very carefully regarded by either. Burley had returned to his native village, and settled down upon an extensive patrimonial estate, as a gentleman of leisure. Atherton had become a planter in the State of Mississippi. Their Greek and Latin had long been forgotten, and their Hebrew had died down to the roots.

Mr. Atherton, whose health had become impaired, was advised, by his physician, to take a journey into New England, and make a

trial of his native air; and no inconsiderable part of his prospective enjoyment was associated with the idea of revisiting the scenes of his youth, and meeting his old classmate, Burley, again. Mr Atherton, it is true, had lost all his skill in the dead languages; but there existed, in his mind, a residuum, in the form of a purified taste, acquired undoubtedly by the study of those very languages. He was a slave-holder; and certainly an exception from the general rule, that the exercise of a dominion, nearly equal to that of a Satrap, over one's fellow-creatures, will ultimately harden the heart of man I have passed a month in his hospitable mansion, and can truly say, without any defalcation from the sum total of my utter abhorrence of slavery, that Archibald Atherton was a kind-hearted master.

Mr. Atherton travelled on horseback; and, followed by a gray-headed negro, had arrived within a short distance of the village, in which his friend Burley resided. He had stopped at a brook, to water his horse, and old Sambo had ridden close to his side, for the purpose of drawing his cloak more closely about his shoulders Sambo was a faithful creature, and a man of all works. He was a capital cook, valet, barber, and coachman, a good farrier and groom; and, though he had never received a diploma, he possessed no contemptible share of skill and knowledge in the healing art. Indeed he was universally known, by the title of the Doctor, among the blacks of the neighboring plantations. — "Pretty sharp, massa," said the careful creature, as he brought the collar of the cloak more closely round his master's throat. — "Rather cold, Sambo," said Mr. Atherton with a kind-hearted expression; "we have now gotten into New England; and how beautiful is all the surrounding scenery!" — It was beautiful indeed. It was a clear frosty morning in the middle of October; a thin formation of ice might be seen at the edges of the brook; pumpkins and squashes were gathered in heaps round the farmers' doors; the laborers were employed in cutting the corn from the stalk, or throwing the harvest into carts, preparatory to the husking frolic; and every farm-house was adorned with its festoons of dried apples. All around bore the impress of substantial comfort. But the forest, the October forest of New England, was never more beautiful than at that very time. The fall of the leaf had not yet commenced, save with the birch, and the few ill-fated foresters, whose shallowness of earth gave them a stinted nourishment, insufficient for their annual wants. The whole forest had changed its complexion in a single night. Frost had come down upon the earth, with all its powers of alchymy. The white oak and the ash manifested but little disposition to surrender their verdant honors, and had scarcely changed their color, for a deeper

green. But the shapely walnut had varied its light green for a brilliant yellow; and mingled its leaves with the deep brown, at the base, and glossy maroon, at the summit, of the red shrub oak. The maple and the quivering aspen had assumed an orange hue, and the larger leaves upon the terminal shoots of the black oak were changed to purple. "How lovely," said Mr. Atherton, as he gazed upon the scene around him, "how lovely is this variety of colors! how beautiful these hills and intervals!"

Sambo had as strong an affection for his native state as Mr. Atherton; and, withal, his mind was not entirely free from apprehension, that his master might be persuaded to remain in New England. He therefore ventured to give his opinion. — "Massa," said he, pointing to a rocky precipice, where not even a mullein stalk could find foothold and support, "dat no very good land for cotton!" — Mr. Atherton laughed, and Sambo followed up his advantage. — "Does massa say de tree here so fine as pride o' Chiny?" — "Pride of nonsense," said Mr. Atherton; "this is the fall of the year, Sambo." — "Oh, massa Atherton," cried Sambo, "what you say to de red bud, and de live oak, and de great magnoly, leaf green all de year, foot long." — "Ay, Sambo," said Mr. Atherton, "and Spanish moss flapping in your eyes, eight feet long!" — "Spanish moss make good bed, massa," rejoined Sambo. — Mr. Atherton made no reply; and Sambo, who understood the signal, slackened his pace, and fell into the rear.

As they moved along, upon a moderate pace, the indications became more convincing, at every step, that they were upon the confines of a New England village. The long ranges of stone walls were a source of great wonder to Sambo, who had passed his whole life, in an alluvial country, where there cannot be found a stone, as large as a robin shot. The farm-houses, with their ordinary complement of bee-hives, cider-presses, and elevated corn-barns, were becoming less few and far between; and turkeys began to present themselves, in flocks, which Sambo mistook for collections of buzzards. They were very numerous, for the day, which is always appointed by the governor of every New England State, by and with the advice of council, for a general roasting of these unhappy birds, had not yet arrived. Even Mr. Atherton was perfectly satisfied, that the curs, of which one or more rushed, yelping, from every gate, as the travellers rode by, pursuing them, till the hue and cry was taken up by the dogs of the next farm-house, and then returning to be ready for the next comer, were the descendants, in the right line, of those very dogs, that annoyed the traveller, in the same manner, some twenty years ago. The shout of an hundred little voices, and

the irruption of as many little boys and girls from a small square building, at the road-side, denoted the general jail delivery of as many little prisoners, who were emancipated for the morning, from the bondage of science. Their gambols were interrupted, for a short time, as they gathered into groups and gazed after the travellers. The geese were more troublesome than usual, expressing, in their peculiar way, their indignation or scorn, or defiance, whichever it might be, for the motives of a goose are not easily understood. They cackled, and flapped their wings, and hissed at the travellers, particularly at Sambo, with extraordinary vehemence.

Ere long a portion of the village spire began to appear among the trees, and the gilded telltale on its top, in which the slippery politician, and the fair weather friend, and the doubting disciple, who is blown about by every wind of doctrine, may behold a happy emblem of life and practice. The village was now fairly before them, beautifully planted in a broad valley; and the smokes of its peaceful fires were seen, curling slowly upward, against the precipitous sides of its many-colored hills beyond.

A thousand recollections of early friendship and college days came crowding upon the mind of Mr. Atherton, as he drew near to the habitation of his friend. — "A large square brick house," said he to himself, "not far from the centre of the town; such was the description, which Burley gave me of his residence, in his last letter. But that was written about three years ago. He may have moved, or"—— He did not finish the sentence; it was evident, that he was contemplating the changes and chances, which might have befallen his friend. — "Sambo," continued Mr. Atherton, pointing to a house, which answered the description, "that, I guess, must be the dwelling of my old friend, Mr. Burley." — "I guess so, massa," said Sambo. — "You guess so," said Mr. Atherton, with a smile; "what makes you guess so?" — "Oh, massa," rejoined the good-natured follower, "like massa, like man; massa guess so, Sambo guess so; and de poor old horse very tired." — "Well," said Mr. Atherton, "I 'll make the matter sure;" and riding up to a small shop, on the other side of the way, over whose door was the sign of Simeon Soder, Tinman; "Pray, sir," said he to a little old man with spectacles, who was busily tinkering some article in his line, "will you inform me where I may find the house of Mr. Thomas Burley?" This question he repeated three times, before he obtained a reply. At length the tinman turned to him, with an air and expression, which seemed to say, that time was money, and said, in a rapid manner, "Sodering, sir, — could n't leave the job, — what's your will, sir?" — Mr Atherton put the inquiry again.

—"*Right opposite*," was the reply, and the old tinman was at it again, before the last word was out of his mouth.

Mr. Atherton dismounted, and, giving his horse to old Sambo, knocked at the door. It was opened, by Burley himself. So universal was the change, which twenty years had wrought in his appearance, that Mr. Atherton did not recognize the friend of his youth until he himself exclaimed, seizing his visitor by the hand, "Go! bless you, Atherton, how do you do? Come in, my dear fellow, you have come in the nick of time; Mrs. Burley is just now making a bowl of punch." So saying, he dragged his old classmate into the parlor, and introduced him to Mrs. Burley;—"My old friend, Atherton, my dear, of whom you have heard me speak so often."—Mrs. Burley set down a case bottle of old Jamaica, a portion of which she had just poured into the punch-bowl, and, after receiving him very civilly, returned to her labors at the sideboard.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Burley, "you cannot tell how glad I am to see you;—four limes you know, my dear."—"Oh yes, I know," said Mrs. Burley, in a voice of great self-complacency.—"Well now, Atherton," continued he, "tell us about your wife and children, how many have you?—half a dozen table-spoonfuls of arrack, my love, to give it a flavor, you know."—"Lord, Mr. Burley," said his partner, with no little petulance, "do you think I want to be directed, after making your punch, almost every day for ten years, when I have not been confined to my room with St. Anthony's fire?"—"Make it your own way, my love," said the prudent husband. "I assure you, Atherton, nobody can make it better. Mrs. Burley's forte, however, is mulled wine."

This admirable housewife's composure appeared to be entirely restored, by the well-timed compliment. The punch was soon compounded, and a brimming tumbler presented to Mr. Atherton.—"You must excuse me," said he, "but my physician has forbidden the use of all stimulating drinks."—"Pray take a little, sir." said Mrs. Burley, evidently mortified at his refusal.—"My dear fellow," said her husband, "it 's my settled opinion, that your doctor, whoever he is, will be the death of you Not take punch! What d' you say to a little brandy and water?"—"Nothing of the kind, I thank you," said Mr. Atherton.—"You are very pale, sir," said Mrs. Burley, as she took her glass; "I really think it would heighten your complexion." She certainly exhibited a striking illustration of the truth of her opinion. She was short and corpulent, and her countenance was as round as the full moon in the primer.—Mr Atherton adhered to his resolution; and the bowl of punch was consumed by Mr Burley and his lady, with the exception of two small

glasses, which were put by, for the "dear creatures," as Mrs. Burley called them, on their return from school.

Mr. Burley again interrogated his friend, about his wife and children; and learned, that he had left four fine boys and their mother, in good health on his plantation. But Mr. Atherton's manners had become exceedingly solemnized, by the scene around him; and the natural melancholy of his character had assumed an air of sadness, while contemplating the striking alteration in the appearance of his friend. His fine black hair had become prematurely gray, at forty-two. At college, he had been remarkable for his erect figure, clear complexion, and bright eye. He had become extremely corpulent, with an infirm gait, and the stoop of old age. His eye had lost its lustre, and acquired that stupid, and bloodshot appearance, which is so characteristic of an intemperate man. It told too plainly the story of his evil habits; and his bloated and eruptive countenance confirmed the disgraceful tale.

A loud shout at the gate announced the return of the two boys from school. "Jim and Billy have got home," said Mrs. Burley, and, going to the door, "Billy, dear, come in," said she. — "I won't," said Billy. — "Jim," said this judicious parent, "catch Billy, and fetch him in." — "I won't," said Jim. — "Dear me," said Mrs. Burley, as she returned into the house, "the spirits of these dear children fairly run away with them. Here, dears," she continued, holding up the two glasses of punch. These urchins, one about nine, and the other, twelve years of age, came rushing up to the door; and the mother attempted to catch them by their manes, like a couple of colts. Jim escaped, breaking the tumbler on the door-step, and upsetting the punch on his mother's gown. Billy was dragged into the room, floundering and stamping, — "Here is Mr. Atherton, my love, your father's old friend. shake hands with the gentleman, Billy." — "I don't care, — I won't, — let me go." — "Oh Billy, dear," said the mother, who was fairly out of breath, and let him escape, "you don't behave your best by any means." — "I never interfere," said Mr. Burley, who had just taken up the ladle, habitually as it were, and put it down again, when he discovered, that the bowl was empty; "I never interfere: for managing boys and making a bowl of punch, Mrs. Burley has not her equal, in the county."

The dinner hour, at length, arrived. "You 'll take a little brandy before dinner," said Mr. Burley to his friend. — "No, I thank you," said Mr. Atherton. "Well," said Mr. Burley, "I find I cannot do without it. A watery stomach, I think, cannot be corrected so readily, in any other way. Wine does not agree with me,

at all ; and, though I can give you some tolerable brandy, or Hollands, or Jamaica, I am afraid we have scarcely a glass of wine that 's worth your drinking." — "I never take it," said Mr. Atherton. — "No wine!" said Mrs. Burley; "you amaze me." — "Ha, ha, ha, you 're a cold-water man," cried her husband, as he put down his glass. "I can 't go it. I must have brandy. But here 's a little old fellow, *right opposite*, Soder, the tinman, who drinks nothing but water. He 'll be delighted to drink with you all day. He 's an active member of the temperance society. That little old skeleton and his son, who keeps another tin shop, half a mile down the street, Simeon Soder, junior, with a set of fanatical hypocrites and orthodox rascals, if they could have their way, would soder up the throats of every man, woman, and child, that drank a drop of spirit. Our well has failed, this very last week; and I 've no doubt these rascals are at the bottom of it. Here 's a long life to the best of them," said he, pouring down another glass of brandy. "But do tell me, Atherton," he continued, "if you are a cold-water man?" — "Yes, I am," replied Mr. Atherton. — "A member of the temperance society?" inquired the other. — "No, I am not," said Mr. Atherton. — "I thought you were too sensible a man," cried Mr. Burley, slapping his hand upon his visitor's shoulder, "to join such a shabby society." — "Why, as to that," observed Mr. Atherton, "I will be very candid with you, friend Burley; the only reason, why I am not a member of the temperance society, is that no such society exists in my neighborhood. I abstain, for the sake of my health. For the sake of the example to others, I should think it my duty to sign the pledge; and, when I return home, I think I shall endeavor to get such a society organized." — "Atherton," said Mr. Burley, scarcely able to disguise his displeasure, "I 'll bet you a suit of clothes, that this scurvy company, the self-styled friends of temperance, will come to nothing in less than five years. Old Colonel Cozy, who had his canteen shot away in the battle of Brandywine, and behaved nobly, and who now keeps the hotel in this town, says he has made a calculation, and that the whole temperance party in the United States cannot exceed six thousand, of whom the greater part are hypocrites, ministers, and old women." — "Friend Burley," said Mr. Atherton, with a smile, "as to the clothes, I have no occasion for a suit, and I never bet. But permit me to inquire, if you were ever present at a temperance meeting?" — "I," said Burley, "not I indeed; I would as soon be caught robbing a henroost" — "Have you ever read any of their reports, circulars, or journals?" — "Never, only on one occasion," he replied; "one morning, just as Mrs. Burley had finished making her punch, a

scoundrel threw one of their dirty newspapers into the yard; and my little boy, Jim, brought it into the parlor. The very first article was headed 'PUNCH IN THE MORNING.' I ran after the fellow with my horsewhip. He asserted in the most solemn manner, that the paper was the first number of a journal, and that he had orders to leave one at every door. But who, that considers all the circumstances, will doubt, that some villain, who knew our hour for punch, had sent this hireling to insult me? Mrs. Burley said, that she only wished she had his tongue within reach of her scissors. I told him, that, if he should ever throw another of his impudent papers before my door, I would break every bone in his skin." As he uttered the last words, Mr. Burley struck his fist upon the table with such force, that he woke up his good lady, who had fallen fast asleep in her chair.

"Now, my friend," said Mr. Atherton, "your error, in relation to the number of the friends of temperance, in our country, is very great; instead of six thousand, two millions abstain from the use and the traffic: and the wisdom, learning, and worth of our country are rapidly gathering to the side of the temperance reform."—"Well, well," cried Mr. Burley, with evident impatience, "I believe I must go on the old way. Let us talk of some other subject. Where is our old class-mate Lane?"—"In the drunkard's grave," said Mr. Atherton.—"Is it possible!" said Mr. Burley, as he sat his glass upon the table, and folded his arms upon his breast.—"Even so," replied his friend; "he quitted the law, or rather the law quitted him, in 1812, and he obtained a commission in the army, soon became intemperate, and died a sot."—"He was remarkably abstemious, at college," said Mr. Burley; "and I have heard him discourse of the dangers of intemperance, an hundred times; while Barry, his chum, would laugh and take his glass, and say, that he had no fear of himself, while he retained his reason."—"Of course," said Mr. Atherton, "you know what became of Barry?"—"I heard," said the other, "that he went to Europe, about fifteen years ago."—"He died," said Mr. Atherton, "a most miserable drunkard, in a French prison. I have been told, by an American gentleman, who knew something of his family, and kindly visited him in jail, that he had never beheld a more loathsome and disgusting victim of intemperance. You see, friend Burley, how it is, the most confident, the strongest swimmers are as frequently swallowed up, by these waters of strife, as the most timid, if they venture at all."—Mr. Burley had listened with evident emotion. A short pause ensued. He lifted his eyes upon the features of his benevolent friend. They rested there but an instant. The kind but melancholy expression of an honest friend was perfectly irresistible.

That single glance had established a mutual consciousness of each other's thoughts. — "Nineteen of our old classmates," said Mr. Atherton, "have already died, or yet live, intemperate men. You remember Archer, who distinguished himself for his skill in mathematics?" — "I do," said Mr. Burley, without raising his eyes from the floor. — "Archer," continued Mr. Atherton, "married my only sister. His habits were then perfectly correct, but he became a convivial and popular man; soon fell into habits of intemperance; broke my poor sister's heart; and shortened her days. He is now a subaltern clerk or runner, in the office of our under sheriff; and my sister's three little orphans, for they are, in reality, fatherless and motherless, mingle with my own little troop, and we try to love them all alike, and succeed pretty well too." — Mrs. Burley had left the room, and the two friends were now by themselves — "This is a detestable vice, Burley," said Mr. Atherton — Burley said nothing, but bit his lip, and the tear stood in his eye He was a man of a kind heart, and good natural understanding. — 'Burley," said Mr. Atherton, taking him by the hand, "forgive the freedom of an old friend; — I conjure you to abandon the use of ardent spirit." — "My dear friend," he replied, wiping the tears from his eyes, "I trust I am in no danger." — "Those," said Mr. Atherton, "who are upon the edge of a precipice, do not always see the danger so clearly, as those who are further removed." — Mr. Burley admitted, that he had sometimes tried to diminish the quantity, but always thought he was the worse for it. Total abandonment appeared to him to be absolutely impossible. — They were now summoned to the tea-table; and Mr. Atherton sat down, in a scene of confusion, in which the reading of the riot act would not have been amiss. The violence of disorderly boys, upsetting their tea-cups, and fighting for gingerbread, constantly and unavailingly chidden by the shrill voice of their mother, for whose authority they appeared to care nothing; and restrained, in no respect, by their father, who left their management entirely to his better half; all this, and the fatigue of his journey, caused Mr. Atherton, soon after he had risen from table, to seek a good night's repose; and he was shown to his chamber, by Mr. Burley.

The first object, that struck Mr. Atherton, as they entered it together, was an excellent portrait of Burley, taken just after he left the university It completed the chain of recollection in the mind of Mr. Atherton; — it was impossible not to contrast it with the sad reality; and, as he unavoidably cast a glance from the one to the other, a sigh involuntarily escaped him. — "You see a great alteration, I suppose?" said Mr. Burley. — 'I do," said his friend. "We grow old fast enough, when we do nothing to hasten the

chariot of time." — Mr. Burley appeared to understand the reproof; and with some little appearance of confusion, he wished him a good night's rest, and retired.

Mr. Atherton's reflections were of a most painful character. He cast his eyes around the room, and thought he discovered the signals of approaching poverty; two or three panes of glass were broken, and the air was excluded, by stiff paper, tacked to the frame; the carpet and the counterpane were ragged, and the dust, which had been suffered to accumulate upon the scanty furniture, was indicative of sluttery and sloth. He had also observed, that his old friend was rather shabbily clad. His fatigue had well paid in advance for a good night's rest, and he was scarcely on his pillow, before he fell into a profound sleep; and, when he awoke, the next morning, the sun was shining in at his chamber windows.

He cast his eyes about the room, and was amused with the operations of a venerable spider, whose joints were evidently comforted by the rays of the bright sun of an October morning. The intelligent creature had quitted the metropolis of its beautiful domain, and posted itself on that side of it, on which the very first stream of golden light must necessarily fall; and was moving slowly forward, to keep, as long as possible, beneath the influence of its cheering light and heat. It had judiciously expanded its web, where it was least likely to be disturbed in its operations, over the glass doors of a little book-case; and where the exhausted carcasses of numerous flies and moths, indicated a long summer's campaign.

His friend received him, in the parlor, with much kindness, but in a subdued manner, and with an apparent consciousness, that, for some reason or other, he himself was placed on less elevated ground. They had scarcely assembled in the breakfast room, before Jim came running to his father, with a small black bottle and a wine-glass; — "Father," said he, "it 's after eight o'clock, and you haven't taken your bitters." — "Mother has," said Billy. — Mrs. Burley was somewhat confused, and her husband bade the child put the bottle in the closet, as he should not take any, that morning.

"Go to the door, Billy," said Mr. Burley, just after they had taken their seats at the table; "some one is knocking." Billy, for once, did as he was bidden. — "Father," said the boy, as he returned, "Mr. Soder wishes to know if you will pay the interest on the mortgage, to-day; and says he has sent a great many times for it." Mr. Burley rose and went to the door, evidently in a hurried and angry manner. He soon came back and resumed his seat at the table; but his efforts were vain to conceal his agitation and embarrassment. Mr. Atherton called his attention to some early

recollections of college days, and diverted his mind, as far as possible, from this unpleasant occurrence.

After a visit of three days, which probably produced very little real happiness to either party, Mr. Atherton took his leave, promising his old friend, that, whenever he revisited New England, he should certainly see him again. These three days were passed in the same round of unnatural demands and the same unabating gratifications. In compliment, probably, to Mr. Atherton, the morning bitters and the slipper cup were omitted.

Mr. Atherton journeyed leisurely along; he passed over the Cumberland road, and, embarking upon the Ohio, at Wheeling, in one of those beautiful leviathans, by whose magic power, the ends of the earth are brought as near again together as they were, he was, before many days, upon the waters of the Mississippi. Old Sambo was permitted once more to look upon his favorite "live oak and magnoly," and Mr. Atherton soon found himself in the bosom of his interesting family. His health was surprisingly improved, by the journey; and three years had passed away, before a recurrence to the same expedient became advisable. Upon the present occasion, he determined upon a sea voyage; and, embarking at New Orleans, he came, through the Gulf of Florida to New York. He journeyed thence, by easy stages, into New England.

Mr. Atherton was well aware, that intemperance is a mental, moral, and physical "reduction descending." He endeavored to prepare his mind for a very considerable change, for the worse, in the internal and external condition of his friend; and it was with no ordinary measure of sensibility, that he found himself once more before the residence of Mr. Burley. It was a rainy evening, in the spring; and just enough of daylight remained, while the stageman was depositing Mr. Atherton's baggage at the door, to enable him to cast a general glance at the exterior of the dwelling; and he was gratified, and somewhat surprised, at the apparent improvement. A new fence had been placed before the house, and the front yard was in neater order. In answer to a letter from Mr. Atherton, written shortly after his return home, Mr. Burley had thanked him for his kind advice, in a tone of deep feeling, and promised to give the subject of entire abstinence the most serious consideration. — "God be praised," said Mr. Atherton, as he quickly mounted the steps, and knocked at the door. — It was scarcely opened, before he extended his hand, but withdrew it as soon, for he discovered that the person before him was a stranger. — "Pray, sir," said Mr. Atherton, "does not Mr. Burley live here?" — "He does not," answered the stranger. — "Really," said Mr. Atherton, "will

you have the goodness to direct me to his residence?" — "*Right opposite*," was the reply. — "Right opposite!" rejoined Mr. Atherton. "About three years ago, I received the very same answer, when asking the same question of a tinman, on the other side of the way, a Mr. Soder, I think." — "Very like, sir," was the answer, "my name 's Soder, sir; I kept my shop over the way, for many years; and gave up the business about one year ago." — "Mr. Burley was an old classmate of mine," said Mr. Atherton, "and I have come a distance of some thousands of miles, partly on account of my health, and, in some measure, to visit an old friend." — "Well, sir," said Mr. Soder, "I don't think you could be very well accommodated over the way; the tavern is at some distance, and it 's raining hard; if you can put up with our plain fare, and take a bed with us to-night, you will be quite welcome, I assure you." —Mr. Atherton accepted the proposal with many thanks, and was soon shown into the parlor, and introduced to Mrs. Soder, a bright, little, old lady, younger, at sixty, than her predecessor, in the same apartment, at thirty-five. The board was soon spread; and exhibited a pattern of neat, simple, and abundant New England hospitality.

Mr. Atherton was informed by his host, that poor Burley had gone down from bad to worse, until he became a notorious drunkard. Mr. Soder had a mortgage upon the dwelling-house, and Burley's residuary interest was attached, by other creditors, and sold on execution. Mr. Soder bought it, and became owner of the estate. He could not readily get a tenant; and, though the house, as he said, was too large for any private family, he had leased his old house, and moved hither. No person would take poor Burley for a tenant; and finally he had accepted Mr. Soder's offer of his old shop, rent free; and there Burley and his wife had continued their miserable existence, until about three months ago, when Mrs. Burley died of an apoplexy. Burley's only remaining means of support consisted of a trifling annuity, left him, in the will of his wife's brother, to terminate upon the decease of Mrs. Burley and the children. Mr. Soder observed, that the boys were certainly the worst in the village. Jim, the elder, now about fifteen, was already notorious for his intemperance, and the other was as bad, for his age, in every respect.

The extremely mild and rather melancholy expression, on the countenance of Mr. Atherton, and his prepossessing manners, had evidently won upon the good will of Mr. Soder and his worthy partner; and they were not the less inclined to treat him kindly, after they had made the discovery, in the course of conversation, that he was a cordial friend to the temperance reform.

"Three years, sir," said the old tinman, as he stirred up his fire,

"three years have wrought a marvellous change, for the worse, in Mr. Burley. I think, sir, you would scarcely know him. It is indeed a dreadful thing, to see a man of his talents and property sinking so low in the world." — "And a gentleman of such great learning too," said the old lady, as she sat busily engaged with her knitting; "it is wonderful to hear the poor man, when he can scarcely stand, talking Greek, by the hour together. You remember, my dear," she continued, turning to her husband, "when Colonel Cozy turned Burley out of his bar-room, last thanksgiving day, what a terrible setting off he gave the old Colonel in Hebrew. I did n't hear him, but Mr. Veazy, the town-clerk, did; and he told me, himself, that it was the most like Hebrew of anything he had ever heard in his life." — "That was the very time," said Mr. Soder, "that the poor man lay out all night, on the ground, by the side of Elder Goadly's grog-shop. The Elder tried, in vain, to persuade him to get up and try to walk home. But Burley's humor never left him to the last; and, as he had gotten his liquor at the Elder's shop, he would not stir, nor attempt to rise, and continued to cry out, in reply to the Elder's importunities, *Where the tree falls, there it shall lie.* It was a miracle, that he did not perish." — "Poor fellow!" said Mr. Atherton, with a sigh so deep, so sincere, that the old lady, for a moment, suspended her knitting. "Pray, sir," said she, "was Mr. Burley any relation of yours?" — "None at all," replied Mr. Atherton, "but, for four years of my life, and at that part of it, when the heart is not yet hardened, and impressions can be more faithfully and effectually made, we occupied the same room and the same bed. Tom Burley was then an universal favorite, a young man of respectable talents, an excellent scholar, amiable in his deportment, frank and upright, in his character and conduct, remarkable for his personal comeliness, and the expectant of extensive patrimonial possessions. — Poor fellow!" continued Mr. Atherton, as he quietly wiped the tear from his eye, "what is he now; what, of all this, at present remains! —— I am afraid poor Burley is beyond all power of recovery."

"I am afraid he is," said Mr. Soder; "when a thing is so far gone, as we say, in our line, bottom and sides, time is wasted in repairing it. But you will see for yourself, sir, to-morrow. You must expect to see a great change, Mr. Atherton, in this unhappy man. I have lived here sixty-nine years, and I have seen a great many drunkards go their way, but I have never known such a rapid change, for the worse, as Burley's, in the last two years and a half."

These were indeed the words of truth and soberness, as Mr. Ath-

erton became assured, when, upon the morrow, he paid a visit to the miserable dwelling of his former friend. The finger of death works not a more striking change, until the body actually dissolves, than the ruthless hand of intemperance. Mr. Atherton knocked at the door. "Come in, if you want to," replied a man, in a rough and ill-natured tone. It was Burley; and, in a moment after, Mr. Atherton had entered the apartment, and was standing before him. He had not long risen, and was sitting half dressed upon a broken chair. He appeared not to have shaved, for a week. His hair was very gray, and very long. His face was bloated and fiery, and disfigured by all the customary tokens of intemperance, in an unusual degree. His apparel was dirty and shabby in the extreme. The only furniture of the apartment was the broken chair, on which he sat, a three-legged stool, and the straw bed, which rested directly upon the floor, with its ragged coverlet. He recognized Mr. Atherton immediately; and, though with evident confusion, attempted to rise and give him his hand. — It was impossible; — he was not drunk, but in that condition of mental stupidity and bodily weakness in which an inveterate drunkard rises from his unprofitable slumbers. — "Oh, Burley," said Mr. Atherton, as he drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and turned towards the window to hide his emotion, "has it come to this!" — Burley made no reply. — A deep groan caused Mr. Atherton to turn his eyes again upon the unhappy victim; — the tears were streaming down the cheeks of this miserable drunkard, and he appeared to be convulsed with sorrow. — These tears, however, were soon dried up, and the agitation as speedily subsided. They had not arisen from grave reflection, nor were they, in any way, connected with a resolution of amendment: they were merely the mechanical effects of that high nervous excitability, for which the intemperate are so remarkable; and whose tears can no more be relied upon, as indications of deep-seated emotion in a rational being, than that plethoric hemorrhage, to which they are occasionally subject; or that free perspiration, to which they are particularly liable, upon any sudden alarm.

Mr. Atherton was soon satisfied, that the case was entirely hopeless. The cultivated mind of Burley was utterly gone. All pride, all self-respect, were entirely lost; for, when Mr. Atherton was about to depart, the poor degraded creature held out his hand, and, in a whining voice, begged for a shilling. Mr. Atherton told him he would give many shillings and many pounds, if he could see him restored to himself. He took the poor wretch by the hand, and replied, "Burley, how it grieves me to the soul, to be compelled to say that I dare not trust you, my old and early friend, with a shil-

ling!" — The besotted creature seemed to comprehend the suspicion of his friend, and again he burst into tears.

Mr. Atherton was a judicious and an honest man; and he did not conceive, that he discharged his conscience by parting with his money. He endeavored to study the necessities of the subject, before he administered relief. He agreed with his host, Mr. Soder, that nothing could save this unhappy man, but a compulsory process of abstinence, and that even this would be extremely doubtful. — "And how," said Mr. Atherton, "can such a process be applied?" —"It is very difficult to say," replied Mr. Soder; "the very best thing, that could be done, would be to put him into the poor-house, but the little annuity, which he draws, twice a year, and drinks out in a fortnight, is in the way of such a measure; for the selectmen will not receive any subject, who has the visible means of support; besides, Mr. Burley has been so respectable, that they would be very unwilling to adopt such a measure, unless the case were one of absolute necessity."

After much painful reflection, Mr. Atherton was constrained to abandon this miserable man to his fate. He seemed to be absolutely brutalized and lost. Before his departure, he had requested Mr. Soder to consider poor Burley's case, and, if any suggestion should present itself, for the betterment of his condition, to draw on him, at the South, for any amount, which he might find it necessary to employ.

Day and night, after his departure, the mind of Mr. Atherton continued to be haunted, by the disgusting image of his disfigured and degraded friend. There are no high places of safety, thought Mr. Atherton, against the indiscriminate ravages of this insatiable destroyer. The hewer of wood and the drawer of water may be its victim, to-day; and, to-morrow, the educated and the refined. At one moment, it prostrates the man of fallen fortune, who dies of drunkenness and despair; at another, it strikes down the opulent, in the midst of many friends.

During a period of five years, Mr. Atherton had received no information of Burley's fate; nor a line from Mr. Soder, notwithstanding his promise to communicate any information, which might be of importance, in relation to this unhappy man. Mr. Atherton's health had become so much improved, that it no longer furnished any inducement for a journey into New England. When, therefore, at the expiration of this period, he again found himself approaching its shores, his motives were those exclusively of business. No considerations, but those of pity, could move him to make further inquiries respecting Burley. Mr. Atherton concluded, on the whole,

that he must have fallen a victim to his incorrigible habits. He had endeavored, unsuccessfully however, to adopt, in relation to this old friend, the fashion of the Hebrews, who figuratively bury their apostates alive, and speak of them forever after, as numbered with the dead. His recollections of early days were like refluent billows, and his efforts to forget were as transient as frail marks upon the sand.

He determined, once more, to visit the spot. — He arrived in the evening, and alighting at the tavern, resolved, without any previous inquiry, as soon as he had taken a little refreshment, to repair alone to the dwelling, in which he had found him last; to see the wretched man if alive, or to learn the circumstances of his death, if he were no more.

He reached the humble dwelling and tapped at the door; — it was opened by a young woman of respectable appearance, to whom Mr. Atherton put the question if Mr. Burley resided there: — "No, sir," was the reply, "my husband has lived here three years, or nearly so." — "Pray," said Mr. Atherton, "is Mr. Thomas Burley living?" — "Oh yes, sir," she replied, "he is alive and well: he passed by, about two hours ago." — "Will you be kind enough to inform me where he lives?" — "*Right opposite.*" — "Right opposite!" said Mr. Atherton, with evident surprise. — "Yes, sir," replied the young woman, "*right opposite.*" — At this moment, a door opened, at the end of the entry, and a young man came forward from a shoe-maker's shop, apparently attracted by their continued conversation. — "Husband," said the young woman, "here is a gentleman, who is inquiring after Mr. Burley." — "Eight years ago," said Mr. Atherton, addressing the husband, "I inquired at this very door, for the residence of Mr. Burley, and was told by a Mr. Soder, that he lived *right opposite.* Five years ago, I applied over the way, and was informed again that he lived *right opposite.* And now I receive the same answer from you. Pray, sir, inform me, has Mr. Burley reformed?" — "Oh yes, sir," said the young man, with a smile upon his countenance; "he could not well do otherwise, for he got no spirit. The case is just this: one of his chaps died of a fever, and the other was drowned; and then he lost his annuity, and they put him in the poor-house. The old poor-house was burnt, and when old Mr. Soder died, about three years ago, the town bought his big house right opposite, to supply its place. Mr. Burley has been in, just about that time. He worked on the highways a short spell; but he is a college-learnt man, as perhaps you know; and he got to be so regular at last, that a number of the first folks here, who wanted to have their children

get more learning than common, persuaded the selectmen to let Mr. Burley teach a school. He has tried it about a year, and they think, if he can abstain from spirit, he will be able to come out and be respected. He fitted Squire Blaney's son for college, and they say he was the best fitted of all that entered this year." — The shoemaker's wife noticed that Mr. Atherton repeatedly applied his handkerchief to his eyes. "Is Mr. Burley any kin to you, sir?" said she. — "None at all," said Mr. Atherton. "I am as much rejoiced to hear this good news, however, as though he were." — He thanked the good people for their information, and returned to the inn, resolving to visit Burley on the morrow.

The impression, produced upon the mind of Mr. Atherton, by this intelligence, can scarcely be described. The warmth of his heart, and the fertility of his imagination, were immediately brought into vigorous action; and, before he had reached the tavern, he had already devised a variety of plans, for the advantage of poor Burley. The benevolence of Mr. Atherton sprang spontaneously from the natural soil of the heart. It was the benevolence of a cold-water man, and not likely to evaporate with the fumes of any unnatura stimulus, employed for its production.

As soon as he had entered his apartment, at the inn, he sent for the host. and expressed a wish to have a little conversation with him, respecting a Mr. Burley, who was an inmate of the village poor-house. The inn-holder, who was a remarkably civil man, observed, that he had not been long a resident in the town, and could not give him much information upon the subject; but that the selectmen were there, in session, in an adjoining room, and he had no doubt the chairman would be happy to step in, and answer his questions, if he desired it, as soon as the meeting should be over. Mr. Atherton said he should be particularly obliged to him, if he would. The inn-holder went out, and soon returned with a message, that the chairman would be happy to wait upon him, in a short time. "Mr. Burley's case," said the inn-holder, "is rather remarkable."—"Yes, sir," said Mr. Atherton, "his education, and property did not appear to indicate, that he would come upon the town for support." — "Why, as to that, sir," the inn-holder replied, "I suppose, that very rich and very learned men will sometimes become drunkards, and get into the poor-house, if they venture upon the dangerous experiment of taking spirit. I referred more particularly to Mr. Burley's reformation. It has been a town talk here, for nearly two years." — At this moment the door opened, and a person entered, about forty years of age, with a prepossessing and very intelligent countenance, whom the inn-holder announced as

the chairman of the selectmen. — After a short pause, "I understand, sir," said he, "that you wish to ask some questions respecting Mr. Burley." — "Yes, sir," said Mr. Atherton. "I feel no ordinary interest in his fate; he was an early friend of mine. I saw him, about five years ago, in a condition extremely miserable and degraded. I passed a night, in your village, at that time, with a Mr. Soder, who appeared to take some interest in the fate of this poor man, and promised to write me; I understand the old gentleman is dead." — "Yes, sir," replied the chairman, "he has been dead rather more than three years. I presume your name is Atherton, sir, is it not?" — "It is," said Mr. Atherton, with some little indication of surprise. — "Mr. Soder," rejoined the chairman, "was my father, and he would have written you, if he could have conveyed any information, which would have given you pleasure. It was but yesterday morning, that my mother, who is yet living, was remarking, as Mr. Burley walked by, that she wished Mr. Atherton could witness the extraordinary change, in this poor man's appearance. And I can assure you, sir, that it is not in his appearance only." — "Mr. Soder," said Mr. Atherton, taking him by the hand, "you cannot imagine the pleasure I receive from this intelligence. — "Oh yes I can, sir," said Mr. Soder, "for I have heard my father and mother both speak of the kind interest, which you took in this unhappy man. With your permission, Mr. Atherton, I will give you some account of all that has passed in relation to Mr. Burley, since you was last in the village." — Mr. Atherton assured him, that he should be truly obliged to him for the information.

"I will just observe, in the outset," said Mr. Soder, "that Mr. Burley was probably drunk, for the first time in his life, in this very room; and from that time, he was constantly in the habit of carousing, in this very spot, drinking and playing cards with old Colonel Cozy, and a few of the same stamp, until he had wasted his whole property. This house is, at present, a temperance tavern." — "I thought so," said Mr. Atherton, "from an observation of the host." — "Yes, sir," continued Mr. Soder, "and an excellent house it is; the proprietor is a temperance man from principle, and not one of those, who conceive, that the friends of temperance are bound to support a wretched establishment, and pay first rate charges for fourth rate comforts and accommodations, merely because the proprietor has resolved to sell no spirit. Old Cozy, the former land lord, died four years ago, on a thanksgiving day. At four o'clock in the afternoon, after a hearty meal, he dropped the tankard from his hand, kicked over the table, and expired in a fit. — I think it was about four years and a half ago, that Mr. Burley lost both his

boys, and with them an annuity, depending upon their lives. The loss of the annuity removed the only obstacle to his reception at the poor-house. My father said it was the only chance for him, though a doubtful one. He was not posted, as a common drunkard; and his removal to the poor-house produced a considerable sensation in the village. An hundred acts of kindness and generosity were recalled which he had performed in better days. But there appeared to be no other course. He was found sound asleep, not far from a grog-shop, on a very cold night, and the next morning he awoke in the work-house. He was carried through the usual process of seasoning, as we call it." — "Pray, sir," said Mr. Atherton, "what is that?" — "Why, sir," rejoined the chairman, "we give them no ardent spirit, without any regard to their previous habits. They become extremely weak; and their countenances are expressive of the greatest human misery. They commonly believe they shall die. But they are mistaken, to a man. I have had the supervision of the town's poor, for several years; and, although we have received drunkards of both sexes, in every stage of the habit, and have adhered scrupulously to the system of total abstinence, we have not lost a subject, as we believe, in consequence of such a course. Such is the practice throughout the state, and such it has been, in these establishments, for many years, without any relation to the general temperance reform. Nothing could exceed the earnestness of Mr. Burley's importunities for rum. He has told me since, that he expected to die, for the want of it; and that nothing could exceed the horrors, which he then endured. — He was certainly the last man, in whom I should have expected a reformation. We treated him as we treated others; and in about a fortnight, when he began to recover his strength, which, by the way, is the common time, he was sent out with a gang of hands to work on the highway. He took his lot very hardly. When any persons passed, whom he had known, he usually contrived to work with his back towards them. My father came home, one day, and said it would not be a miracle, if Burley should reform; for he had stopped and conversed with him, on the road, apart from the other hands, and that the poor man appeared exceedingly mortified at his past misconduct; and that his conversation gave evidence of a full possession of his understanding. Not long before the old poor-house was destroyed by fire, he desired to speak to me alone. 'Mr. Soder,' said he, 'I trust I am sufficiently humbled. I am sensible, that I have brought my misfortunes and my disgrace upon my own head, with my own hands; and if you have any disposition to do me a great favor, I will show you the way. Notwithstanding my degradation, I am

not so low, even in my own esteem, as not to be deeply sensible of my disgrace, in being sent to labor upon the highway. I feel myself able, and I am more than willing, to teach a village school, or even to prepare lads for the university. Am I so entirely lost, that nobody will trust me?' — He burst into an agony of tears. — But I fear, Mr. Atherton," said Mr. Soder, "I fear I give you unnecessary pain." — "Not at all, sir," said the other, as he wiped the tears from his eyes, "you give me nothing but a melancholy pleasure." — "Well, sir," continued the narrator, "I was much moved by his appeal, and I told him, he should not be so employed any more, and I would see what I could do for him. The first person, to whom I spoke upon the subject, was Squire Blaney, of our village. — 'Try him,' said he, 'I 'll send my son to him to-morrow. If Burley will keep sober, and teach a school, there will not be his equal in the county.' Nothing could surpass his grateful emotion, when I communicated the success of my very first application. 'I thought,' said he, 'that I was alone in the world; but I find I am not. I did not expect this from Squire Blaney; if there was a man in the village, who disliked and despised me, I thought he was that man. How erringly we judge of one another! Tell Mr. Blaney,' said he, 'that I have forgotten many injuries in this world, but never a benefit; and that I will strive to show him, by my dealings with his son, how I estimate this act of kindness to a fallen man.' — 'Mr. Burley,' said I, 'if you only act as you talk, the past will be forgotten.' — 'Then,' said he, 'by the blessing of God, it *shall* be forgotten.' — From that time to the present, he has conducted, in the most exemplary manner. He has constantly abstained from ardent spirit. He gave Mr. Blaney entire satisfaction, in the preparation of his son for the university; and has now about twenty scholars, to whom he is entirely devoted. He is not in the poor-house, except by his own wish. His apartments indeed are entirely distinct, and altogether neat and comfortable. We assent to his continuance, as he has expressed an opinion, that, although he does not think he should fall into temptation, he deems himself safer there for a time; and his services, in various ways, meet the expenses of his board and lodging. The compensation, paid him for tuition, with the exception of his ordinary expenses, he scrupulously devotes to the payment of his debts. The very first debt, which he discharged, from these resources, was a dram-seller's score; he observed, that it was the first, which he would have blotted from the books of his creditors, for it was the first, which he desired to blot from his own recollection. — He often speaks of you, Mr. Atherton, with great affection; and I shall be happy to call for you in the morning, and

you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself." Mr. Atherton expressed again the delight he received from this account of Mr. Burley's reformation; and, soon after Mr. Soder had taken his leave, he retired for the night.

Agreeably to his promise, Mr. Soder called, at an early hour, upon the following morning, and proceeded with Mr. Atherton to the poor-house. — "It is likely, sir," said Mr. Soder, as they drew near, "that Mr. Burley would be pleased to see you alone; and I will show you into the overseers' room, and let him know of your arrival." — Mr. Atherton thanked him for his kindness, and was shown into the very parlor, in which he had been received, by Burley himself, just eight years before.

In a short time, Mr. Burley entered the apartment. — The two friends shook hands, and sat down by the side of each other, but neither could utter a syllable. The tear was in Atherton's eye, but his features were lighted up by a smile of cordial satisfaction. He was evidently surprised and gratified, by the appearance of his old friend. He was thin and pale, neatly dressed, in a coarse suit of gray, and nothing remained to identify the miserable being, whom Mr. Atherton had left five years before, utterly degraded and forlorn. — Burley bit his lip, and struggled hard to suppress his emotion. — He was the first to break silence. — "This is very kind in you," said he, "and I can truly say I have more joy to see you here, under these humiliating circumstances, than I had to see you, in the same place, eight years ago. I was then the master of this house; by the blessing of God, I trust I am now the master of myself." — "You are a rich man," said Mr. Atherton, grasping him by the hand, "for you have gotten wisdom, which is better than rubies."

Mr. Atherton urged his old friend to spend the residue of his days at the South, to make his house his future home; and to occupy his time, in the instruction of youth, as the preceptor of an academy. The good people of the village were extremely unwilling to part with a man who bid fair to be as useful, in the last of his days, as he had been worse than useless, in the beginning. It was finally settled, however, that Mr. Burley should accept the proposal of his friend, giving the parents of his present pupils six months' notice of his intention.

The residue of this narrative may be briefly recited. Mr. Burley's career, during the remaining six months, was perfectly consistent; and he gave entire satisfaction to his friends, who continued to increase in numbers, till the period of his departure.

It is now nine years, since he became an inmate in the family of Mr. Atherton, and the principal of an academy in the town of ———.

The case of Mr. Burley is one of the most impressive examples of the effects of total abstinence in breaking that fatal spell, which can bend down the master-spirits of the age in the very dust of the earth. No graduated process, nothing but total abandonment could have wrought this signal reformation.

No more forcible evidence can be supplied of the confidence, reposed in Mr. Burley, by the friends of temperance, than the fact, that two years ago he was requested to deliver an address, before the temperance society, in the town in which he resides. He accepted the invitation; and few, who listened to his remarks, will ever forget them. He said, that he was entirely willing to make a sacrifice of his own feelings, for the sake of his fellow-man. He proceeded, though he was frequently interrupted by his own emotion, to give the history of his own fall and restoration. There was not a dry eye in the assembly.

Mr. Burley is still living, a consistent cold-water man. He has lived down an evil name; and however unworthy and degraded he may have been, he is now RIGHT OPPOSITE

FRITZ HAZELL.

How can it be possible, say some of our worthy friends, who have not thoroughly studied that melancholy chapter, in the volume of human misery, which treats of drunkenness in all its shapes, how can it be possible, that so many tales can be written upon a topic, which has, long since, lost the nap of novelty, and become as threadbare as a castaway garment? The means of drunkenness, which have been desiderata, in every age and nation of the earth, are infinite; the modifications of drunkenness are infinite; and the effects of drunkenness are infinite. Nothing is required, but an additional turn of the great moral kaleidoscope, the tithe of a hair, and we have a new configuration of sin and misery. To-day, drunkenness, produced by rum, prostrates some wretched outcast, in the gutter; to-morrow, drunkenness on costly wine, or, in more fashionable parlance, "*a little indulgence*," gives an unexpected turn to the paragraph of some hot-headed negotiator, and a whole nation, cursed with all the consequent calamities of war, may regret the hour, when his excellency removed the cork from his last bottle of champagne. At one moment, under the influence of this awful scourge, the wife becomes a widow; at another, when the hurricane of a drunkard's wrath like the simoom of the desert, has passed away, and all is still, the child creeps from its hiding-place, and flies in terror, from the scene of domestic desolation, motherless, fatherless, and forlorn.

It has also been a subject of inquiry, if these Tales, as they profess to be, are really founded upon fact. Assuredly they are. The parasitical plant clings not more closely to the oak, than a certain description of embellishment gathers about the real and substantial part of these little narratives. But the actual foundation of these "Temperance Tales" is, in every instance, a plain matter of fact, communicated to the writer by some obliging friend, in the same manner, in which a rare and valuable shell is presented to a conchologist. Nothing, but a want of intimate knowledge, can mislead any individual, for the subject matter of a temperance tale, to the fancy storehouse of his own imagination, rather than to the great *bazaar* of real life. The most extravagant conceptions of the brain are less likely to bewilder and astonish, than the drunken realities of the world, in which we live. So long, therefore, as the abundant stock of real wretchedness remains, which is presented, as a consequence of intemperance, and in such an endless variety of form, we shall have but little occasion to seek the warp and woof, in our own imagination, for the manufacture of such articles as these.

If the history of Fritz Hazell should prove too long, or too heavy a tax upon the reader's patience, the only satisfactory atonement, which we can offer, or which occurs to us, at the present moment, is to make the ensuing number proportionately shorter; and such shall be the narrative of *Johnny Hodges the Blacksmith.*

"Do I not hear some one crying murder?" said a stranger, in a sailor's garb, addressing an old Dutchman, who sat smoking his pipe, upon the stoop before his door, in an obscure part of the village of Still-Valley. The Dutchman slowly withdrew the pipe from his mouth; and, when the volley of smoke, which issued forth, had sufficiently cleared away, to enable him to obtain a fair view of the inquirer, "Yaw, mynheer," he replied. — "I hear it again," said the sailor; "it grows louder; what can be the meaning of it?" — "Vy," the old Dutchman replied, "it ish no more nor no less dan dish here; Patrick McFillagin, vat lives in dat shmall house dere, mit de gaple end, ish a drubbing Matty McFillagin, his vrow. Patrick gets drunk, and Matty gets drunk, and just apout now, every day he gives her a beating, and she cries murder: dat ish all." — "My friend," said the stranger, "that cry is occasioned by no common cause; — there, don't you hear that shriek? — and now it is all still again. I should not wonder, if it were murder, in sober ear-

nest." — "Vary vell," replied the Dutchman, who was in the act of restoring the pipe to his mouth, "may pe so."

The stranger expressed his intention of going immediately to ascertain the cause. "Shtop," cried the Dutchman, laying his hand upon the man's arm, "McFillagin, ven he ish in a sphree, ish as crazy as a herring buss, in a gale, mitout a rudder; and ye had better shtay away. — But let me see, dere ish de poor poy, leetle Patrick. Poor lad, ven it blows too hard for him, at home, he often makes a port under my shtoop here. Sometime it ish late, ven his fader kick him out of door, and he come over after I goes to bed, and he lay just here all night, and I finds him curled up in de morning, like a leetle tog. And den he ish so glad of a leetle biscuit and a salt herring, and he cries so pad, ven I tells him he must go home. — He ish a goot poy; — I had a leetle poy once myself; just such a poy was my leetle Fritz, just such a poy is Patrick."

The interest, which he felt in the fate of little Patrick, increased, as it obviously was, by his associated recollections of the child he had lost, completely overcame the old Dutchman's phlegm; and he proceeded with the stranger to McFillagin's dwelling. — All was stillness within. They called at the door, but received no reply. It was bolted on the inside. After knocking repeatedly in vain, they were at length answered, by a deep, hollow groan. — "Here ish trouble," said the Dutchman; and, by the application of his powerful shoulder, he soon burst open the door. — An awfully loathsome scene presented itself to their view. McFillagin and his wife were both extended on the floor, covered with blood; tables and chairs, bottles and glasses were broken and scattered about the room. A brief inspection assured the visitors, that the woman was already dead; her skull was fractured, and she had received several stabs in the body. The man was just expiring, having cut his throat from ear to ear; though speechless, he still held the bloody knife in his hand. — "Patrick, leetle Patrick!" exclaimed the Dutchman. — All was silence. — He then put his mouth to the dying man's ear, and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "Have ye murdered de leetle chilt?" — The miserable victim of intemperance made a feeble motion of his head, to the right and left; and, with a slight convulsion, expired. The old man proceeded to look under the bed and in the closets, for the little boy. Lighting a candle, he descended with the stranger into the cellar. — "Patrick, Patrick, poor leetle poy." cried the old man, with a winning gentleness of manner, utterly at variance with his uncommonly rough and inauspicious exterior; "come out, leetle poy, here 's old friend Hazell, come to take care of ye, poor chilt!" — A slight movement was heard in a

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corner of the cellar; and the poor terrified child was seen peering forth from the ash-hole, whither he had fled for refuge, from the domestic hurricane, which had left him fatherless and motherless.

Man's imagination, under its highest pressure, could not produce a more moving example of helplessness and terror. This barefooted and ragged little urchin, whom misery had adopted for its own, looked warily from his place of refuge, and half recoiled at the sight of the stranger. The old Dutchman placed himself before the ash-hole, and endeavored to coax him forth, with that kind of whining importunity, which is sometimes employed to seduce an oft-beaten dog from his covert. — "Come out, leetle Patrick," said he, extending his hand, in the most encouraging manner, and twisting his weather-beaten features into a smile; "don't pe feared, leetle poy, it's nopody but old Hazell." — Thus comforted and assured, the poor child ventured forth: and, drawing as closely as possible to the old Dutchman, he held fast by his garments, with the nervous grasp of a drowning boy. Trembling and agonized with terror, he cried, in a whispering voice, "You won't let father kill me, will you?" — "No, my poy," replied the old man, as he wiped the tear from his eye. — "Won't you let me live with you?" cried little Patrick, in the most beseeching tone; "I will do everything you tell me; oh, do let me go home with you, Mr. Hazell." While he uttered this supplication, he laid hold of the old man's hand, and covered it with kisses and tears. This was too much for an old Dutchman's heart. After a momentary effort to control his strong natural feelings, "Mynheer," said the old man, "vat shall pe done mit dish poor leetle toad?" — "It is a bad case," said the stranger, looking at his watch; "I should think it would be best to send for the coroner." — "Vy, dat ish for de dead; vat goot vill de coroner do, for dish leetle poy? dat ish vat I say, mynheer."

The stranger was one of that numerous class, who fly instantly to the rescue, upon the cry of murder or of fire; and whose benevolence is particularly active, while the scene and the circumstances of affliction are of a busy and stimulating character; but who have no taste for the subsequent detail, for the humble process of quietly balancing the final account of misery. He was therefore somewhat perplexed, by the Dutchman's practical interrogatory. — After a short pause, he replied, "Why, I suppose the neighbors will see, that he is taken care of." — "Yaw, mynheer," rejoined the old man; "but who ish de neighbors, as it ish written in de goot book? If old Hazell vas so poor, dat he could not py a sa't herring, he would send voord over de great pond; and he would find neighbors in Amsterdam, I varrant. Now, mynheer, look at dish here ragged, leetle poy; ven he

make up his face, and cry just like dat, if I had not put my leetle Fritz in de ground, mit my own hand, I should say, sure it ish de same chilt." — Old Hazell patted little Patrick on the head, and bade him wipe his eyes; "Pe a goot chilt," said the old man, "and I vill pe a kind father to ye, and I shall call ye Fritz, after de poor poy, vat I buried."

The little fellow cried louder for joy, than he had cried for sorrow. — The benevolence of the Scotch and the Irish has been contradistinguished, by a pleasant writer, who affirms that a Scotchman will walk all over Aberdeen, to serve a friend, to whom he would refuse a baubee; while an Irishman, upon a like occasion, will empty his pocket of its last farthing, though he will not go a mile. The philanthropy of the stranger was somewhat of the Irish character. He caught the contagion of the scene before him; and, taking out his pocket-book, handed the Dutchman a two-dollar bill, to be employed in any way he might think proper for the boy's advantage; promising, at the same time, to call at the Dutchman's house to inquire after the child's welfare.

Little Patrick, whom, from a respect for the old Dutchman's wishes, we shall hereafter call by no other name than Fritz, was immediately removed to his new quarters. The rags in which he had been so long enveloped, were thrown aside; and, with a measure of sensibility, utterly at variance with the general appearance of the outward man, the old Dutchman unlocked a particular trunk, and drew forth a complete suit of boy's wearing apparel. "Go into de chamber, my poy," said he, "and put 'em on; I hope ye vill pe as goot a chilt, as de leetle fellow, vat vore 'em last." — When he returned, clad in his new apparel, the old man's recollections completely overpowered him; he took the child upon his knee, and seemed, as he wept over him, almost to realize that he held communion with his long-buried boy.

An inquest was held forthwith upon the bodies of Patrick McFilagin and Matty his wife. It was an occasion of peculiar interest to the coroner. He kept the grog-shop, four doors above McFillagin's house, and he deeply felt the loss of two such valuable customers. Old Hazell and the sailor appeared before the jury, and related the facts, as they have already been recited; but Mr. McFlaggon, the Irish coroner, persuaded the jury, that they ought not to decide upon circumstantial evidence, and that it would be very wrong to hurt the poor people's feelings, after they were dead. Accordingly they brought in a verdict of accidental death. — "Vell," said old Hazell, when he heard of the verdict, "dat ish droll enough; here ish McFillagin, vat get drunk, and kill his vife, and cut his own throat

as sure as viskey; and McFlaggon, vat sell de rum, say it ish accidental; vell, dat peats me and all de Dutch peside."

The horrible outrage, which we have just now related, produced no ordinary measure of excitement, in the village of Still-Valley. There is something extremely romantic in this simple appellation When I entered this village, for the first time in my life, through a cluster of tall hills, by which it is surrounded, I fancied the hamlet before me to be, of all places upon earth, the abode of peace. — Still-Valley! A more appropriate name could not have been chosen for this sequestered spot! — "Pray, sir," said I to an aged man, whom I met, at the entrance of the village, "do the habits of the people, in this neighborhood, continue to justify the name, which they have chosen for their valley?" — "Why, as to that, sir," he replied, "since the late murder, the temperance folks have been making something of a stir here, and one of the distilleries has stopped. For several years there have been commonly four at work in the valley." — "Bless me!" I exclaimed, "then it takes its name from the distilleries. I had fallen into an extraordinary mistake; I thought it had obtained its title from the quietness of the spot." — The old man laughed heartily at my simplicity, and assured me that I was altogether mistaken; and that he doubted, if a population of fifteen hundred noisier people could be found in the commonwealth.

Midnight broils, broken heads, and bloody noses were as common in Still-Valley, as in any other village, possessing equal facilities for intoxication; but the late atrocious murder of Patrick and Matty McFillagin had produced an unusual sensation of horror; and prepared the way for the introduction of the temperance reform. With a population of not more than fifteen hundred inhabitants, this village contained four distilleries, five taverns, and nine shops or stores, at which ardent spirit might be obtained. The greater part of the villagers were as much addicted to the use of rum, as if it were the natural beverage of God's appointment. A man, in the opinion of the inhabitants of Still-Valley, would have been accounted underwitted or insane, who neglected so simple a remedy for nine out of ten of all those diseases, that man is heir to. By these inhabitants, and their worthy ancestors, through many generations, it had been esteemed a perfect panacea, for every malady within and without. For a weak stomach, or a sore shin, or unwelcome news, or a crying child, there was, in the opinion of this enlightened community, no remedy like rum. Without this necessary stimulus, the goodman could not go to mill, nor the good-wife hang on her kettle. These villagers could not conclude "*a trade*," about a horse-cart or a heifer, without a little rum. The lawyer, the minister, and the

doctor could not plead, nor preach, nor prescribe, without a little rum. If all the rum-jugs in Still-Valley had been the tutelary deities of the people, they could not have been worshipped with a superior measure of devotion They were the objects of their first attention, in the morning, and the last, at night. A dead drunkard could not be committed to the place, appointed for all living, without a parade, at the side of the coffin, which contained his remains, of that very poison, which had brought him to his end; and the friends and relatives, in honor of the dead, drank a little of the poison, which destroyed him. Rum was not only the appropriate beverage of the heavy-laden, but the oil of joy for the merry-hearted. He who gave way to his feelings, so far as to be fuddled, at a funeral of this description, might be considered as paying a practical tribute of sympathy and respect to the departed; while, on the other hand, a wedding feast, conducted on principles of perfect sobriety, portended an insipid honey-moon, and an extremely stupid and monotonous career. At the period of the McFillagin murder, a proposition to pull down the meeting-house, and convert the burying-ground into a corn-field, would not have appeared a more outrageous attempt upon the liberties of the people, than the proposition of total abstinence from ardent spirits; contemplating, as it obviously does, an abridgment of the liberty of being drunk. These villagers had proceeded, year after year, like the inhabitants of many other towns, in a career of perfect inconsistency. They had entered the temples of the Lord immemorially, on the Sabbath day; and the temples of Baal, on every other day of the week. They regularly insulted the majesty of Heaven, on God's holy day, by offering their heartless prayers, not to be *led* into temptation; while they were fearlessly throwing themselves in the way of it, from Monday morning to Saturday night. From the first of January to the last of December, in every year, a considerable number of miserable beings, who, of course, had once been temperate men, descended into the drunkard's grave; and, as the drinkers were infatuated by their insatiable appetite for liquor, and the sellers were blinded by their reckless cupidity, the curse of intemperance appeared to be entailed, with all its horrible and loathsome retinue of evils, upon the village of Still-Valley.

News of the McFillagin murder flew from one end of the valley to the other; it found its way into the village newspaper, accompanied with an invitation to the villagers to combine for the purpose of abolishing the use of ardent spirits. The incident of the little orphan boy, and the charitable regard to this unfortunate child, exhibited by "our worthy townsman," Mr. Peter Hazell, were by

no means forgotten. The citizens, friendly to the cause of temperance, were invited to assemble on a particular day, at the town-hall, for the promotion of this laudable object. This invitation appears to have excited the indignation of a considerable number of the tipplers, toddy-makers, and toad-eaters of Still-Valley. They paraded with colors flying; and, marching with the implements of their profession, to a neighboring hill, they planted their standard, and bestowed upon the spot the title of Merry Mount; the very name, given by Morton and his followers to Mount Wollaston, in early times; and which appellation was afterwards changed, by good old Gov. Endicott, to Mount Dagon. Here these advocates of "*liberal principles*" listened to an extempore oration upon liberty and equality, from Tim Smith, the Mirabeau of the valley. Tim concluded, by smashing two empty bottles together, which was followed by three cheers from the whole company. Colonel Pandowdy, who was once a worthy farmer, but could not withstand the shock of military glory, and ruined himself by training and treating, offered sundry spirit-stirring resolutions; the last of which contained a proposal to spend the evening, in a rational manner, at McFlaggon's shop. These resolutions were received with shouts of applause, and passed by acclamation.

After passing the day in this praiseworthy manner, this interesting group, considerably augmented in the evening, by journeymen and apprentices, and followed by a train of idle and curious persons, repaired to the sign of the Pot of Ale, where the worthy McFlaggon, the man of the people, forewarned of their intention, stood ready to bid them welcome; having provided himself, for the occasion, with two supernumerary tapsters.

The majority of this assembly, it cannot be denied, were more ready for rebellion, than for the exercise of their reasoning powers. McFlaggon, himself, had no idea of the highly excited condition of his visitors.—"Three cheers for McFlaggon, the friend of the rights of man," cried Tim Smith, as the mob, for such it was, drew up in front of the rum-seller's door. Three cheers were immediately sent forth from the top of their lungs.—"Gentlemen," McFlaggon exclaimed, holding up both his hands, in a supplicating manner, "anything, which my shop contains, is entirely at your service; but you know the stir, that is getting up in the village, on account of temperance, and I beg you to spare my"——"Six cheers for temperance," cried Peter Buckram, the drunken tailor, as he stood, supporting himself, by the fence, over the way. The fancy took with every member of the multitude; and six cheers have been seldom delivered with greater energy, by an equal number of men

and boys. — "For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, have some regard for the reputation of my shop. Here, gentlemen, for ten years, I have sold ardent spirit in peace; I beseech you, gentlemen, to disperse; to-morrow, all that my shop contains, shall be at your service. Besides, gentlemen, Deacon Gill, who kept this stand, and sold the best of rum, in this very shop, for thirty years, is now on his death-bed, on the other side of the way. I pray you, gentlemen, to show some token of grateful respect for Deacon Gill." — "Nine cheers for Deacon Gill, cried old Crupper the harness-maker; "he first taste I ever got was from the deacon." — The action of the electric fluid was scarcely ever more instantaneous, than the obstreperous response to this drunken appeal; how far it contributed to accelerate the worthy deacon's exit, we cannot say; but certain it is, that he faintly inquired the cause of the uproar; and, being informed that it was occasioned by a drunken mob, before his old stand, his mind appeared to wander, and he feebly cried, "Lock the till," and expired.

McFlaggon, foreseeing the impending confusion, instantly proceeded to put up his shutters, preparatory to closing his shop. Colonel Pandowdy, who had no idea of being prevented from carrying his resolution into effect, of passing the evening, in a rational manner, at McFlaggon's shop, immediately interposed. — "Mr McFlaggon," said he, stepping briskly within the door, "two gallons of whiskey, if you please." — "Colonel Pandowdy," replied McFlaggon, "your score is run up pretty well already, and I must see the money, before I furnish the liquor. You have promised payment every day, for the last three months." — "You lie, you old rum-selling rascal," cried the colonel. — McFlaggon attempted to expel his customer, and a scuffle ensued. Hence arose a scene of confusion, without parallel in the history of grog-shops. In the very onset, a demijohn of old Jamaica, which had arrived, that very afternoon, from the city, for the special edification of old Madam Frizzle, the squire's widow, was capsized on top of the iron stove. The vessel was immediately broken, and the liquor in flames. Pandowdy and McFlaggon rolling and writhing in single combat, on the floor, were soaked and enveloped, in an instant, in five gallons of liquid fire. The crowd rushed to save the precious contents of the remaining demijohns and barrels; but the flames had already fastened upon a quantity of flax and other combustible articles, and the destruction of the shop and its contents appeared to be inevitable. The alarming cries of fire and murder had gone forth into the valley, the village bell had sounded the alarm; and the Water spout, for such was the imposing title of a little engine, somewhat exceeding

the size of a candle-box, soon came trundling along towards the scene of uproar. In the mean time McFlaggon, who had succeeded in getting the upperhand, was holding down Colonel Pandowdy in the midst of the burning Jamaica. All thought of the destruction of his property appeared to be completely swept away, before the hurricane of an Irishman's wrath. At length, two or three of the bystanders, who were less drunk than the majority, exclaiming that it would be a shame, to suffer the colonel to be killed by the coroner rushed in, and tore the combatants asunder. They came forth literally enveloped in flame, and the engine, which had just begun to play, contributed its friendly relief, by showering upon them the contents of a neighboring goose-pond, from which it was supplied. The premises were entirely consumed; and the sheriff, who came to disperse the mob, finding an unusual collection of his customers together, availed of the occasion, and served a goodly number of writs and executions.

The shameful occurrences, to which we have alluded, were obviously calculated to give additional interest to the meeting of the friends of temperance, which had been appointed for the following day. The assembly was highly respectable, in point of numbers, and comprised a very large proportion of the substantial inhabitants of the valley. It was a subject for surprise and regret to many, that neither the doctor, lawyer, nor clergyman was present, at this interesting meeting. The Reverend Janus Syllabub was in the habit of shadowing forth his opinions, upon a great variety of subjects, in his ordinary discourses. Without any direct indication of the temperance reform, he had alluded to it, very plainly, upon more occasions than one. He was of opinion, that societies were needless, and that every individual should look to himself; that pledges were traps for the consciences of men; and that a little, upon extraordinary occasions, might be taken with safety and propriety. He excused himself for not attending the meeting, having been called to administer spiritual consolation to two of his parishioners, who were seriously injured at the late conflagration, in mind, body, and estate. — The lawyer, Mr. Grippit, candidly admitted that temperance was "*a good thing*," but declared, that he had not made up his mind entirely to total abstinence. He regretted that he could not attend, as he was engaged in getting ready for an arbitration of some matters, in dispute, between Colonel Pandowdy and Mr. Mc Flaggon. — Doctor Manna had stated, that he did not think ardent spirits hurtful, used in moderation, for Dr. Holyoke took a little every day, and lived an hundred years. Doctor Manna excused

himself, for not attending the meeting, on account of his necessary attendance on two of his patients, who were dangerously burnt, at the late fire.

Notwithstanding the absence of these important personages, the meeting was regularly organized; and the temperance society of Still-Valley commenced its operations with more than sixty subscribers to the pledge of total abstinence. A committee was appointed to wait upon Parson Syllabub, Squire Grippit, and Doctor Manna, requesting each of these dignitaries, to accept the presidency of the society; but "they all with one consent began to make excuse." The office was finally conferred, by an unanimous vote, upon old Captain Hazell, who had surprised many of his neighbors, by the excellent good sense of his speech, in favor of the abandonment of spirituous liquor. Unrestrained by the presence of the clergyman, the doctor, and the squire, the plain common sense of the substantial citizens of the valley was delivered, by a variety of speakers, in the most frank and unembarrassed manner. Direct allusions were made to those awful and disgraceful exhibitions, which had lately been presented in the village; and old Captain Hazell was called upon, by the moderator, to give an account of the McFilligan murder. This he performed in the most natural manner; and when, at the conclusion, he pointed to a little boy in the gallery, and exclaimed, "Dat ish de leetle poy dere, mit de gray jacket; dat ish all vat ish saved from de wreck," all eyes and all hearts were gathered to the spot. The imperfect character of the old man's English gave an additional attraction to the clear-headed and substantial remarks, which it served to convey. Those two young men, in the north-east corner of the gallery, who were excited to mirth, at the commencement, would probably admit, that they were willing and deeply interested listeners, at the close.

"Dere ish notting, vat I loves more, in de morning," said Captain Hazell, "dan a schnap of de old Hollands. I does no py 'em here; it ish de real Schedam Gineva, vat I imports myself from my old friends, Van Scrompfen, Broders, and Company, in Amsterdam. I have taken a leetle in de morning, and a leetle just afore I goes to bed, for forty years. Now, in dish goot cause, I am ready to give 'em all up. 'Pon my voord, I am afeard to trink any more. Dish last week I gets a letter from Amsterdam, vat tells me, dat Renè Van Pelten, de burgomaster, as goot and as great a man as ever live, after old Barneveldt de Stadtholder and General Washington, ish a poor old toad of a trunkard. If any pody say, 'Captain Hazell, which ish to pe de first trunkard, you or Van Pelten?' I would not dare to say it would pe de burgomaster. Poor Van

Pelten ish gone on de rocks, a total loss. I vill go right apout, and shteer no longer, in de track of de burgomaster. — My old fader was vat you call a moderate trinker; and he die a goot old man, at de great age of eighty, and in de use of all his faculties; only he could not shtir a shtep for de gout, for de last ten years. Very vell, my fader give de sugar, at de bottom, to my older broder, Jahn Hazell. — Poor fellow! he took de cursed dishtemper, and laid his young brown hair in de trunkard's grave. Dish was a lesson to my fader; he never gave me a trop in my chilthood, nor till I was free, at twenty-five. 'Now,' I says to myself, 'I am sixty-four; it will not pe long pefore I gets to my second chilthood, and I shall pe in as much danger den, as I vas in de first.' — Suppose I say, 'I vill take a leetle, and only upon extraordinary occasions;' very vell, dat vill do, if de vind hold just so; but, sure as viskey, I shall take a leetle more, ven it ish blowing a leetle harder; and de more I takes, de more extraordinary my occasions vill pe. — Here ish an old man: he take a leetle rum, every day, for sixty years — he feel very safe. But de time vill come, ven he vill have nothing else to do; ven he cannot eat, and cannot see, and cannot hear; but he can schmell de vay to de pottle, and trink up de rum; and dat ish all he can do. — Here ish de young man, vat hate de name of a trunkard — he take a leetle every day; and, ven it ish hot, and de scythe ish dull, he take a leetle more. De vife look sober, and bid him take care; — 'Vat,' he say, 'do you tink I vill pe a trunkard, and leave you and de leetle ones to de care of a cold voorld? dere ish no danger.' — Peter thought dere vas no danger; but Peter fell, and pride cometh pefore de fall. Vill dat young man go mit me now, to de grave-yard; I vill show him de grave of more dan von, vat vas as sure as he; but who died a poor miserable sot, and vas buried in de trunkard's grave; and left his children and vidow beggary and de broken heart. — Now, de temperance folks say de trade in all dish here kind of poison ish morally wrong. Dat ish just vat I tinks, myself. De rum-seller, he say, 'No, it ish all right.' For vy he say so? Because his fader and his grandfader sell rum fifty year ago. His fader and grandfader were deacons, and chairmen of de selectmen, and members of de Ginral Court; and it ish right to sell rum now, because it was right den. Now, de vay from Amsterdam to Oporto, in old times, vas close to de shore, all round de coast of France; now de vay ish right over de great pond, and outside de pay of Piscay, and so on; and it ish de right vay, though it vas not de vay of our faders. Your faders pay tribute to de moder country; vas dat de right vay? You say, 'No;' you preak de tetters, and set up for liberty. Dat ish de very ting ve vants to do

now. Ve have peen slaves long enough; and ve vants to preak de fetters of shame. De rum-seller say he sell to temperate men, and never to trunkards. Vy, dat ish no more nor no less dan dish here; he sell plenty of rope; any pody may py as much vat he please, and hang himself mit his own hands; but ven he have hung himself and proken his neck once, de goot Christian trader vill not sell him anoder inch of de rope. — But de trader hold on to de traffic like Van Tromp to de Spanish galleons, in sixteen hunder tirty-nine. 'If I no sell de rope,' he say, 'some oder pody vill; and de man vill hang himself, as sure as viskey.' Vell, vat of dat? Ish it right for me to sell dish man de rope to hang himself, pecause I knows dat dere ish anoder, vat vill sell him de rope, if I vill not? If a poor toad be killed mit a plunderpush, ish de murderers less guilty, pecause dere are twenty of 'em pull de string, vat ish tied to de trigger, dan if von pull it alone? — But de trader say some folk vill not preak dere necks mit de rope, dey vill only stretch dere necks, and strangle demselves a leetle, dat ish all. 'Ve cannot tell who vill preak his neck,' say de trader, 'and who vill not; derefore ve do not sell de rope to preak de neck of any particular pody.' Vell, suppose dey does n't. Dere ish a pretty goot crop of trunkards every year; — just apout de same. De rum-seller put de seed in de ground; and, in de right time he thrash out all de grain; and den de overseers pick up de chaff. De trunken paupers are made by de traders. Now, ish de man less guilty of de crime, who fire his gun into a crowd, and kill somepody, but he knows not who, dan de man vat fire and kill von oder man, vat stand all alone? Ish de trader less guilty, who sell de rope, mit his eyes shut, or mit his eyes open? — Let de trader go. Vat ish de goot of de ugly shtuff? De ploughman vant a leetle — dat ish droll enough. Dere vas old Vansittart, vat ploughed de sea, for forty year, and never let a trop come apoard, in his life. De traveller and de vagoner must have a leetle. Dat ish more droll yet. Venever de prute trink a leetle vater, de man must have a leetle rum. De peast and de man are just de same, all but de soul; de pone, and de muscle, and de plood, and de nerve, are just de same; vell, den, ish it not enough to make a burgomaster shplit his sides mit laughter, to see Matt. Kelly, de postman, vat ish ever so many stone weight, put half a pint of rum into his stomach, dat he may ride upon de pack of his lame mare, vat gets nottiug but vater? — I pe ready, for von, to sign de pledge. It ish a goot leetle anchor, and vill keep many a poor fellow from going on to de preakers; and ven a man vill make all fast in dish vay, de poor vife and de leetle children may shleep in peace, out of de reach of de trunken hurricane."

The old Dutchman sat down in the midst of applause. Though, for many years, he had been an inhabitant of the village, and was very generally respected and esteemed, no occasion before had called forth his mental powers, in a similar manner. He struggled hard to excuse himself from the office of president, but the unanimous acclaim of the whole assembly left him no chance of escape.

It was well known in the village, that Captain Hazell had on hand a very considerable stock of Hollands, for domestic use. Two of the dram-sellers in Still-Valley, either supposing the old man would sell it extremely low, as he had joined the temperance society, or desirous of laying a trap for the old Dutchman, paid him a visit, early the next morning. What was their astonishment, as they entered his premises, to see him engaged, with the aid of little Fritz, in pouring a tributary stream of the choicest Geneva into the little creek, in the rear of his dwelling! They caught the only apostrophe which he uttered: "Tip it a leetle more, my goot poy; vat vould my old friends, Van Scrompfen, Broders, and Company, say, to see dere very best turned adrift in dish manner!" — Runlet and Stopple, the dram-sellers, were so confounded, at this irresistible evidence of the old gentleman's consistency, that they slunk away, unperceived, to ruminate, at their leisure, upon such an unexpected example of principle, prevailing over interest and appetite. The story flew over the village, and was very differently received, by the friends of peace and good order, on the one hand, and the lovers of rum and riot, on the other. The former, to a man, were highly gratified by such an evidence of Captain Hazell's consistency; and the sacrifice of his personal interest, while it increased his individual respectability, was of no little service to the cause. On the other hand, Tim Smith circulated a report, and was by many supposed to believe it, that old Hazell was deranged; taking it for granted, that no man would throw away a whole quarter cask of Hollands, in his right mind. The widow Frizzle lifted up her hands, when she received the intelligence, and exclaimed, "Why could he not have made a present of it to poor McFlaggon, who has lost his all? It would have helped the poor man to set up again in his business. Besides, McFlaggon's wife is Captain Hazell's only relation, in this, and, for aught I know, in any other country." — "Why, madam," said Dr. Manna, who had tapped the old lady twice already for the dropsy, "perhaps you do not exactly understand the drift of these temperance folks; they hope to produce an entire abolition of ardent spirit." — "Ha, ha, ha," said this jolly widow, "I reckon it will not be in our time, doctor — ha, ha, ha." — "I think not, madam," the doctor replied; "only

as a medicine,' however, is a part of the temperance pledge; and a sensible physician will be governed by circumstances, you know. Now, in your own case, Mrs. Frizzle, I do not hesitate to say, that I consider a sustaining glass or two, in the course of the day, exceedingly palatable." — "Oh, Doctor Manna," she replied, "you always understood my case, from the beginning. I do believe I should not live a week, without a little spirit. You know what a beautiful preacher Parson Syllabub is, doctor, and what a delightful sermon he gave us, last Sabbath afternoon, about Bonaparte and Lord Wellington: well, I can always understand him better, when I brighten up my faculties with a little Jamaica. I told the parson so, the other day. 'Why, Mrs. Frizzle,' says he, in his pleasant, chatty way, — you know, doctor, he is not one of those gloomy ministers, that are always talking about another world, — 'why, madam,' says he, 'I think I can always preach a little better, after I take a comforting glass; and I am not surprised, that you can hear a little better, after doing the very same thing.' That is just what he said, doctor; and that is what I call a liberal doctrine." The doctor availed of the first pause, to retire, assuring the old lady, that he thought she might go six weeks pretty comfortably, without tapping again.

The cause of temperance made regular progress in the valley, and the president, in particular, displayed an uncommon zeal in its behalf, tempered with the soundest discretion. In little more than a twelvemonth, the number of the society was five hundred and forty-three; and the manifold blessings, which invariably follow in the train of this glorious reformation, were already perceptible, in every part of the village.

More than two years had passed away, since the McFillagin murder. Fritz Hazell, as little Patrick was now universally called, by the villagers, was nearly twelve years of age; and it was a matter of common remark, in the village, that a shoot of more promise seldom came from a stock, so utterly worthless and depraved. But there were careful observers of cause and effect, who explained the seeming mystery, upon very intelligible principles. They remembered the early days of Patrick McFillagin and Martha Buchanan. They were then industrious, temperate, and happy. The poor girl gave him all that she possessed, — her humble apportionment of worldly goods, and a devoted heart. He had squandered the one, and broken the other. But, for several years after their marriage, their dwelling was the home of a happy family; and they might still have been seated at their quiet fireside, had not the unfortunate husband, and subsequently the wife herself, contracted that ruinous rel-

ter for spirituous liquor, which turned their home into an hell, whose only outlet was the grave. They were naturally amiable, and the stock, though certainly depraved of late years, was by no means originally bad. Little Patrick was the early and the only fruit of their marriage. Captain Hazell had placed him at school, and he had acquired the reputation of an intelligent and amiable child. He was strongly attached to his benefactor, and his principal amusements were the cultivation of a little garden, at the rear of their dwelling; or, in the long winter evenings, listening to such tales of the ocean or the land, as the old Dutchman was abundantly able and willing to relate.

It was upon one of these occasions, when the loud roaring of a midwinter tempest perfectly harmonized with the subject in hand, that the old man was engaged, in reciting the story of his shipwreck, in the good brigantine, the Haarlem, in the German Ocean; and he was as zealous in the narration, as though he had not recounted every particular, full twenty times before, to the same untiring ears. He had already recited that part of the sad adventure, in which nine of the crew, who had broken into the spirit room, to seek oblivion of all thought and care, sprang at once into the yawl, and, instantly capsizing, were hurried, drunk, into the presence of Almighty God. "Poor Captain Wertz, vat I never shall forget," said he, with tears in his eyes, "he hold on as long he could; de old prig vas on her peam-ends, and ve vas in de maintop; but de sea made a clean preach over us. Poor old Wertz, he vas vat dey call a temperate trinker; Van Scrompfen, Broders, and Company alvays send down a demijohn of de very pest, just afore de ship sail, for de captain's particular. Poor fellow! he had de rheumatiz, and dat night vas cold as an iceperg. 'I must go,' zaid he. — 'Hold on, captain,' zay I; — dere vas not a rope to lash de poor man to de rigging. — 'No,' he cry, 'I must go, Hazell.' — 'Hold on, captain,' zay I to him; 'tink of de vife!' — De poor fellow, he groan, but he hold on. — After a leetle, he cry again, 'Hazell, Hazell,' — I vas de first mate den, you know, — 'I am going; dere ish gold in de ceiling, remember.' — 'Captain Wertz,' zay I, 'hold on; tink of de tree leetle chiltren; hold on for dere sake, captain' — 'Oh Hazell,' he zay, and he hold on a leetle longer; but den come anoder great vave. — 'Hold on, captain,' I cries; — de sea roll by — I looks up, and poor Wertz was gone!" — Captain Hazell rose and took down his pipe; which was a well-known signal to Fritz, that the story was ended; and the little fellow was about to resume his amusing occupation, under the old Dutchman's superintendence, of rigging a pet frigate, which he hoped to launch in the spring, on

the waters of the little creek. — "Put it avay, my leetle poy, for do night, and sit in de seat here py me." — Fritz did as he was bidden. The old man patted him on the head, and the little fellow looked up with a grateful and devoted expression, upon his best earthly friend.

"Fritz, my chilt," said the old man, "ven you come here, you zay you vill pe a goot poy, if I vill pe your friend. Very vell; you has peen mit old Hazell more dan two year, and you has kept de voord. I vants no petter poy. Ven I had my fever de summer afore last, for sich a leetle chilt, you vas a great comfort. Now, my poy. I am an old man, dat ish plain enough. After a few more seed-time and harvest, old Hazell vill lay town to rise no more, only in de great day. — Do not cry, leetle poy. — No pody knows ven it vill pe; and den de great Got vill pe de fader of de faderless. — Vat I vants to zay, ish no more nor no less dan dish here: you must get ready for de time. You vill not pe a land-lupper. Ven I vas no pigger dan you ish now, I had peen a voyage to de Isle of France, capin-poy of de ship Gropstock, mit old Captain Vanderhausen. Come, cheer up, my lad, you shall not go to sea dish shtormy night; but ven de shpring open, may pe you vill like to see a leetle of de voorld. Vat you tink of a trip to Holland, ey, my poy? You vill see de great city of Amsterdam, and all de grand grafts, vat dey call canals; and de fine church of St. Catharine, and de Stadt house, and a tousand sights, vat vill make you shtare, I'll varrant." — Fritz tried to smile; but even the distant prospect of a separation, from his old friend and protector, entirely frustrated his endeavors. At length he admitted, that he should like well enough to see all the fine sights, if it could be done without leaving home. — "Ha, ha," said the old man, "if ve could only pring, over de great pond, de Stadt house, and de statue of De Ruyter, and a few of de pig churches, de folks vould run a leetle vay to see 'em, no toubt; but you have got to get de pread mit de sweat of de prow, my leetle man. Vell, vell, ven de shpring come, ve vill see how it vill pe."

Before the winter had worn away, repeated allusions to the subject left no doubt in the mind of Fritz, that the old captain was in earnest; and, as he was entirely ready to study the wishes and follow the counsel of his old friend, the little fellow's mind became gradually prepared for a separation.

The spring came at length; and, if any doubt of his destiny still lingered in the mind of little Fritz, it was entirely dissipated, when, upon the day after the captain returned from a journey to the city, he sent for Ma'am Twist, the tailoress, and, placing before her some cloth and check, which he had brought with him, he addressed her

as follows: "I zay, my goot voman, de poy vill vant half a tozen shirts of de check, jacket and trowsers of de plue, and a coat vat de sailors call a pea-jacket, of de shaggy cloth. Come, my poy, and pe measured." Little Fritz obeyed. In a few days, the clothes were finished, and Gouge, the joiner, had sent home a small sea-chest. In the pleasure of this new acquisition, Fritz had already blunted, in some degree, the sensibility, which the prospect of a separation had produced. Five hundred times already he had turned the key of his new chest; and when, on the Sabbath before his departure, he dressed himself for church, in his blue suit, and mounted his black riband and new-glazed hat, which shone under the bright sun of a May-day morning, like an election-cake, the idea of separation did not appear so very terrible, as it had done, some three months before. Even a youthful widow will sometimes derive a small measure of melancholy consolation from the becoming set and fashion of her weeds.

Sabbath evening, the last, which the old man and little Fritz were to pass together, before his departure, was very profitably spent in giving him good counsel for his future way. — "Dere ish no von, so young as you," said the old man, "vat put his name to de temperance pook; I hope dere ish no von, ever so old, vat keep de pledge petter. Ven you gets to Amsterdam, pe sure to take de letter, vat I put in de chest, to Van Scrompfen, Broders, and Company, de first ting, as you gets ashore. Any podies vill show you de varehouse, ven you shows dem de letter. Mind and take off your hat, my poy, so soon, vat you gets in de counting-room. Dere ish no fear put dey vill find you plenty of voyages. Dey vill make a man of you, Fritz, as dere faders afore 'em made a man of me. Van Scrompfen is de portly gentleman, mit de pig vig. All de broders vear de vigs, put Van Scrompfen vear de piggest vig of 'em all. Don't pe fear'd, if he look at you pretty sharp; dat ish his vay. — Ven your fader and moder vere taken avay, dere vas a man, whom I never did see afore nor since, vat put in my hand two tollars, to pe laid out for you, my chilt, as I might tink for your goot. He vas a kind-hearted sort of a pody, and he zay he vould come to see how you get on, put he never did. Now I have laid out de money, in de pest vay I know how, for your goot." So saying, he took from a drawer a new Bible, firmly bound, and with a pair of strong clasps. In the first page, the old man had written with his own hand, "Fritz Hazell. The gift of an unknown friend." — "Dere," said he, "shtick to dat goot pook, and de Got of de faderless vill never forsake you, my poy. — Ven I vas eighteen year old, I vas first mate of a fine ship. In five or six year, I

hope to see you come home de mate of a vessel of four hunder ton. Till dat time, I vants you to sail in de employ of Van Scrompfen, Broders, and Company. You vill write me, venever you gets a goot chance. Now, my chilt, ve must pe up mit de lark; let us say de prayer, and go to ped."

The next morning, early, they proceeded for the city. They arrived at the very last hour; the Triton's topsails were already loosened to the wind, and the little fellow was scarcely put on board, before her anchor was up, and she was standing down the harbor. The old man gave him a hearty shake by the hand. Neither trusted himself to utter a syllable to the other. Thus they parted; — old Hazell to return to his solitary home; — Fritz to seek his fortune upon the wilderness of waters.

Old Hazell confessed, upon his return to the village, "dat it vas hard to part mit so goot a leetle poy." He had undoubtedly sacrificed his personal feelings to the boy's welfare and worldly prosperity.

On his return, the old gentleman devoted himself, with untiring diligence, to the advancement of the temperance reform. He succeeded in his efforts to procure a vote of the town, at the annual meeting, requesting the selectmen not to approbate any application for license to sell ardent spirit. The rum-drinking and rum-selling party poured upon his head the whole torrent of their impotent wrath, in their customary manner upon such occasions, by electing him a hogreeve. The old Dutchman was a practical philosopher He perfectly understood, that an independent citizen, who opposes the will and pleasure of those, who are viciously inclined, must expect their opposition, while he receives the approbation of the wise and good. When he was told of his election, he calmly remarked, "Very vell, dat ish all right; you pring me every man, vat vote to make old Hazell de hogreeve; and I vill show you all de men, vat trinks rum, and all de men, vat makes it, and sells it; dat ish all. I am too pusy mit de two-legged prutes, vat gets trunk and vallows in de mire, to tink of dem, vat goes on four." During the discussion at the town-meeting, Dr. Manna, upon the solicitation of a large proportion of his patients, among the venders and partakers, offered a few well-balanced remarks, in which he admitted, that temperance was "*a good thing*," but that we should be cautious and discreet. He agreed, that a drunkard was a public nuisance; but he thought a little, now and then, not only harmless, but beneficial to laboring men and others. He begged leave to say, that the Reverend Mr. Syllabub, who could not attend the meeting, as he was engaged at the funeral of farmer Drowthy, who had lately

died of the liver-complaint, had authorized him to express his opinion, that the friends of temperance were "*going too fast and too far.*" — Colonel Noman, who, in a fit of intoxication, a few weeks before, had knocked out his wife's front teeth, with a leg of mutton, rose and seconded the motion. — The moderator informed him, that the motion had been seconded already, by a friend of temperance. — "Well, then," said Colonel Noman, "I don't want to second no such thing; I meant to say I approved what the doctor said; and I don't doubt, sir, there's nine out of ten, of the gentlemen present, what 's of my mind. No true American, what 's got the giniwine spirit in him, will ever submit to have his liberties taken away, in this here manner." — Lawyer Grippit made a short speech, admirably adapted to offend neither party.

After a short pause, Captain Hazell rose; and the remembrance of his former success, when the temperance society was first organized, caused him to be greeted with loud applause. — "Mr. Moderator," said the old man, "it ish very true I pe no toctor, nor minishter, nor colonel, nor lawyer; put I pe an old man, vat has live and look apout in dish voorld of care and trouple, for many year. Now, in de firsht place, I pe no toctor. My goot friend here, de toctor, he say dat artent shpirit pe peneficial to laporing men and oders. Now, I say I pe no toctor, put I has got seventy-five pretty goot toctor in my pocket." Here the captain pulled out a printed paper, and continued as follows: — "I has just come from de city, vere I has peen to ship for Amsterdam de leetle poy, vat I took home, after de McFillagin murter. Ven I vas in de city, a friend of de goot cause gives me dish paper." He then read the certificate of seventy-five physicians in the city of Boston, that ardent spirits are never necessary for persons in health, and often the cause of disease and death. "Vell, den," continued the captain, "here ish our goot friend von vay, and de seventy-five de toder vay. Who shall tecide ven de toctors dishagree?" — Dr. Manna examined the paper, and made a labored and unintelligible explanation. — The captain resumed: "Mit such a poor old head as mine, I cannot tell vat de toctor mean. He goes mit de seventy-five, or he goes toder vay; he can say vich. For von, if I goes py de toctors, I must go mit de seventy-five, and not mit von toctor, vat ish all alone. — I say I pe no minishter; now, de toctor say dat de Reverend Parson Shillipup pe of de opinion dat ve go too fast and too far. Vat ish he fear'd apout? Can ve go too fast and too far to save our fellow-creatures from de untimely grave, in dish voorld, and de judgment in de toder? How many more vifes and leetle chiltren shall pe made de town paupers, pefore ve pegin again to put a shtop to de rum-

trade? De great reform ish de cause of Got, and vill pe likely to suffer apout as much, from a leetle too much zeal, as de first-rate man-of-war from a leetle too much vind in de topsail. — I say, I pe no colonel, and I pe pretty sure I has none of de shpirit in me; put vat ish all de talk apout taking avay de liperties of de people? Ve vants to take avay de chains and fetters of shame. Ve vants to take avay none of your liperties, put dese, vich I vill name: de liperty of getting trunk; de liperty of apusing and murtering your vifes and de chiltren; de liperty of shpending your time like de putterfly, and your money like de protigal; de liperty of coming upon de town for support; dese here and a few oders are de liperties, vat ve vants to take avay. — I say I pe no lawyer; if I vas, I vould make a speech, vich should pe contrived like de vale-boat, vat vill row just as vell, de von vay, as de toder."

Mr. Hazell sat down amidst loud peals of applause, and his motion was sustained by a vote of three to one.

After an uncommonly short and prosperous passage, the Triton arrived at Amsterdam; and, by the ship Jason, which left that port, three days after the Triton's arrival, Captain Hazell received the following letter: —

Amsterdam, June 4, 18—.

Honored Father:

You always told me to call you father, and I hope I shall always behave like a dutiful child. We had a very pleasant voyage, and I handed your letter to Mr. Van Scrompfen, whom I knew directly by your description. I thought he looked proper cross, and he told me to wait. He went out and kept me waiting several hours. On his return, he seemed very different. He looked very good-natured, and spoke very kindly. He promised to find me a good chance, and I am to sail to-morrow, in the ship Jahn Schmidt, for Sumatra. He inquired about your health several times; and asked how you were pleased with the last gin, which they sent you. At first, I was afraid to tell him the truth; but I remembered what you had often said to me, and I told him of the temperance reform in America, and that you was president of the society, and felt obliged to throw the gin away. The old gentleman and all the brothers fell to laughing at a great rate. When it was over, the old gentleman went to a little glass and fixed his wig, and seemed to look as if he thought he had laughed more than he ought to. He told me very kindly to be a good lad, and he would look after my welfare. — Many years will pass, I am afraid, before I shall get to be mate of a ship. The first officer of the Triton was very kind to me; and, seeing that I was desirous of knowing something of navigation, he took a great deal of pains to

teach me He was a religious man; the captain, I am afraid, was not. Now, dear father, I must leave off. It will be many years before I shall see you again; but I shall never get into my hammock, without praying for you; and I trust God will hear the prayers of an orphan boy.

Your grateful son,

FRITZ HAZELL.

Notwithstanding the captain had taken great care, that Fritz should have all the advantages of the village school, and was aware that he had the reputation of an uncommonly diligent and intelligent pupil, he was surprised at so well-written a letter. He showed it round the village, with no ordinary feeling of pleasure and pride; and he brought it to bear upon the great cause, in which he was engaged. "Dish leetle fellow," he would say, "ish dat very prand, vat I shnatch from de purning."

The change of Van Scrompfen's manner to little Fritz, after returning to the counting-room, may be easily explained. Captain Hazell had earnestly requested his old friend and patron, to take Fritz under his protection; and the wary Dutchman, resolving to act on prudent ground, was willing first to know more of him, at head-quarters. In twenty minutes from the time, when he left his warehouse, Van Scrompfen was on the quarter-deck of the Triton. "Captain," said the old gentleman, "you haves a capin-poy, vat ish named Fritz Hazell." — "Ay, ay, sir," said the captain, "for the outward passage only, and I am happy to say it." — "Vy, really," said the old Dutchman, "vat ish de matter mit de lad?" — "Why, as to that," replied the captain, "I can only say, he 's a disagreeable little whelp, and I 've taken a distaste to him, that 's all. He 's a whining, praying, puritanical, cold-water dog; and if I 'd suffered it, he 'd have done nothing but read, all the way from Boston light, till we got to Amsterdam." — "A smart lad to work, too, Captain Allen," said Mr. Packard, the first mate, in a respectful manner. — "Why, that 's true," said the captain; "but we can't help our tastes; I dislike the chap's ways, and there 's an end on 't." — "You say de poy love to read, — vat does he read?" inquired Van Scrompfen. — "It 's some cold-water book, I suppose," answered Captain Allen, laughing; "he 's at it, from morning to night; but there is Mr. Packard, who thinks better of the boy, than I do: perhaps you may as well talk with him." — Mr. Packard, who had been below, for a moment, was now coming aft, from the forecastle, with a volume in his hand; and advancing to Van Scrompfen, "This 's the boy's book," said he. — The old Dutchman put on his spectacles; and opening the title-page, "Vy,"

ne exclaimed, "it ish de pest pook, in de voorld." — Mr. Packard requested to know the object of the gentleman's inquiries; and was frankly told, that the boy came highly recommended from an old friend in New England, and that he desired to ascertain how far the recommendation would be confirmed by the captain of the ship. "Well, then, sir," said Mr. Packard, "if that is your object, the lad shall have justice from me: — He is one of the best lads I ever knew. Captain Allen, who is a first-rate seaman, of the old sort, would like the boy better, if he could get him to curse and swear a little, and take his grog. The boy is not as strong, as some boys. He was very sea-sick, for the first ten days; and the captain thought he pretended to be sicker than he was, and made him scrape the deck, and thrashed him about rather roughly. He bore it as well as he could. He cried, but did not utter a word of complaint. I took the liberty to tell Captain Allen, that I thought the boy did his best; and he then told him to turn in. The next day, when he was on deck, the captain seemed to feel, that he had not made allowances enough for his youth and inexperience; and, calling him aft, asked him how he felt, and offered him the remainder of his grog in the tumbler; the boy thanked him for his kindness, but said he had rather not take it. This the captain mistook for obstinacy; and, calling him a sulky puppy, he threw the liquor in his face, and ordered him forward. He has never liked the boy since. — I asked the lad, afterward, why he refused the captain's grog; and he told me he had signed the pledge of the temperance society. This made me feel more kindly to him, for I am a cold-water man myself. I know nothing against the boy, unless it is a sin in him to drink no spirit, say his prayers, and do his duty." — "Very goot," said the Holland merchant; and, giving Mr. Packard a hearty shake of the hand, he made his way directly back to the counting-room, with such sentiments towards Fritz Hazell, as were exhibited in that change of manner, to which we have already referred.

Days, weeks, months, and years had passed, and were passing away, and Fritz Hazell had not yet compassed the object of his wishes; it was still unattained. He seldom laid down in his hammock without saying to himself, "When shall I realize the expectation of my best earthly friend, and be justified in presenting myself before him again? When shall I be even the second or third mate of a ship of four hundred tons?" Many letters were despatched to his friend and patron; and, not unfrequently, he received replies from Still-Valley, assuring him of the old gentleman's continued interest, and of the great pleasure he enjoyed in obtaining the most favorable accounts of him, from Van Scrompfen, Brothers, and Company

The old captain concluded almost every letter with "an old man's voord, vat has sailed almost to de land's end in dish life, dat de great pook ish de pest power-anchor in dish here voorld and in de toder."

Not only his elders, but his superiors, had, upon several occasions, cheerfully received instruction, in the science of navigation, from Fritz Hazell. Nothing but his youth presented any obstacle to his advancement.

On the 9th of April, 18—, as the Antwerp, an Indiaman of twelve hundred tons, was within four days' sail of Canton, with something more than a topsail breeze, the shout of "A man overboard!" stirred the drowsiest spirit into vigorous action. As soon as possible, but with the greatest difficulty, the ship was hove to. Before a boat could be gotten out, she had run nearly two miles from the poor fellow. Every exertion was made for his preservation, but in vain. — He, who, a moment before, was in the midst of life, was in death. — The old ship gave her foresail once more to the wind; the boatswain's song was at an end; and a natural solemnity prevailed. All hands having been piped upon deck, the missing man was discovered to be Erick Pederson, third mate of the ship. — The next morning, the captain sent for Fritz Hazell to come aft. — "What is your age?" said Captain De Witt. — "Seventeen, last July, sir," was the reply. — "Rather young, to be sure," said the captain; "you are third mate of the Antwerp, Mr. Hazell; please to go to to your duty, sir." — Fritz colored to the very top of his forehead, made his bow, and obeyed. It may suffice to say, that, in his department, nothing was done, but in due time and proper order. He gave entire satisfaction to old Captain De Witt, who was notoriously difficult to please; and his continuance in office, on the return-voyage, was sufficient evidence, that his appointment had as much to do with his merits, as with the necessity of the case.

The faithful discharge of his duty, demanded no ordinary sacrifice of personal comfort. Fritz Hazell was naturally of an anxious temperament, painfully scrupulous in the execution of his trust; and, though free from all bodily disease, he had not that measure of strength, and that power of enduring fatigue, which are indispensable to every child of the ocean. His return-voyage, in the Antwerp, from Canton to Amsterdam, and that, which he shortly after made from Amsterdam to New York, were the last, which he ever performed.

During his passage to Canton, in the Antwerp, an incident occurred, of sufficient interest to be incorporated with this brief history of Fritz Hazell's career. There was, on board the Antwerp

a sailor, whose name was James or Thomas Rodney, and I have forgotten which: he shipped, as a first-rate seaman, and he certainly deserved the name. He was even a good navigator, and had been first mate of two or three ships; but he had been driven back upon the forecastle, by that power, which has overthrown its millions -- the power of strong drink. Free-drinking and free-thinking are frequently fellow-travellers, upon the railroad to ruin. Rodney was an intemperate man, and a miserable infidel. Solitude has been said to lose a portion of its interest, unless we have one pleasant companion, at least, with whom we can discourse upon its charms. The same thing may be affirmed of infidelity. The pious and devout believer is happy, in his own silent convictions. The infidel and the atheist are not happy in theirs. They derive no pleasure from their thoughts, but only from giving them utterance. Rodney was a man of good natural powers; he was not an idiot, and therefore he was not an atheist; but his mind was untaught and untutored. He was an infidel; and, in conformity with the principle we have indicated, he was constantly exhibiting his frail and fantastical conceptions, or uttering ludicrous and irreverent quotations from Scripture. He very soon conceived a dislike of Fritz Hazell; for, though he was the youngest of the ship's company, Rodney found it impossible to excite a smile upon Hazell's features; while the majority of the sailors were roaring with laughter, at his jeers, upon the subject of the Christian religion. Rodney nevertheless had a high respect for nautical knowledge; and Fritz rose in his esteem, by setting him right, in a good-natured way, when he had fallen into an error, while making some observations, respecting the azimuth compass. From that moment, Rodney was less disposed to trouble him with his infidel doctrines; and, while throwing out his taunts, in the hearing of others, he was less inclined to continue them, whenever "that boy," as he used to call Hazell, for the first month of the voyage, became one of the group upon the forecastle. Fritz Hazell was notoriously a religious young man. After the regular services of the ship, on the Sabbath day, he was in the habit of resorting to the "pest pook in de voorld," as Van Scrompfen called it. He was a good reader, and generally collected a little auditory of eight or ten of the ship's company. "Give us another chapter, Hazell," was not an uncommon exclamation, from some honest tar, when the book was about to be closed for the night.

It has been remarked, by a keen observer of the human heart, that we are often more apt to indulge our hatred, towards those whom *we* have injured, than towards those who have injured *us*. We very naturally dislike the continued exhibition, before our eyes

one, who eternally revives the recollection of our own injustice. We are irritated by his very presence, and even by the sound of his name; and our unconsecrated feelings are apt to break forth, in the form of additional injury and insult. Rodney, who had taken a dislike to Hazell, for the reason we have stated, had given vent to his displeasure, from day to day, with an increasing severity of manner, for the first month of the passage; the very consciousness of the groundless character of his aversion, towards this younger brother, in itself supplied an abundant source of irritation. Upon one occasion, the boatswain remarked, that he believed the devil had got into the fore topsail, for it had set illy ever since the ship sailed. — "Perhaps," said Rodney, putting a quid of tobacco into his mouth, and looking sarcastically at Hazell, "perhaps somebody can give us a lift with a spare prayer or two, to shake the old gentleman out." —All eyes were turned upon the young sailor, who had been already the patient subject of several similar jeers, through the day. At that moment, Rodney, who was splicing a rope, lost his jack-knife overboard, and uttered an exclamation, which we do not think proper to repeat; observing, with an air of vexation, that he had always been an unlucky dog from his birth. — "Mr. Rodney," said Fritz Hazell, with an expression, in which manliness and perfect good-nature were happily blended, "here is a knife; I have another in my chest; and, if you will accept this, it is at your service." — "Thank you," said Rodney, as he accepted the peace-offering of an innocent offender. Rodney finished the splice in silence; and, when it was done, he handed back the knife; but Fritz requested him to keep it, with such an air of sincerity and hearty good-will, that he put it in his pocket. It was upon the same day that Fritz gained yet further upon Rodney's confidence, by giving him that evidence of his knowledge upon a nautical point, to which we have adverted.

That very evening, Rodney approached the young sailor, as he was standing alone upon the forecastle; and, after a short pause, accosted him, as follows: — "Hazell, if I 'm a little free, now and then, with my red rag, I hope you won't think I 've a bad heart. Rodney was always an unlucky dog from his birth; but his bark is a good deal worse than his bite. If I 've hurt your feelings, aboard the Antwerp, my young friend, I 'm sorry for it." —"Mr. Rodney," said Fritz, giving him his hand, "it 's very kind in you to say this; I own, I have been pained, whenever you have spoken lightly of a religion, which I consider sacred; and which I should respect the less, if it did not teach me to forget and forgive." — "Ah, Hazell," exclaimed Rodney, "I don't know that you 'll credit it, after all you

have heard me say, at different times ; but I 've often declared, and I say so now, I would give a cargo of doubloons, if I had them, to believe, as you and some other folks believe ; and to be as happy as you and they appear to be." — " I am rejoiced to hear you say this, Mr. Rodney," said Hazell ; " we are almost strangers, but I can not help feeling a decided interest in your welfare. You surely believe there is a God?" — " I do," Rodney replied. — " And do you not believe in the doctrines of the revelation?" inquired Hazell. " I wish I could," said the other. — " You believe," rejoined Hazell, " that God is an object of worship and of prayer?" — " Yes, I do," answered Rodney, with evident embarrassment ; " but how hard it is to pray!" — " Do try, Mr. Rodney," said Fritz, taking him eagerly by the hand ; " excuse the earnestness of one so much younger than yourself. God is more than willing to hear you. When we get into our hammocks, to-night, let us both pray, that he will forgive our sins, and that he will help your unbelief." — Rodney was evidently affected by the interest, which Hazell obviously felt on his account. — He hastily brushed the tear from his eye, when the boatswain's whistle called them to their respective duties, and put an end to their extraordinary interview.

The following day, Rodney was so much more grave, in his deportment, than usual, that his messmates, who missed their daily allowance of merriment, began to run him upon his remarkable solemnity. That very night, Rodney and Hazell were destined, in the routine of duty, to be on deck together, for the morning, or, as the landsmen would call it, the midnight watch. It was a splendid night ; and, under the light of the broad, midway moon, the Antwerp, like a vast leviathan, seemed to be taking her pastime, in the great wilderness of waves. She was sweeping forward, at the rate of ten knots an hour ; and the silence of midnight was interrupted only by the roar of the parting waters. — " Hazell," said Rodney, as soon as they were alone, " I am a sad dog. I did try ; but it is easier to hand, reef and steer, of a stormy night, than to say one's prayers." — " I prayed for you," said Hazell, " from the bottom of my heart, that you might be a happier man, and be brought to believe the cheering truths of the gospel." — " But how can any man believe what he does not know?" exclaimed Rodney with great earnestness of manner. — " Do you not believe that there is such a place as London?" said Hazell. — " To be sure," was the reply ; " for I have seen it with my own eyes." — " Have you ever seen Pekin?" Hazell inquired. — " I never have," answered Rodney. — " But you believe there is such a place?" — " To be sure," was the reply. — " Now, Mr. Rodney," said Fritz in a quiet and

modest way, "in this very instance, you must perceive, that you firmly and fully *believe* that which you cannot *know*. Faith and knowledge are very different things. The Bible itself teaches us, that faith is 'the evidence of things not seen.' You and I, Mr. Rodney, went to sea, long before we had studied navigation. On our first voyages, we surely *believed*, that we were on the way to our ports of destination. But, when we were out of sight of land, we were entirely ignorant what course to steer; — we knew not how to take an observation; — yet we *believed* we were going right, though we *knew* nothing about it. We put our faith, our entire confidence in the captain of the ship; but we refuse to go an inch with the Almighty, without a sign. Suppose, Mr. Rodney, that every man, aboard the Antwerp, who is as ignorant, as we both were once, should go aft to Captain De Witt, to-morrow, and tell him, that he did not *believe* he was going to Canton, because he did not *know* it! What would he think of *them?* And what must God think of *us?* How humble must be our notions of *Him*, the Supreme Being, if we suppose his ways to be so much upon a level with our own, that we can *understand* them all!" — A long pause ensued. — "Hazell," said Rodney, "for your years, you are an excellent seaman; but I 'll tell you what, you 'd make a better minister. Now, I confess, I never thought so much upon the subject before, in my whole life. I never read the Bible, with any attention. My father was a good man, and not only read his Bible, but gave his substance to the poor, and to missionaries; and left his children little or nothing. His friends used to tell him, that he ought to be more attentive to his property; but the old gentleman always quoted a text of Scripture, and it is almost the only one than I can remember, — '*Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.*' For myself, I have never cared for money. I have given away my wages to those, who seemed to need them more than I; and here I am, a poor, unlucky dog, as I always have been." — "Mr. Rodney," said Fritz, "I have a Bible at your service; and, if you will give me leave, I will mark such chapters, as I think will be useful to a person, feeling as you do, towards God and the world." — Rodney acquiesced in the proposal. — After pacing the deck together, for some time, in perfect silence, "Mr. Rodney," said Hazell, "I think you will not be offended with me for saying, that I believe the Bible to be the word of God not more surely, than I believe, that you would be a happier man, and likely sooner to become a religious one, if you would leave off spirit." — Rodney made no reply, for several seconds. At length, he exclaimed, clasping his hands together, "Hazell, it has been my curse for nearly twenty

years. I know it well. I have been trying, for twelve years, to lessen the quantity, but I have never been able to succeed. If it had not been for this bewitching and bewildering poison, instead of being here upon the forecastle, I should now be sleeping in my cabin, the captain of an Indiaman." — This he uttered with the deepest emotion. — "Put your trust in God's goodness and mercy, Mr. Rodney," said Fritz Hazell, with great earnestness "read his promises with a willing heart; try to believe, and pray, that you may be enabled to believe; lay the burthen of your sins, at the foot of the cross; and, first of all, give up that habit, I entreat you, which is at war with all vital religion — the habit of drinking. You say you have been trying twelve years, in vain, to lessen your daily allowance. If the ship had sprung a leak, and there were six feet of water in the hold, would you pump out three, and let her fill again, or pump her dry, and stop the leak once for all, Mr. Rodney? If an enemy of superior force were bearing down, while you were at anchor, would you cut your cable a little, or cut it off? Depend upon it, Mr. Rodney, there is no security, but in the whole armor of a cold-water man. He, who leaves himself the liberty of taking a little, now and then, leaves the nest egg of destruction."— This conversation had left a deep impression on the mind of Rodney. His heart was naturally generous and frank; and he took the earliest occasion, the following day, to do abundant justice to the character of Fritz, and to express his regret for having said anything to his disparagement. Fritz, on his part, was not backward, in performing his promise of the preceding evening; and it soon became a source, though of daily diminishing, surprise to the ship's company, to see Rodney, the scoffer, spending a part of his leisure, day after day, sitting between decks upon his chest, and perusing the volume of eternal life.

It would be a heavy tax upon the reader's patience, to lay before him a minute account of the many interesting conferences, between Rodney and Hazell, which led, under the blessing of Heaven, to the entire reformation of an unhappy man. Hazell had drawn up an agreement, in the earlier part of the voyage, by which nineteen of the ship's company pledged themselves to abstain entirely from ardent spirit. It was with a light heart, and a quick step, that he went aft to inform the captain's clerk, that Rodney requested him to take notice, that he would draw his grog no longer from that date.

Ten years have gone by, since the Antwerp crossed the ocean for Canton; and the character of Captain Rodney, for that is his present title, has become thoroughly established, as a devout and penitent Christian and an uncompromising cold-water man

About a week before the ship's arrival in Canton, when Fritz Hazell, upon a Sabbath evening, had finished reading two or three chapters in the Bible, to a far more numerous group, than had gathered round him, upon such occasions, at the beginning of the voyage, a conversation arose, among the crew, upon the evils of intemperance. Several related such examples of crime and misery, as had come to their knowledge; making together an awful aggregate of human wretchedness and depravity, by sea and land. "My friends," said Rodney, after listening to the tales of others, "I have been an eye-witness to the fatal effects of intemperance, myself. I was born in New England, and have some connections there still. About ten years ago, I was travelling on foot, through a town in Massachusetts, and hearing a cry of murder, I hurried to the spot. The sound came from a small dwelling. Receiving no answer at the door, it was burst open, and I saw, upon the floor, a man, weltering in his blood, and his wife with her throat cut from ear to ear, lying at his side. They had been drinking, and the man was not quite dead, though he died, while I was there." — "Mr. Rodney," said Fritz Hazell, with evident agitation, "what was the name of that town?" — "I really cannot remember; I was never in it before," he replied. — "Did any one go with you, to the house of these unhappy people?" — "Yes," replied Rodney, "there was an old man, a foreigner, I think, who went with me." — "Was there a child in the house?" — "There was a little boy; and I never shall forget his look of terror, when he clung to the old man, and begged him not to let his father kill him." — "Did you not give some money to that old man, for the boy's use?" — "I now recollect I did: I gave him a two-dollar bill; and I remember it more perfectly, because it was the last farthing I had. I had been up the country, to see my friends, before I went to sea again. But how could you know all these particulars?" — Fritz sat, for a few seconds, with his hands before his features. — The surrounding group looked on, in silent astonishment. — At length he uncovered his face, which was bathed in tears, and exclaimed, "How mysterious and how wise are the dealings of God! — I am that orphan boy. — That excellent old man, to whom you gave your bounty, laid it out in the purchase of this book; and wrote, as you here see, '*The gift of an unknown friend.*' In this very book, you have learned, I trust, a lesson of eternal wisdom." Fritz opened the volume to the eleventh chapter of Ecclesiastes, and pointed to the first verse. Rodney read the passage aloud: — "CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS, FOR THOU SHALT FIND IT AFTER MANY DAYS." — "How little you thought," said Fritz Hazell, "when you bestowed your two dollars

upon an orphan boy, that you were purchasing the bread of eternal life!" — The effect produced by this explanation was of the most solemn and impressive character. — There was not a dry eye upon the forecastle.

When it was intimated to Fritz, that he would be retained in the capacity of third mate, for the homeward voyage, he went to Captain De Witt, and earnestly recommended Rodney, as better qualified; but the captain would not change his arrangement.

After an unusually short and prosperous passage, the Antwerp arrived in safety at Amsterdam; and Fritz had the pleasure of receiving letters from old Captain Hazell; in which he stated, among other matters, that his health was not quite as good, as it used to be; and expressed an earnest desire of seeing Fritz once more at home. This wish, entirely corresponding with the views and feelings of the young sailor; upon the recommendation of Captain De Witt, he readily obtained the situation of first mate of the brig Thetis, bound to Philadelphia. Before his departure, he represented the case of poor Rodney so strongly to Captain De Witt, and even to Van Scrompfen himself, that both of them expressed their willingness to advance his interest, should he be able to keep his resolution. Rodney proved faithful to his pledge; and De Witt and Van Scrompfen were not unmindful of their promise.

In summing up the account to the period of Fritz Hazell's final departure from Amsterdam, it must be confessed, there was an item, of painful interest, not to be overlooked. The fatigue of a sea-life, and the weight of that responsibility, which fell, in the present instance, upon an anxious spirit, were obviously impairing his health. Van Scrompfen shook his head, when Captain De Witt was commending the young man's behavior; and observed, "De shword ish too sharp for de shcappord. I pe feared de sea-life vill never do."

Van Scrompfen was perfectly right. Upon the arrival of the Thetis in Philadelphia, after a boisterous passage, Fritz Hazell quitted her, in a feeble state of health. He now took his passage for New England, by land; and, before his journey was half finished, he had become already sensible of an obvious improvement in his spirits. A relief from his late care and responsibility, and the prospect of revisiting the scenes of his youth, and his old friend and protector, were productive of the happiest effects.

The stage-coach, at length, ascended the Holden Hills; and, after an absence of nearly six years, Fritz Hazell beheld the smoke, ascending from the house-tops of his native valley, with an emotion, easily understood, by those, who have caught the first view of the village

spire, after an absence of years; and utterly unintelligible to those, who have not. The vehicle rolled so rapidly along, that it had passed a few rods beyond the dwelling of old Hazell, before the driver had stopped his horses. Fritz was out, in an instant; and, leaving his sea-chest by the road-side, he turned back to the cottage. — The window-shutters were closed. — He tried the door; — it was fastened; and, raising his eyes, he read, upon a small card, "*This house to be let; inquire of Mrs. Sukey McFlaggon, Administratrix, or Christopher Grippit, her attorney.*" — The tale was summarily told. — His old patron was dead. — He returned to the place, where his chest had been deposited. He sat down upon it; and, for a moment, applied his handkerchief to his eyes. — "Poor old man!" said he, "perhaps he died alone; I wish I could have been with him!"

Attracted by the unusual circumstance of a passenger and his luggage, left at the road-side, and especially by his unsuccessful attempts to get admittance at the empty cottage; a tall old man, with his sleeves rolled up, and a leathern apron about his waist, came forth from a shoe-maker's shop; and, after observing the stranger for an instant, stepped over towards him. — It was old Enoch Foster, the shoe-maker. Fritz recollected him immediately. — "You don't remember me," said the young sailor, extending his hand. — "Yes, I do, now that you speak," said old Enoch, shaking him heartily by the hand; "I had a thought it must be you, when I saw you go to the house. The old gentleman has gone. He talked a great deal about you, in his last sickness. Whenever he got one of your letters, he used to come over and read it to us, with a great deal of pleasure. Come, let me help you to take your chest over to our house. My wife will be rejoiced to see you." Fritz accepted the offer; and, as they were entering the door, "Nabby," cried the old man, "come down; here is Fritz Hazell, just come from sea!" — "You don't say so!" replied a quick, business-like voice from above; and, almost immediately after, a round button of a body came dumpling into the room; and, seizing the young sailor by the hand, "Why, Fritz Hazell!" said she; "why how you have altered! — You have lost your good old friend. Ah, Fritz! there have been strange doings in the valley, since you went away." — "When did Captain Hazell die, and of what distemper?" inquired Fritz. — "A little less than two months ago," said Mrs. Foster. "He died of lung fever. You know how much he always disliked Sukey McFlaggon, his niece; who, certainly, besides marrying McFlaggon, did all in her power to displease the old gentleman: well, only think of it, she is heir of all his property. They say he

has left a very pretty estate here, beside money in Holland. Lawyer Grippit says it is no such thing, and that the old man left very little. But you know, I dare say · how was it?" — Fritz replied, that he knew nothing of the amount, but that he had heard the captain had money at interest, with Van Scrompfen, Brothers, and Company, of Amsterdam. — "Lawyer Grippit and Sukey McFlaggon," said the shoe-maker's wife, "are going to be married." — "McFlaggon is dead, then?" said Hazell. — "Oh yes," said old Enoch, "I wonder you didn't hear of it. He has been dead these three years. He became a sot; and Tim Smith, — you remember Tim? — he is now in the State's Prison, for manslaughter; — Tim killed him in a row." — "She is full eleven years older than Lawyer Grippit," said Mrs. Foster, "and everybody sees, that he 's after old Captain Hazell's property. Everybody is talking about it, and strange stories are told. There is old Mrs. Spook, the deacon's widow: she says she is sure, that her husband told her, one evening, when he came home later than usual, that he had been with Captain Hazell, who had been executing a will; and that Squire Grippit and Dr. Manna witnessed it with himself. But Lawyer Grippit frightened the old lady shamefully, and threatened to get the Grand Jury to sit upon her." — "No, no, wife," said her husband, "to indict her, you mean." — "Well, well, so it was," rejoined Mrs Foster; "besides, the old lady was none of the wisest. However the deacon is dead, and Doctor Manna is dead; and if there 's any secret about it, it 's all locked up, in the squire 's bosom; but it will all be known in the great day." — "It 's a strange business," said the old shoe-maker, "and it 's very hard to get at the truth. I hear a great many rumors, for the matter is talked over by everybody; and I take care to say as little about it as possible." — Fritz listened attentively to the remarks of old Enoch and his wife, and in perfect silence, till he found himself alone with the husband. He then said to him, "Mr. Foster, I have always had a respect for you, and I am sure you are a prudent man. I will therefore state to you, in confidence, what I know of this matter, myself; and I shall probably have to ask your counsel and assistance. When Captain Hazell was dangerously sick, in the summer of 18--, about seven years ago, I know he executed a will, or rather two copies. Mr. Grippit told him one was enough; but he would have it his own way; and said to the lawyer, that one might be lost or mislaid. It was in the evening; I was in bed, in the same room; and, I suppose, they thought I was asleep. I heard the lawyer, Squire Grippit, ask the captain if he declared that paper to be his last will, and he said he did. I saw him sign it. I never knew the contents of it; but I saw

the old deacon, Doctor Manna, and the squire, write their names, as witnesses, to both papers. One the captain desired Mr. Grippit to keep; and what he did with the other I never knew, till the evening before I sailed. That evening the captain said to me, that he had made his will, and put it away in a place, which he would show me, that it might be found, at his death. Of course, I cannot say, that it is there now; but, if I could gain admittance to the house, I could go directly to the spot." — "The key is left with me," said Mr. Foster, "for the convenience of showing the house. What an awful sinner Lawyer Grippit must be!" he exclaimed, as he untied his apron and put on his coat and hat. — "We shall want a light," said Fritz Hazell. — They proceeded to the old cottage. As they entered, Fritz paused, to take a glance at the little room. The old Dutch clock stood in the corner; it had run down, like its venerable master, and was now motionless and still. — Enoch Foster locked the door on the inside, and they descended to the cellar; and, removing about ten inches of earth from the northerly corner, they struck upon a hard substance; — "Here is the iron chest," said Fritz. After considerable difficulty, he found the spring. Upon lifting the lid, they beheld a mass of gold and silver coin, which would have delighted the eyes of Christopher Grippit and Sukey McFlaggon. Fritz took up a sealed package, and held it to the light. Old Enoch read over his shoulder; "*The last will and testament of Peter Hazell.*" — "Lord have mercy upon us," exclaimed the old man; "what a sinful world we live in!" — They now held a short conversation. It was resolved to shut down the chest and replace the earth; and then, without any delay, to post off to the Judge of Probate, present the sealed package, and relate their perfectly intelligible story.

It is high time to bring the history of Fritz Hazell to a close. — The hymeneal hopes of Sukey McFlaggon, and her day dreams of riches, were grievously disappointed. The judge, having opened the will, and perceiving the well-known signature of Lawyer Grippit, as a subscribing witness, was greatly shocked and surprised. He could account for Mr. Grippit's constant averment, that he had never heard, that old Hazell had ever made his will, only upon a presumption of a deep-laid scheme of fraud. Such was the fact. Grippit knew that he was the only surviving witness; one copy of the will had been in his possession, which he destroyed; the widow McFlaggon was sole heir at law; and as the other copy was not forthcoming, after waiting a month, he presumed it to be lost, or among the papers of the deceased. He then boldly proposed to Mrs. McFlaggon to claim administration of old Hazell's estate, and to

become the lady of Christopher Grippit. Thus, as her attorney, he had free access to the papers of the defunct; and, not finding the other copy, after diligent search, he flattered himself, that it was lost or destroyed.

The report, that old Peter Hazell's will was found, and that Fritz had come home from sea, flew with the speed of the wind, from one end of Still-Valley to the other. Grippit was summoned, as a subscribing witness, to prove the will: but he had passed beyond the reach of an earthly subpœna. The crime, which he had committed, no man better understood, in its effects upon the perpetrator, and he resorted to suicide to avoid them.

After some trifling legacies, and fifty pounds to Sukey McFlaggon, Captain Hazell left his whole estate "to Patrick McFilligan, commonly called Fritz Hazell."

Fritz was now about eighteen years of age. He was convinced that he was not sufficiently robust to endure the fatigues of a seafaring life. The means of gratifying his love of study were now entirely at his command. He prepared for college, and entered at the age of twenty. We have seen already, that the inclinations and the whole temperament of this young man were grave and reflective. He took orders, when he was nearly six and twenty; and, at the present time, supplies to serious Christians, a stronger aliment, than the congregation of Parson Syllabub could have digested, some twelve years ago.

About a year since, he had a visit from his old friend Captain Rodney; and as they walked home together from church, "I told you long ago," said Rodney, "though you were an excellent seaman, that you would make a better minister, and I find my words have proved true." In the afternoon of that day, he complied with the request of Captain Rodney, and preached an old sermon, written with a particular reference to some of those incidents which gave so great an interest to their voyage in the Antwerp; and it was with a feeling of deep sensibility, that these old friends turned their eyes upon each other, when Parson Hazell pronounced the memorable text, "CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS, FOR THOU SHALT FIND IT AFTER MANY DAYS."

WHAT A CURSE!

OR,

JOHNNY HODGES, THE BLACKSMITH.

Can nothing be *done* to put an end to the evils of intemperance? Such, at the present day, is a very common interrogatory; not from those alone, at the heart of whose domestic happiness this canker-worm is already at work; not from those alone, who have lived in unpardonable ignorance of all, that has been so happily accomplished; but from the most enlightened friends of temperance, who keep the run and the record of its way; who study this deeply-interesting subject, as they study a science; and who, at the same time, are not so blindly in love with a favorite scheme of consummation, as to forget that no remedy for moral evil can be effectual, which is calculated to produce a greater mischief in one direction, than it proposes to remove in another.

Can nothing be *done*, say they, to remove these evils of intemperance?—Have those eight thousand societies, which are said to exist in the United States, *done* nothing? Undoubtedly they have exerted a benign and blessed influence, upon the hearts of many thousands, who have been persuaded to subscribe the pledge;—still further, they have operated most happily upon many more, who, for some reason or other, have withheld their hands from the pledge, but who have become respectable temperance men, in word and in deed.—And has not something been *done?*—*Nothing* for *me* and for *mine*, says the poor widow. I have but one son; he will *not* subscribe the pledge; and he *will* drink ardent spirit; and the rum-seller will sell it; and he says it is lawful, and that therefore it is right. My son is a drunkard. I brought him into life; I nursed him, and reared him with care; I have watched over him in sickness; I have pinched and spared, that he might be better clothed and better fed than myself; and I am now the heart-broken mother of a thankless child. Societies have undoubtedly been useful to *the world;* but they have *done* nothing for *me*. Cannot something be *done* to save the last hope of a poor widow?

And has nothing been *done*, by that multiplying engine, which, for years, has been employed in scattering, over the surface of the earth, journals and magazines, tracts and tales; and irrigating the moral world, as it were, with refreshing and invigorating showers?—It may be so, says the miserable, broken spirited wife; but I am sure it has *done* nothing for *me*. I am a drunkard's wife; such, for years of bitterness, I have lived; such, I doubt not, I shall die. I gave to a faithless promiser a devoted heart, and my humble store of worldly goods; he has broken the one and wasted the other. The press may send forth its legion of messengers; but he will not read one of them all; and, should he find one in my hands, he would hurl it into the fire, as he has done before. My children are beggars; my spirit is gone; and, as I rock my child in its cradle, by the fading embers of a midnight fire, waiting for the return of a drunken tyrant, I say within my wretched heart, in the language of Job, I would not live always! Cannot something be *done* to stay this desolating plague?

And has not something been *done* by thousands of lectures and addresses, gratuitously delivered, and, of course, open to all?—Beyond all doubt, says the agonized father; but they have no power over my domestic affliction. My son is a drunkard. He will not go and listen to such things. I fear nothing will be *done*. We may lecture, and write, and associate; but nothing will be *done* to reach a case of misery like mine. I had once some hope, that the legislature would afford relief. But what is a legislature? I have taken some pains to analyze the mass, and examine its elements. We are a government of *the people*. If a majority of *the people* are for Juggernaut, and the idol's temples are in danger from legislative interference, the majority of *the people* will take care, that a majority of the legislature shall be the friends and worshippers of Juggernaut. Can a rum-selling legislator be expected to legislate against rum? Contemplate the tavern-keepers, retailers, grocers, distillers, and importers in a legislature; add to this list that indifferent and movable body, so easily won over to either side; swell the catalogue, by the addition of every temperate drinker; and, last of all, annex the names of the *base unknown*, those fourteen shameless men, who voted for a notorious infidel, as the chaplain of the House of Representatives, in this ancient Commonwealth; look, for a moment, at the aggregate, and then repeat the interrogatory;—Will anything be *done* to put an end to the evils of intemperance?—The only profitable reply to this inquiry must come, in God's good time, from a legislative majority of *cold-water men*.

"THE doctor is a kind man," said Johnny Hodges, addressing a person of respectable appearance, who was in the act of returning to his pocket-book a physician's bill, which the blacksmith did not find it convenient to pay. "The doctor is a kind man, a very kind man, and has earned his money, I dare say, and I don't begrudge him a shilling of it all; but, for all that, I have not the means of

paying his bill, nor any part of it, just now." —"Well, well," said the collector, "I shall be this way before long, and will call on you again."

Johnny Hodges thanked him for the indulgence, and proceeded with his work: but the hammer swung heavily upon the anvil, and many a long sigh escaped, before the job in hand was fairly turned off.

Three or four times already, the collector had paid a visit at the blacksmith's shop, who was always ready to admit the justice of the claim, and that the doctor had been very kind and attentive, and had well earned his money; but Johnny was always behindhand; and, though full of professions of gratitude to the good doctor, yet the doctor's bill seemed not very likely to be paid. Familiarity, saith the proverb, breeds contempt. This old saw is not apt to work more roughly, in any relation of life, than between the creditor, or the creditor's agent, and the non-performing debtor. The pursuing party is apt to become importunate, and the pursued to grow gradually callous and indifferent. Upon the present occasion, however, the collector, who was a benevolent man, was extremely patient and forbearing. He had sufficient penetration to perceive, that poor Johnny, for some cause or other, was always exceedingly mortified and pained, by these repeated applications. It did not, however, escape the suspicion of the collector, that there might be a certain, secret cause, for Johnny's inability to pay the doctor's bill. Intemperance is exhibited, in a great variety of modifications. While some individuals are speedily roused into violent and disorderly action, or hushed to slumber, and reduced to the condition of a helpless and harmless mass; others, provided by nature with heads of iron and leathern skins, are equally intemperate, yet scarcely, for many years, present before the world the slightest personal indication of their habitual indulgence.

Johnny Hodges was an excellent workman, and he had abundance of work. It was not easy to account for such an appropriation of his earnings, as would leave him not enough for the payment of the doctor's bill; upon any other supposition, than that of a wasteful and sinful employment of them, for the purchase of strong drink. Johnny's countenance, to be sure, was exceedingly pale and sallow; but the pale-faced tippler is, by no means, an uncommon spectacle. On the other hand, Johnny was very industrious, constantly in his shop in working hours, and always busily employed.

After an interval of several weeks, the collector called again, and put the customary question, "Well, Mr. Hodges, can you pay the doctor's bill?" Perhaps there was something unusually hurried or

importunate, or Johnny so thought, in the manner of making the inquiry. Johnny was engaged in turning a shoe, and he hammered it entirely out of shape. He laid down his hammer and tongs, and, for a few seconds, rested his cheek upon his hand. — "I don't know how I can pay the doctor's bill," said Johnny Hodges. "I've nothing here in the shop, but my tools and a very little stock; and I've nothing at home, but the remainder of our scanty furniture. I know the doctor's bill ought to be paid, and if he will take it, he shall be welcome to our cow, though I have five little children who live upon the milk." — "No, no, Hodges," said the collector, "you are much mistaken, if you suppose the doctor, who is a Christian and a kind-hearted man, would take your cow or oppress you at all, for the amount of his bill. But how is it that you, who have always so much work, have never any money?" — "Ah, sir," said Johnny Hodges, while he wiped the perspiration from his face, for he was a hard-working man; "Ah, sir," said he, "what a curse it is! — can nothing be done to put a stop to this intemperance? I hear a great deal of the efforts, that are making; but still the rum business goes on. If it were not for the temptations to take strong drink, I should do well enough; and the good doctor should not have sent twice for the amount of his bill. Very few of those, who write and talk so much of intemperance, know anything of our trials and troubles." — "I confess," said the collector, "that I have had my suspicions and fears before. — Why do you not resolve, that you will never touch another drop? Go, Hodges, like a man, and put your name to the pledge; and pray God to enable you to keep it faithfully." — "Why, as to that, sir," said the blacksmith, "the pledge will do me no good; the difficulty doesn't lie there. — What a curse! — Is there no prospect of putting an end to intemperance?" — "To be sure there is," replied the collector. "If people will sign the pledge, and keep it too, there is no difficulty." — "But, suppose they will not sign the pledge," rejoined Johnny Hodges, "still, if rum were not so common as it is, and so easily obtained, the temptation would be taken away." — "That is all very true, but it is every man's duty to do something for himself," replied the collector. "I advise you to sign the pledge, as soon as possible." — "Why, sir," said the blacksmith, "the difficulty doesn't lie there, as I told you; I signed the pledge long ago, and I have kept it well. I never was given to taking spirit in my life. My labor at the forge is pretty hard work, yet I take nothing stronger, for drink, than cold water." — "I am sorry, that I misunderstood you," replied the collector. "But, since you do not take spirit, and your children, as you have led me

to suppose, are of tender years; why are you so anxious for the suppression of intemperance?"—"Because," said poor Johnny Hodges, after a pause, and with evident emotion, "to tell you the plain truth, it has made my home a hell, my wife a drunkard, and my children beggars! Poor things," said he, as he brushed away the tears, "they have no mother any more. The old cow, that I offered you, just now, for the doctor's debt,—and I believe it would have broken their hearts to have parted with old Brindle,—is more of a mother to them now, than the woman who brought them into this world of trouble. I have little to feed old Brindle with; and the children are running here and there, for a little swill and such matters, to keep her alive. Even the smallest of these poor things will pick up a bunch of hay or a few scattered corn-stalks, and fetch it to her, and look on with delight, to see her enjoy it. I have seen them all together, when their natural mother, in a drunken spree, has driven them out of doors, flying for refuge to the old cow, and lying beside her in the shed.—What a curse it is!

"What will become of them and of me," continued this broken hearted man, "I cannot tell. I sometimes fear, that I shall lose my reason, and be placed in the mad-house. Such is the thirst of this wretched woman for rum, that she has repeatedly taken my tools, and carried them five or six miles, and pawned or sold them for liquor. The day before yesterday, I carried home a joint of meat, for dinner. When I went home, tired and hungry, at the dinner hour, I found her drunk and asleep upon the floor. She had sold the joint of meat, and spent the money in rum. It's grievous to tell such matters to a stranger, but I can't bear that you or the good doctor should think me ungrateful any longer. I never shall forget the doctor's kindness to me, two years ago, when I had my dreadful fever; and, if ever I can get so much money together, he shall certainly be paid. That fever was brought on, partly by hard work, but the main spring of the matter was in the mind. My wife was then getting very bad, and when she was in liquor, her language was both indecent and profane; though, when we were married, there was n't a more modest girl in the parish. Just before my fever came on, in one of her fits of intemperance, she strolled away, and was gone three days and three nights; and, to this hour, I have never known where she was, all that time It almost broke my heart. The doctor always said there was something upon my mind; but I never told him, nor any one else, the cause of my trouble till now. What a curse!—Don't you think, sir, that something can be done to put an end to this terrible curse of intemperance?"—"Your case is a very hard one," said the collector, after

a solemn pause, "and I wish I could point out a remedy. You need give yourself no uneasiness about the doctor's bill, for I am sure he will think no more of it, when I have told him your story. If I would not give you too much pain, and take up too much of your time, I should like to be informed, a little more particularly, of the commencement and progress of this habit in your wife, which seems to have destroyed your domestic happiness."—Johnny Hodges wiped his brow, and sat down upon a bench in his shop, and the collector took a seat by his side.

"Eight years ago," said Johnny Hodges, "come the first day of next month, I was married. Polly Wilson, that was her maiden name, was twenty-three, and I was four years older. I certainly thought it the best day's work I ever did, and I continued of that mind, for about five years. Since then Heaven knows I have had reason to think otherwise; for, ever since, trouble has been about my path, and about my bed. About three years ago, my wife took to drink. I cannot tell how it happened; but she always said, herself, that the first drop of gin she ever drank, was upon a washing day, when an old Scotch woman persuaded her, that it would keep the cold off her stomach. From that time, the habit grew upon her very fast. She has told me an hundred times, in her sober moments, that she would give the world to leave it off, but that she could not, for the life of her So strong has been her desire to get liquor, that nothing was safe from her grasp. She has sold her children's Sabbath clothes, and my own, for rum. After I had gotten well of my fever, I worked hard; and, at one time, had laid by nearly enough, as I supposed, to pay the doctor's bill. One day, I had received a dollar for work, and went to my drawer, to add it to the rest; and—all was gone! The drawer had been forced open. She knew that I had been saving the money to pay the doctor, and the apothecary, for their services, during my fever; she knew that my sickness had been produced by sleepless nights and a broken heart, on her account; yet she could not resist the temptation. She affirmed, in the most solemn manner, that she knew nothing about it; but two of the little children, in answer to my inquiry, told me, that they had seen mammy break open the drawer, and take out the money; and that she went directly over to the grocery, and in about half an hour, after she returned, went to sleep so soundly in her chair, that they could not wake her up, to get them a little supper. At that time, I went to Mr. Calvin Leech, the grocer, and told him, that I wondered, as he was a church member, how he could have the heart to ruin the peace of my family. He was very harsh, and told me, that every man must take care of his own wife, and that it was not his business to look

after mine. I began to think, with Job, that I would not live always. Strange fancies came into my head about that time, and I tried hard to think of some escape from such a world of sin and sorrow; but a kind and merciful God would not let me take my own wild way. I read my Bible; and the poor children kept all the while in my way, smiling sweetly in my face, and driving all evil thoughts from my mind. My oldest boy was then about seven. "Don't take on so, daddy," the little fellow used to say, when he found me shedding tears, "don't cry, daddy; I shall be big enough to blow the bellows next year." I have tried to keep up, for the sake of these poor children; and few would be better, for their years, if their mother did not teach some of them to curse and swear. They have the same bright look and gentle temper that my wife had, when we were married. There never was a milder temper than Polly's, before this curse fell upon the poor creature. Oh, sir, it is nothing but rum, that has ruined our hopes of happiness in this world. How strange it is, that nothing can be *done* to stay such a dreadful plague!"

The collector shook the poor blacksmith by the hand, and bade him keep up his spirits, as well as he could, and put his trust in God's providence. Promising to make him a friendly call, in the course of a few days, he took his leave.

This interview, with the blacksmith, had caused his visitor to contemplate the subject of the temperance reform, somewhat in a novel point of view. The importunate and frequently repeated interrogatory of Johnny Hodges, "*Cannot something be* DONE *to put an end to the evils of intemperance?*" to most individuals, would appear to savor of gross ignorance, in the inquirer, as to those amazing efforts, which have already been made, at home and abroad. But it must not be forgotten, that poor Hodges was no *theorizer* in that department of domestic wretchedness, which arises from intemperance. He was well aware, that a prodigious effort had been made, for the purification of the world, by voluntary associations, adopting the pledge of total abstinence. He perfectly understood, that all those, who had subscribed such a pledge, and faithfully adhered to it, were safe from the effects of intemperance, in their own persons. Yet this poor fellow cried aloud, out of the very depths of his real misery, "*Cannot something be* DONE *to put an end to the evils of intemperance?*" His own bitter experience had taught him, that there was one person who could never be prevailed upon to sign the pledge; one, upon whose faithful execution of her domestic duties, his whole earthly happiness depended; the partner of his bosom; the mother of his children; and she had become a loathsome and ungovernable drunkard. He rationally inferred,

indeed he well knew the fact, from his own observation upon the surrounding neighborhood, that such an occurrence was not of an uncommon character. Intemperate husbands, intemperate wives, and intemperate children were all around him. Johnny Hodges was a man of good common sense. He reasoned forward to the future from the past. He entertained no doubt, that, notwithstanding the most energetic, voluntary efforts of all the societies upon the face of the earth, drunkenness would certainly continue, in a greater or less degree, so long as the means of drunkenness were suffered to remain. The process of reasoning in Johnny's mind may be very easily described. So long, thought he, as rum-selling continues to be sanctioned by law, and grog-shops are legalized, at every corner; so long as even deacons and church members distil rum, and sell it, reducing the temperate drinker's noble to the drunkard's nine-pence, and that nine-pence to nothing and a jail; winning away the bread from the miserable tippler's children; and causing the husband and wife to hate and abhor the very presence of each other; so long a very considerable number of persons, who will not sign the pledge, will be annually converted from temperate men and women, into drunken vagabonds and paupers. The question is therefore reduced to this; Can no effectual measures be provided by law, to prevent a cold, calculating, mercenary body of men from trafficking any longer, in broken hopes, broken hearts, and broken constitutions; and to restrain, at least, deacons and church members, who pray to the Lord to lead them not into temptation, from laying snares, along the highways and hedges of the land, to entrap the feet of their fellow-creatures, and tempt their weaker brethren to their ruin?

A month or more had passed away, before the collector's business brought him again into the neighborhood of the blacksmith's shop. Johnny Hodges was at work as usual. He appeared dejected and care-worn. His visitor shook him by the hand, and told him, that the doctor said he should consider him, as old Boerhaave used to say, one of his best patients, for God would be his paymaster. "Never think of the debt any more, Johnny," said the collector. "The doctor has sent you his bill, receipted; and he bade me tell you, that if a little money would help you in your trouble, you should be heartily welcome to it."* "Indeed," said the blacksmith, "the

* I have learned, since the preparation of this tale, from the collector himself, that Hodges expressed the liveliest gratitude, for the doctor's kindness, in relinquishing his claim for professional services; but that he persisted in refusing to receive a five-dollar note, which accompanied the receipted bill; — "God will reward the doctor for all his kindness," said the poor fellow "but I cannot take the money."

doctor is a kind friend; but I suppose nothing can be done to put an end to this curse?" — "I fear there will not be, at present," said the collector: "rum is the idol of the people. The friends of temperance have petitioned the legislature to pull this old idol down. Now there are, in that very body, a great many members, who love the idol dearly; there are many, who are sent thither expressly to keep the idol up. So you see, that petitioning the legislature, such as it now is, to abolish the traffic in rum, is like petitioning the priests of Baal to pull down their false god. But you look pale and sad: has any new trouble come upon you, or do you find the old one more grievous to bear?" — "Ah, sir," said this man of many woes, "we have had trouble enough, new and old, since you were here last. Intemperance must be a selfish vice, I am sure. About a fortnight ago, my wife contrived, while I was gone to the city to procure a few bars of iron, to sell our old cow to a drover; and this woman, once so kind-hearted and thoughtful of her children, would see them starve, rather than deprive herself of the means of intoxication. She has been in liquor every day since. But all this is nothing compared with our other late trial. Last Monday night, I was obliged to be from home, till a very late hour. I had a promise from a neighbor to sit up at my house, till my return, to look after the children, and prevent the house from being set on fire. But the promise was forgotten. When I returned, about eleven o'clock, all was quiet. I struck a light, and, finding my wife was in bed, and sound asleep, I looked round for the children. The four older children I readily found, but little Peter, our infant, about thirteen months old, I could find nowhere. After a careful search, I shook my wife by the shoulder, to wake her up, that I might learn, if possible, what had become of the child. After some time, though evidently under the influence of liquor, I awakened this wretched woman, and made her understand me. She then made a sign, that it was in the bed. I proceeded to examine, and found the poor suffering babe beneath her. She had pressed the life out of its little body. — It was quite dead. — It was but yesterday, that I put it into the ground. If you can credit it, this miserable mother was so intoxicated, that she could not follow it to the grave. What can a poor man do, with such a burthen as this? The owner of the little tenement, in which I have lived, has given me notice to quit, because he says, and reasonably enough too, that the chance of my wife's setting it on fire is growing greater every day. However, I feel that within me, that promises a release before long, from all this insufferable misery. But what will become of my poor children!" — Johnny sat down upon a bench, and burst into tears. His visitor,

Dadley del.
WHAT A CURSE!

as we have said, was a kind-hearted man. — "Suppose I should get some discreet person to talk with your wife," said he. — Johnny raised his eyes and his hands, at the same moment. "Talk with her!" he replied, "you may as well talk with a whirlwind; the abuse, which she poured on me, this morning, for proposing to bring our good minister to talk with her, would have made your hair stand on end. No, I am heart-broken, and undone, for this world. I have no hope, save in a better, through the mercies of God." — The visitor took the poor man by the hand, and silently departed. He uttered not a word; he was satisfied that nothing could be said to abate the domestic misery of poor Johnny Hodges in the present world; and there was something in his last words, and in the tone in which they were uttered, which assured the visitor, that Johnny's unshaken confidence in the promises of God would not be disappointed in another.

How entirely inadequate is the most finished delineation, to set forth, in true relief, the actual sum total of such misery as this! How little conception have all those painted male and female butterflies and moths, who stream along our public walks of a sunny morning, or flutter away their lives in our fashionable saloons; — how little conception have they of the real pressure of such practical wretchedness as this! To the interrogatory of poor Johnny Hodges, "*Can nothing be* DONE *to put an end to the evils of intemperance?*" what answer, here and hereafter, do those individuals propose to offer, who not only withhold their names from the temperance pledge, but who light up their castles; and call together the giddy and the gay of both sexes; and devote one apartment of their palaces, in the present condition of public sentiment, chastened and purified, as it is, to the *whiskey punch bowl!*

The summer had passed, and the harvest was over. About four months after the last interview, I heard, for the first time, the story of poor Johnny Hodges. Taking upon my tablets a particular direction to his house and shop, I put on my surtout, and set forth, upon a clear, cold November morning, to pay the poor fellow a visit. It was not three miles from the city to his dwelling. By the special direction, which I had received, I readily identified the shop. The doors were closed, — for it was a sharp, frosty morning. I wished to see the poor fellow at his forge, before I disclosed the object of my visit. I opened the door. He was not there. The bellows were still. — The last spark had gone out in the forge. — The hammer and tongs were thrown together. — Johnny's apron was lying carelessly upon the bench. — And the iron, upon which he had been working, lay cold upon the anvil. — I turned towards the little

dwelling. That also had been abandoned. A short conversation with an elderly man, who proved to be a neighbor, soon put my doubts and uncertainties at rest. The conclusion of this painful little history may be told, in a very few words. The wife, who, it appears, notwithstanding her gross intemperance, retained no inconsiderable portion of personal comeliness, when not absolutely drunk; had run off, in company with a common soldier, abandoning her husband and children about three months before. Five days only before my visit, poor Johnny Hodges, having died of a broken heart, was committed to that peaceful grave, where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest. On the same day, four little children were received, after the funeral, as inmates of the poor-house.

"I have known them well, all their life-long," said the old man, from whom I obtained the information. "The first four or five years of their married life, there was not a likelier, nor a thriftier, nor a happier couple, in the village. Hodges was at his forge early and late; and his wife was a pattern of neatness and industry. But the poor woman was just as much poisoned with rum, as ever a man was with arsenic. It changed her nature, until, at last, it rendered her a perfect nuisance. Everybody speaks a kind word of poor Hodges; and everybody says that his wife killed him, and brought his children to the poor-house. This is a terrible curse to be sure. Pray, sir, '*can't something be done to put an end to the evils of intemperance?*'" — Such, thought I, was the inquiry of poor Johnny Hodges. How long can the intelligent legislatures of our country conscientiously permit this inquiry to pass, without a satisfactory reply? How many more wives shall be made the enemies of their own household; how many more children shall be made orphans; how many more temperate men shall be converted into drunken paupers; before the power of the law shall be exerted, to stay the plague! In the present condition of the world, while the legislature throws its fostering arm around this cruel occupation, how many there are, who will have abundant cause to exclaim, like poor Johnny Hodges, from the bottom of their souls, — WHAT A CURSE! — How many shall take as fair a departure for the voyage of life, and make shipwreck of all their earthly hopes, in a similar manner! How many hearts, not guilty of presumptuous sins, but grateful for Heaven's blessings in some humble sphere, shall be turned, by such misery as this, into broken cisterns, which can hold no earthly joy! How many husbands of drunken wives; how many wives of drunken husbands; how many miserable children, flying in terror from the walking corpses of inebriated parents, shall cry aloud, like poor Johnny Hodges, in the language of despair, WHAT A CURSE!

A WORD IN SEASON,

OR

THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

A gentle pressure upon a delicate spring will sometimes open the way, and remove an obstruction, which all other means have been applied in vain to overcome. The powers of eloquence, the forces of reason, the precepts of religion have been brought, ineffectually, to bear upon the head and heart, for many successive years; yet a single suggestion, from an unexpected quarter, in some fortunate moment, has, at last, fixed itself upon the mind with irresistible power, and sunk into the heart, and subdued the affections, and been the immediate means, under the blessing of God, of turning the sinner from his ways.

There are examples of moderate and immoderate drinkers, who have turned a deaf ear to the admonitions of the wise, and to the earnest exhortations of their friends; they have continued, imperceptibly to themselves, but manifestly to all beside, to approach nearer and nearer to the fatal precipice from day to day. To all human observation, their destruction has appeared to be inevitable. But it was not so written in the volume of God's holy will. The tears of a disappointed and heartless wife, or a word in season, even from the lips of a child, have, occasionally, recalled the wanderer from his ruinous career.

The little narrative, which follows, is an illustration of these remarks from real life.

The face of a beautiful child is an object of peculiar attraction, when smiles and tears are striving for the mastery there. Mr. Selden's attention was so completely arrested by this very condition of things, exhibited on the countenance of little Arthur, a boy about seven years of age, that he put down the decanter, which he held in his hand, and, for a moment, contemplated the features of this uncommonly interesting child, with an expression of delight and surprise. The consciousness, that he had attracted the observation of his father, prompted that smile, which beamed upon the boy's features, when he encountered the inquiring glance of an affectionate parent; but the conflict was not yet over; the sunbeam had not yet dried up the shower. — "What is the matter with Arthur?" said Mr. Selden to his amiable wife, who sat, with her Bible in her hand, waiting for the first stroke of the village bell. It was Sabbath day, and she was about to proceed with her children to the house of God. Mr. Selden had ordered his horse and gig, and proposed to pass the morning in visiting his greenhouse, in a neighboring village. "What is the matter with Arthur?" said he, repeating the question, as he again raised the brandy-bottle from the sideboard "I really cannot imagine, my dear," replied Mrs. Selden: "go to papa, my child," continued she, "and tell him what is the matter." The little fellow walked reluctantly toward his father. "Come

tell me what makes you weep so, my son," said his father, patting him gently upon the head. — "Why, dear papa, I was thinking," said the child, in a trembling voice, "I was thinking how we should all cry, if you should die, dear papa, like poor Jemmy." — "And pray, who was poor Jemmy?" inquired Mr. Selden. — "He was a drunkard, dear papa," replied little Arthur, as he continued to weep by his father's knee. — "I should really like to know," said Mr. Selden, evidently with excited temper, and turning a glance of angry suspicion upon his wife, as he put down the brandy bottle, with some violence, upon the table; "I should like to know who has been giving this child his first lesson in impudence." — If the child's remark had been altogether inapplicable to the parent's condition, it would have excited no unpleasant sensation in the mind of Mr Selden. It was manifestly otherwise. This gentleman's habits had been, for some time, a source of disquietude to several of his friends. Upon the present occasion, little Arthur had most innocently unveiled the picture, and presented it, in full view, before his father's face. The words of truth and soberness occasionally drop from the lips of these little ones, with irresistible power. The seeds of common sense, cast into the natural soil, will often spring up and bear fruit, before we are prepared to expect the harvest. Tears came into the eyes of Mrs. Selden; — it was impossible for an affectionate wife to contemplate, even in imagination, the painful perspective of such a picture, without sorrow. — "I know nothing of poor Jemmy's story, my dear," said she; "I have never heard of it before, and I have not the slightest idea that any person has instructed the child to say anything offensive to your feelings."

"Arthur, my son," said Mr. Selden, evidently struggling to suppress more than one emotion of his soul, "who is poor Jemmy, and who told you the story, my dear? Let me know all about it." — "Oh no, dear papa," said the child, as he wiped the tears from his eyes; "it is too long a story to tell you now, for the bell begins to ring. But Jemmy was the son of Mary Morrison, the washerwoman. Mary told it, last washing day, to sister Nancy, and I stood by and heard it all. It will make you cry, father, I know it will. Old Robert, the coachman, heard it, and he cried a great deal; though he pretended to be whistling and cleaning his harness; and he was angry with me because I peeped under his hat." — "Well, well," said his sister, a very pretty girl of sixteen, who had just come into the room, to go with her mother to church, and who had caught the last words; "well, well, master Arthur, I wonder who dreamed of Jemmy Morrison, last night, and cried about him in the morning!" — "And what if I did, sister Nancy?" said

Arthur: "when poor Mary told us the story, you cried as much as she did: and, mother, Nancy has written half a sheet of poetry, about poor Jemmy Morrison, and wet the paper so with her tears, that she could not write any more." — "Come, my children," said Mrs. Selden, "let us go. — My dear," continued she, turning to her husband, "I suppose you will return from your ride before dinner." — "I shall not ride this morning," he replied; and, calling old Robert, he directed him to put up his horse. "I will walk to church with you, Susan," said Mr. Selden to his wife. — "Will you, my dear husband?" she replied: "I am truly rejoiced to hear you say so." — "Only think of it," whispered little Arthur to his sister, in the entry, "father is going to meeting!"

Little Arthur was delighted to hold his father's hand, and walk by his side. For more than two years, the members of this little family had not enjoyed the happiness of walking to God's house, in company together. The sermon was one of the Reverend Mr. ——'s most admirable appeals to the consciences of impenitent men. Nothing occurred to lessen the edifying solemnity of the Sabbath, excepting the officious efforts of little Arthur to find the hymn for his father, whom he considered, in some degree, as a stranger, at the head of his own pew.

"You cannot tell, my dear husband," said Mrs. Selden, as they returned from church, "how very happy you have made me, by going with me, this morning, to the house of God, instead of passing it in your greenhouse. Look, my dear, at those little ones," continued this affectionate wife; "what are all the plants upon the earth, from the cedar to the hyssop; — what are they to us compared with these! Can we, consistently and rationally, devote our moments, few and fleeting as they are, — and, especially, can we devote the better part of God's holy day to the care and cultivation of perishable shrubs, while we have these precious shoots immediately before us, which it is our peculiar duty so to nurture, that they may be ready, in that hour, when God shall transplant them into paradise!" — These were words in season. Though he replied not, the mind of Mr. Selden had evidently been solemnized. They were not he only words in season, which had sunk, that day, and settled in the softened heart.

At the dinner hour, the brandy bottle was placed upon the table, as usual; but its contents remained untasted and untouched. — "O, mother," cried little Arthur, when his father had left the room, "I am so glad, papa has not taken any brandy to-day! I wish he could hear Mary Morrison tell about her poor Jemmy; I am sure father would never take any more."

In the afternoon, Mr. Selden again accompanied his family to the house of God. Though unusually silent through the day, his countenance betokened a subdued and anxious spirit within. "Should my husband," thought Mrs. Selden, "from this day, renounce a habit, which has filled us with sorrow and apprehension, can we doubt that a kind and all-merciful God has put a *word in season* into the mouth of our little boy; and made him the unconscious minister of incalculable good to us all!"

The tea service had scarcely been removed, when little Arthur came running up stairs from the kitchen, to announce that Mary Morrison was below. It was the habit of this poor woman to stop in, of a Sabbath evening, and pass half an hour with Mr. Selden's domestics. "Oh, dear father," said little Arthur, "do let Mary Morrison come up and tell the story of poor Jemmy."—"Perhaps, my child," said Mrs. Selden, "your papa may not wish to hear it, and possibly it may embarrass poor Mary."—"Let her come up, my dear, if she will," said Mr. Selden: "we are quite alone, and I have heard so much of this famous story, that I should like to hear the story itself."—Long before the last words had been uttered, Arthur, without waiting for any other commission, had rushed into the kitchen, and begun to negotiate with Mary Morrison for the story of Jemmy. But his success was not equal to his zeal. This tale of sorrow could not be told, by poor Mary, without levying a tax upon the heart. Though she had worked, for several years, in the Selden family, little had been known of her private history, saving that she was very industrious, very honest, and very poor. During the preceding week, some casual association had renewed the recollection of her sorrows; and, for the first time, she had freely and feelingly related the story, which had made such a forcible impression on the minds of Mr. Selden's children.—"You must not expect a famous story, dear father," said Nancy, "even if Mary Morrison can be prevailed on to tell it."—"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Selden, "I do not know that we can do better than listen to this tale of real misery; go down and induce the poor woman to come up."—In a short time the children returned with Mary Morrison. Mr. Selden bade her sit down, as she would be weary before she had finished her story; and little Arthur's services were not wanting, in furnishing a chair. But some time elapsed, before she could overcome her scruples and accept the proffered kindness. Mary Morrison was apparently about five-and-forty years of age. She had evidently been very pretty in her youth. Care had done more than time in rendering her less so; and her hair had become prematurely gray. She was tidily dressed, in her Sabbath apparel

"Mary," said Mrs. Selden, with great kindness of manner, "Mr. Selden and myself do not wish to cause you unnecessary pain, but we have heard from our children such an interesting account of the loss of your son James, that we are very desirous of hearing the story from yourself; and we should be glad to hear some account of your husband also."

"Why, ma'am," said Mary Morrison, "I will tell you and Mr Selden the story, as I told it to Miss Nancy, the other day. My chief misfortune was the death of my poor Jemmy. I thought, when his father was lost, there could be no trouble, in this world, greater than that; but, when I came to part with Jemmy, I was forced to grieve not only for the poor boy's death, but for the manner of it too. It well nigh broke my heart, but God has bound it up; so that I am comforted in the hope of meeting my dear husband, in a better world; and as for Jemmy, it will be known, that the poor lad was not lost through any neglect of mine.

"My father and mother were very poor. They were industrious, and yet I do not think they were thrifty. Both my parents were in the habit of taking spirit, in the old-fashioned way. A great deal of all the little money they had went for rum, and a great deal of time was wasted in drinking it. Yet I am sure I never saw either of them '*the worse for liquor*;' and, in this respect, I have learned to know that they were very lucky. Whether it was owing to my father's habit of drinking or not, I cannot say, but he was confined with rheumatism, for the last four years of his life; and died so poor, that my mother and her three children went to the poor-house. I was the oldest, and was bound out to a family, that afterwards moved into the city. When I was sixteen, I became acquainted with George Morrison. The lady, with whom I lived, seeing that George and myself were attached to each other, very kindly, but without my knowledge, made inquiries respecting him. 'Mary,' said she one day to me, 'are you going to be married to George?' I told her I thought of it. 'Well,' said she, 'you can't do better. I have taken pains to inquire, and I hear he is an honest, worthy young man.' We were married, when I was eighteen, and he was twenty-five; and, as far as I can judge, there was about as much happiness, in the four years of our marriage, as many others are permitted to see, in the course of a long life. When my heart rebels, and my tears begin to flow, I try to see God's justice and mercy in this way. And, if poor George had lived to witness the fate of our only child, it would surely have broken his heart; for there was nothing, which he more thoroughly detested, than intemperance. He often told me, if he should be taken away, before

Jemmy grew up, and if the lad should be inclined to the sea, to warn him to avoid, in every port, a drunken, sailor landlord, as he would shun the gates of hell and the chambers of death. These were the last words, that poor George ever said to me, the hour that he left me, to go his last voyage." — Poor Mary put her handkerchief to her eyes; and little Arthur got off his father's knee, and took his position by her side.

"At that time," continued she, "Jemmy was about two years and a half old; and he was a great comfort to me then. Many a stormy night I have rocked the child in his cradle, and sent up my poor prayers to the mariner's God, for my sailor boy. — My husband was to be gone about eighteen months. Ten of them had worn wearily away, and I had received no information, excepting hat the ship had arrived out, and that all hands were well. About a month from that time, old Bob Lazell brought me a letter from George, and lightened my heart of its anxious burthen. He was well and happy; and, in the course of six or eight weeks, the ship was to sail, on the return voyage. In the wildness of my joy, I read the letter to little Jemmy, who had not yet learnt his letters. — Seventeen months had gone by. — Early one Sabbath morning, a neighbor came in to inform me, that my husband had returned, and that the Ajax was standing up the harbor. I left my little boy in charge of this kind friend, and ran to borrow a spy-glass: — it was so; my husband had informed me before of the ship's signals; and I distinguished the white ball in the blue flag at the fore. I ran hastily home and put on my cloak and bonnet; for, though they laughed at me a little for my eagerness, I was not ashamed, after such a separation, to meet my dear husband, half way at least. I soon saw the boat pulling for the wharf. It contained but half a dozen of the crew. I thought I saw my husband; — but I was mistaken; — I could not see clearly, for my eyes were so filled with tears of joy. In a few minutes, they came upon the wharf. The first man was our neighbor, John Weston. I shook hands with him; — he seemed desirous of avoiding me. — 'How is George?' said I. — His lip quivered; — he could not reply. — 'Oh, my God!' I exclaimed, and my next conscious moment was upon my bed, with a few kind friends around me.

"I soon learned that my poor George had been washed overboard in a gale, and was lost. Grievous as it was to learn these bitter tidings, I can now say, from the bottom of a broken heart, that it is happiness to think of a dear husband, who died in the discharge of his duty and lies beside some coral rock, with the sea-weed for his winding sheet; while it is misery to turn my thoughts upon my poor Jemmy, who lies in the drunkard's grave.

"The neighbors were very kind to me; and, when John Weston brought my poor George's sea-chest from the ship, he cried over it, like a child. They were always great cronies, from their cradles, and John's wife and myself were frequently together, solacing our lonely hours, by talking of our kind husbands. She opened the chest for me; — I had not the heart for it; — and, when she took out the toys and keepsakes, which my husband was bringing home for Jemmy and me, she wept over them, almost as freely as I did myself.

"In addition to this great affliction, I had, from that time, a large share of bodily sickness. My little boy, in his youth, was a real blessing; and, as he grew up, there never was a more kind-hearted or dutiful child. — My father, poor and humble as his condition was, had always been fond of reading. He had once been a teacher in the village school; and he had taken great pains to instruct me, in reading, writing, and ciphering. This was of great use to me, as it enabled me to teach little Jemmy, at least as much of these things as I knew myself. He took readily to his learning. When he was eight years old, I sent him to the town school. His spirits were very great, and his temper was affectionate and confiding. I soon perceived that he was in danger, from the example of bad boys. At ten, I bound him out, as an apprentice, to a block and pump maker, a Mr. Stetson. He was an excellent man, but Jemmy thought he was too strict, in his religious notions; and I thought so too, at that time; though it is likely enough I was wrong. Mr. Stetson complained, and sometimes severely, as I thought at the time, if Jemmy was ever absent from church or family prayers. At seventeen he became entirely dissatisfied, and bent upon going to sea. Against this I struggled, with all my might, for a long time. Finally, however, though he had promised not to go without my permission, yet as it was plain, that his heart was deeply engaged in the plan; and as he was constantly telling me of one and another young man, who had gone to sea, and were making their way in the world, I gave my consent, though with many tears. My poor boy obtained such a voyage as gave me reason to expect his return in about a year. Mr. Stetson did not object to the proposal: he told me, that he thought James was an amiable and capable young man; but, as he disliked his business, it might, perhaps, be as well for him to change it for some other. I have no doubt, that he gave my poor boy excellent advice, the night before he sailed; but James never liked Mr. Stetson, and, when I asked him what his old master had said to him, he only replied, that he had preached him a long sermon.

"I fitted him for sea in the best manner I could; and put every

little thing, that I thought would be useful to him, in the sea-chest, that had been his poor father's."

"Mary," said Mrs. Selden, "did you put a Bible into it?" — Mary Morrison sobbed bitterly. — "No, ma'am," said she, "and I have thought of it since, a thousand times. Not more than an hour after the ship had sailed, Mr. Stetson came over to our house, with a Bible in his hand, and told me that he had given it to James, the night before, but that he had forgotten to take it away. James was always honorable, and would not have done a mean action for his right hand, I am sure; but I am afraid he did not read his Bible, so much as some other boys." — "Well, Mary," said Mrs. Selden, "I did not mean to interrupt you in your story."

"I hope," continued the poor woman, "that God will forgive me, if I omitted to instruct poor Jemmy, in those great truths, and to rely upon those holy promises, which have since comforted my poor heart, in many a sorrowful hour. My own parents, though they were generally kind to all their children, were not strict at all, in relation to the observance of the Sabbath. The Bible was seldom read in our family; and the first time that I ever listened to family prayer, was in the house of good old Madam Burwell, to whom I was bound out by the overseers. During my stay with her, the Scriptures were read, morning and evening. My husband was not much given to such things; and I was so happy in my marriage, that I fear I did not think, as deeply and as gratefully as I ought, that it was the Lord, who *gave*, until I was taught to know, in my days and nights of bitterness, that it was the Lord, who *taketh away*. I had brought up my boy to be strictly honest in his dealings, to spurn a mean action, to bear his misfortunes like a man, to be strictly moral in all his conduct, and, especially, to avoid everything that might lead him into intemperate habits. — After the last of my great misfortunes, my old mistress, Madam Burwell, who, shortly after my marriage, had moved back into her native village, came down on purpose to see me. She remained a week in the city, and came daily to visit me. She taught me once more to open my Bible: and she prayed with me, till my heart was greatly relieved. 'Poor child,' the good old lady used to say, 'one tells you that time will bring relief, and another bids you bear your calamities with fortitude, and a third advises you to go into the world, and forget them there. Miserable comforters are they all. The help of man is a poor broken reed: there is no help but this one,' said the old lady, holding the Bible before me. '*I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.*' Upon the second visit that this excellent old lady made to my hum-

ble dwelling, after I had buried my poor Jemmy, she found me trying to read my Bible; but probably my countenance was full of anxiety, and showed her the inward workings of a restless soul. 'Poor child,' said she again, 'your spirit is fluttering about, like the weary dove over the yet unsettled waters; let me find a resting-place for you,' said she, as she took the book into her own hands. She turned over the leaves, like any minister, and read to me for an hour or more. It seemed as though God had softened the furrows of my hard heart, to receive the seed. From that hour, my burthen has been greatly lightened. 'Go daily to this well,' said my kind friend, 'for the waters of comfort. Bethesda's well is never dry.' From that time, I have never ceased to read my Bible, and I rejoice that my Redeemer liveth. How I wish," said Mary Morrison, as she sobbed aloud, "that I had led my poor Jemmy to the same fountain, when he was young!"

"Don't cry any more, Mary," said little Arthur, as he kissed her hand. — "I am afraid, that we have caused you too much pain already, my poor woman," said Mr. Selden, upon whom the story had evidently produced a deep impression. — "God is just, though he is merciful, sir," replied Mary Morrison, "and we none of us suffer more than we deserve. Perhaps I have trespassed on your patience." — "Oh no, Mary," said Arthur, "it makes me cry, but I should like to hear it again, I am sure I should."

"My boy," continued Mary, "instead of one, had been gone full three years, during which I received only two letters; though he told me, upon his final return, that he had written several, which never came to hand. In the first, which I received about seven months after his departure, he sent me an order on the owners, for a portion of his wages. About three years after he went to sea, I heard a report, that he had left the merchant service, and shipped on board a British man-of-war. This news gave me a great deal of sorrow. John Weston, who, during this period, had been several voyages to different parts of the world, had never met my son, though, after careful inquiry, he occasionally heard of him in different ports. Five years and two months had passed away, and I thought I should never see Jemmy again. But the neighbors kept up my spirits, and made me hope that he might yet return, and be a comfort to me for the rest of my days. — One day, as I sat knitting alone, the door opened, and who should come in but Jemmy himself! At the first glance, I did not know him; but the moment he spoke, I knew him by his voice. He had let his hair and whiskers grow very long; but I should have known him for all that. 'Dear Jemmy,' said I, as I threw my arms about his neck, 'what has been the

matter with you?' — He could scarcely reply; — even then, though it was early in the day, he was under the influence of liquor. His breath was strong of brandy. — I looked upon the face of my poor lad, and I saw how it was. He was then only two-and-twenty, and he seemed forty years, at least. I was greatly shocked, as you may suppose, to find, in one, who, as I thought, would have proved the staff of my old age, such a poor, broken reed. It would have soothed my spirits, to have thought that his intoxication was accidental, or that it had been produced by a little excess, upon his first arrival; but everything about this poor misguided boy told too plainly the story of his evil habit. There was never a clearer skin, when he went away; it was my delight to look upon his ruddy cheek. His color was all gone, and there was a sickly paleness in its stead. He had the stoop of an old man; and the bright eye of my poor boy, that used to look upon me so fondly, was dreadfully bloodshot and sunken. — It was an awful change. Bad as it was, I still felt that the poor lad was my own child. He was too much under the influence of liquor, to give any clear answers to my inquiries. I helped him on to the bed. 'My dear boy,' said I, 'I will make you a dish of tea, and may be you 'll feel better.' — 'No, mother,' he replied, in a broken voice, 'give me a little rum.' — 'Oh my God,' I exclaimed, 'have I been waiting five wearisome years, and only for this!' — This impatient exclamation, which I uttered aloud, seemed to rouse him from his lethargy. He raised himself half way upon his bed. — 'Mother,' he exclaimed, in the same hollow and feeble tone, 'don't fret about it now. It can't be helped. I 'm a poor dog. I 've just come home to die: and you may speak for the coffin as soon as you 're a mind to.' — I sat down, and buried my face in my hands, and wept, for half an hour, in perfect silence. When I raised my eyes he was sound asleep. The next day he was seized with a raging fever. The doctor said he had caught a violent cold, but that intemperance had ruined his constitution; and that he had, at that time, evident marks of consumption. He was delirious during the fever, and raved a great deal about drunken landlords, that had cheated him, and broken his poor mother's heart. After the fever left him, he fell into a consumption, which rapidly wasted him away. On the fifty-ninth day after his return, I closed the eyes of my poor Jemmy; and the next day I laid him and all my broken hopes, for this world, in the silent grave. I cut away a single lock of his long dark hair, and of all that I loved so dearly, this alone is left to me now."

Mr. and Mrs. Selden were deeply affected by the story of poor Jemmy. "Oh, dear papa," cried little Arthur, "you won't drink

any more brandy, will you?"—"Hush, my dear," said Mrs. Selden.—"I am not displeased with you, my son," said Mr. Selden "and I have been greatly interested in your story, Mary Morrison. My little boy, who had heard it before, referred to it, this morning, in a manner, which offended me for an instant only; but I trust, by Heaven's blessing, it may profit me for the rest of my life. The suggestion of a child may sometimes prove A WORD IN SEASON. Come hither, Arthur," continued Mr. Selden. "We none of us can tell how much we all owe you, for making us acquainted with the story of poor Jemmy; and I shall not fail to comply with your request to drink no more brandy. To-morrow, you shall go with me, my son, and see your father sign the pledge of the Temperance Society." A smile of happiness lighted up the countenances of his children, while Mrs. Selden could not restrain her tears of joy.—The bell rang for nine; and Mary Morrison took her leave, receiving the kindest assurances of continued regard, from Mr. Selden and his lady.

"Dear papa," said little Arthur, "I have another favor to ask. I wish, before we go to bed, you would let sister Nancy read the verses, that she wrote about Jemmy."—"With all my heart," said Mr. Selden.—Nancy, after a little reluctance, was prevailed on to comply, and produced the following lines; which, at least her fond father and mother agreed, were prettily written and prettily read

THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

My heart, ah, how vainly it tries
From the grief, that pursues it, to flee!
By the side of some coral he lies;
His shroud the green weed of the sea!

The last parting words, that he gave,
Are deep in my bosom enshrined;
"'T is for thee that I plough the dark wave,
And the cherub I leave thee behind."

To win the boy's bread and my own,
He toiled o'er the merciless wave
But I now am a widow alone,
And he lies in a watery grave.

How oft have I rocked thee to sleep,
And wished, pretty babe but for thee,
I could lay myself down in the deep,
Where thy father lies low, in the sea!

No daylight so bright as thy smile,
No sound like thy voice to my ears.
How oft have I turned from my toil,
And bathed thee with kisses and tears!

Single-handed, I labored for thee,
And I watched thee, by night and by day:
Thy heart was inclined to the sea,
And, in sorrow, I sent thee away.

Like ages the weary months passed;
But my heart would oft cheeringly say,
He shall soothe and support thee at last,
When thy bonny brown hair shall be gray.—

How deceitful our hopes, and how fair!
Poor Jemmy came late from the sea;
Gray then was my bonny brown hair;
But no soother was Jemmy to me.

The riot of fire, in his veins,
Destroyed the poor boy in his bloom:
I shrouded his wretched remains,
And buried my hopes in the tomb.

The poison, which killed him, defies
The power of a mortal to save;
In his locks of bright auburn he lies,
In the wretched inebriate's grave.

This bonny brown lock that I wear,
I cut from his motionless brow;
Such then was my poor Jemmy's hair,
And it 's all, that is left to me now.

How deceitful our hopes, and how fair!
Poor Jemmy came late from the sea;
Gray then was my bonny brown hair;
But no soother was Jemmy to me.

"Well done, Nancy," said her father, as he brushed away the tears from his eyes, "you shall be the poet laureate of one family at least"— After a short pause, Mr. Selden raised his eyes, and beheld on the face of his amiable wife an expression of such perfect happiness, as touched him to the heart. The children had retired. Arthur, however, had previously descended to the kitchen, and whispered the news to old Robert, the coachman. "The Lord be thanked," said this faithful old domestic, who had long been a temperance man; "the Lord be thanked," said he with evident satisfaction; "upon the cold-water plan, what a kind-hearted, even tempered man, my good master will be!"

Susan," said Mr. Selden, as they were about to retire, "this, I trust, will long be remembered as a most interesting, and profitable Sabbath to us all."—"Oh, my dear husband," said this truly excellent lady, "how it fills my heart, to overflowing, with gratitude to God, that I am permitted to hear such words as these from my dearest earthly friend! As good old Mrs. Burwell said to poor Mary Morrison, the spirit is too apt to flutter about, like the weary dove over the yet unsettled waters: let us find it a safe resting-place on the Rock of Ages." "Even so," replied Mr. Selden; and, opening the Bible, he read a portion of the holy volume.

"Pray, master Arthur," said Mr. Selden, the next morning, 'why are you dressed up so trimly to-day, in your bettermost suit?" 'Because, dear papa," he replied, "we are going this morning, you know, to good Deacon Palfrey's, who keeps the temperance book, to sign the pledge."—"We!" said Mr. Selden. —"To be sure, dear papa; and mamma and Nancy are going too. Old Robert, who signed it long ago, says that children sign it, who are only six years old, and I am seven." "Well, well," said his father with a smile, "you have made up a party; and, I trust, it will be a party of pleasure and profit to us all."

The Seldens signed the pledge that day; and thereby took away, most effectually, from their anti-temperance neighbors, that very common and most miserable argument, the example of opulence and fashion.

This family is now one of the most pious and happy in the county. We cannot omit to mention, that, on that very morning, old Robert came into the parlor with a peculiar smile, bringing in a new family Bible. "Mr. Selden told me, ma'am," said he, "to remove the liquor stand from the sideboard, and put the good book in its place."

Not a sparrow falls to the ground, without the notice of that God, whose all-observing eye is over all his works. If praise hath been perfected out of the mouths of babes, let us not marvel, that from the same source may proceed A WORD IN SEASON; which may prove the blessed harbinger of temporal and eternal joy.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

In this last number of the second volume of our Temperance Tales, we offer you a short and simple narrative, which produced a very deep and lasting impression upon a group of three or four of us, as it was related, certainly in the most natural and touching manner, by the son of a drunken father. We have added paragraph to paragraph, with a growing conviction of our utter inability to imitate the voice of nature.

As the story is a brief one, it shall not be disfigured by a tedious preface. If, by God's blessing, it shall be the means of dispelling wretchedness from some humble dwelling, — if it shall cause a single drunkard to reform, and bless the Lord, who giveth *Seed Time and Harvest*, we shall never regret that we have bestowed our labors in the field.

It must be nearly midnight, thought I, as I walked rapidly along. I had travelled full fourteen miles. The rain descended in torrents; and, finding ready admittance, at a farmer's barn, I climbed upon a hay-mow, and threw myself down, thoroughly wet, weary, and sleepless. — What an awful visitor it is, thought I, at the poor cottager's fireside! How forcible and true are the words of Holy Writ! If wine be "a mocker," in the castles of the rich, — among the habitations of the poor, "strong drink is raging." — There was I, at the age of sixteen, turning my back upon my birthplace, upon my home, upon a mother and sister, whom I tenderly loved. — As the recollection of all they had endured already, and the anticipation of their future sufferings rushed upon my mind, I had almost resolved to return: but, alas! what could I oppose to the ungovernable fury of an unkind husband and an apostate father! No, thought I, I will fly from that, which I can neither prevent nor endure. I will seek my bread among strangers. By the kind providence of Him, who hath promised to be the Father of the fatherless, and such, in reality, I am, I may win, by honest industry, the means of bringing comfort to her, who bore me, when my father's intemperance and prodigality shall have made havoc of all that remains; and when the last acre of the homestead shall have passed into the rum-seller's hands. My resolution was fixed. Sleep was gathering over my eyelids. I got upon my knees to commit myself to God in prayer. I could scarcely give form to my scattered thoughts; — it seemed, under the condition of high excitement, in which I then was, that my father was before me, enraged at my departure, and demanding who had taught me to pray. It was he himself, who first set me upon my knees, and placed my infant

hands together, and put right words into my mouth, and bade me ask of God to put right thoughts into my heart. How often had he led his little household in morning and evening prayer! How often, as we walked to God's house, in company together, had he led the way! How constantly, in our daily labors, had he conducted our thoughts to serious contemplation, by some sensible and devout allusion to those employments, in which we were engaged! Lost and gone, degraded and changed he was; but he had been once a kind father, a tender husband, a generous neighbor, a faithful friend, a pious and a professing Christian.

Rum and ruin, hand in hand, had entered our dwelling together. The peace of our fireside was gone. The rum-seller had laid my poor, misguided father, under the bonds of an unrelenting and fatal appetite; he had won away the little children's bread; and converted our once-happy home into an earthly hell, whose only portal of exit was the silent grave.

It was very evident to me, that we were going to destruction. My father's interest in the welfare of us all was at an end. Debts were accumulating fast. His farm was heavily mortgaged. His habits, long before, had compelled the church to exclude him from the communion; and the severest abuse was the certain consequence, whenever my poor, old mother went singly to the table of her Lord. I could have borne my father's harsh treatment of myself and of my poor sister Rachel; but he returned home, at last, constantly intoxicated; and, when opposed in anything, proceeded to swear, and rave, and break the furniture, and abuse my old mother, who bore it all, with the patience of a saint; — I made up my mind, that I could stand it no longer.

I waited cautiously, for a favorable opportunity, and asked my father's permission to go to sea. He flew into a terrible rage. The next morning he seemed to be in a better frame of mind, and, as I was chopping wood before the door, he asked me, of his own accord, what had induced me to wish to leave home, and go to sea. I hesitated, for some time; but, as he urged me to speak out, and, at the same time, appeared to be much calmer than usual; — "Father," said I, "it kills me to see you and hear you talk and act so badly to poor mother." — He flew into a greater rage than before, and bade me never open my mouth upon the subject again.

Thus matters continued to progress from bad to worse. Love is said not to stand still. This saying is manifestly true in regard to the love of strong drink.

Our domestic misery continued to increase, from week to week. There were intervals, in which my father was more like himself,

more like the good, kind parent and husband, whose outgoings, in the morning, had been a source of affectionate regret, and whose incomings, at night, had been a subject of joy to the wife of his bosom and the children of his loins. I have seen the faint smile of satisfaction brighten upon my poor mother's pale features, upon such occasions ; and I have marked the sigh, half suppressed, which told the secret of an agonized spirit, and which seemed to say, How precious, how brief is this little interval of joy!

It was indeed like the parting sunbeam, the last, lingering light of a summer day, which plays upon the cold grave, where the treasure and the heart are destined to slumber together.

In such an example of domestic wretchedness as ours, the operation of cause and effect was perfectly intelligible. Rum excited into action all that was contentious, in the nature of my parent. A keen perception of his own blameworthiness, notwithstanding the stupefying tendency of the liquor he had drunken, increased the irritability of his temper. A word, look, or gesture, from any member of the household, which indicated the slightest knowledge of his unhappy condition, when he returned, at night, under the influence of strong drink, was surely interpreted into an intentional affront. He would often anticipate reproof; and, as it were, repay it beforehand, by the harshness of his manners.

The habit of drinking, which is invariably the prolific mother of sin and sloth, wretchedness and rags, is sure to be maintained and kept alive, by the beggarly progeny, to which it has given birth. Whenever my unhappy father was dunned for the interest on his mortgage, or any other debt, which, at last, he had no means to pay, he was in the habit, almost mechanically, as soon as the creditor had departed, of turning to the jug of rum, for relief and oblivion.

The gloom and ill-nature, which had hitherto been occasionally interspersed with exhibitions of kindlier feelings to us all, appeared to have become unvarying and fixed. There was less and less, from week to week, of an April sky. All was chill and drear, like November. One evening, my mother and sister had been busily engaged, as usual, in such housewifery, as might best contribute to keep our poor wreck of a domicil together, as long as possible. I had learned to write a fair hand, and was engaged in copying some papers, for our squire, who paid me, by the sheet. It had gotten to be nearly ten o'clock. My mother put on her spectacles, and, opening the Bible, began to read. Rachel and I sat by the fire, listening to the words of truth and soberness. My poor mother had fallen upon a portion of Scripture, which, from its applicability to her own situation and that of her

children, had affected her feelings, and the tears were in her eyes, when the loud tramp upon the door-step announced the return of my father. His whole appearance was unusually ominous of evil. My mother stirred the fire, and I placed him a chair, which he kicked over, and threw himself down upon the bed, and called for supper. Mother told him, in a gentle manner, that there was nothing in the house but some bread. He told her she lied, and swore terribly. She sat silently by the fire; — I looked up in her face: — she wept, but said nothing. "Don't cry so, dear mother," said Rachel. — "Wife," said my father, sitting upon the edge of the bed, "when will you leave off crying?" — "Whenever you leave off drinking, husband," replied my mother in the kindest manner My father sprang up, in a hurricane of wrath, and with a dreadful oath, hurled a chair, at my mother's head. I sprang forward, and received its full force upon my shoulder. Rachel and my mother fled to a neighbor's house, and my father struck me several blows with his feet and fists; and, as I made my escape, I left him dashing the furniture to pieces, with the fury of a madman. — I rushed forth to seek shelter amid the driving storm — from the tempest of a drunken father's wrath. I went, as speedily as possible, to the squire's house, and begged him to take compassion on my poor mother and sister. Having received his promise, that he would go instantly over to our cottage, I took the resolution, which I have already stated.

After I had passed a comfortless night in the farmer's barn, I pushed forward to the city. I had a trifle of change in my pocket; I bought a biscuit of a travelling baker, and I had no relish for any other than the beverage of God's appointment, which was near at hand. When I reached the city, I directed my course to one of the wharves, and found no difficulty, as I was unusually stout for my years, in obtaining a voyage, as a green-hand, in a ship bound to China. Three days passed, before the ship sailed. I wrote to my mother and sister, bidding them keep up their spirits, and put their trust, as I did, in the God of the widow and the fatherless, for such, and even worse, was our condition. I asked them to say to father, when he was sober, that, although I scarcely expected to see him again in this world, I freely forgave all his ill-treatment to myself.

I worked hard and strove to please the captain. I soon found that ploughing the sea was a very different affair from ploughing the land. I had a good constitution, and a cheerful temper. I had been taught, at all times, by my dear mother, and by my poor, unhappy father also, till he became intemperate, to put the fullest confidence in the promises of God. When we arrived in China,

though we had shipped out and home, the voyage was broken up, and the ship sold. The captain settled with the crew to their entire satisfaction; and I shall always be grateful for his kindness to me. He got me a voyage to England. I laid out my wages, by his advice. I could not have followed a shrewder counsellor. He was born and bred, so far as regards his land learning, in one of the most thrifty villages in Connecticut. We had a most boisterous voyage from Canton to Liverpool; but, whenever I pulled a rope, I always pulled a little harder for the sake of my old mother and sister Rachel.—I had saved every penny of my wages, that I could lay by, and my little investment in Canton turned out far beyond my expectations. I do not think I was avaricious; but I felt it to be my duty, under existing circumstances, to save my earnings for my honored mother. Nevertheless, I felt myself authorized to indulge in one luxury at least; so, upon my arrival in Liverpool, I went into the first bookstore and bought me a pocket Bible.

Five years had now gone by, in which I had sailed many thousands of miles, and visited various corners of the world. During this period, I had gotten together a larger sum of money, than I ever expected to possess at twenty-one; besides having made several remittances to the squire, for my old mother's use, to whom I wrote upon every convenient opportunity. They all came to hand, as I afterward learned, saving one, in gold, which went to bottom, with poor Tom Johnson, who was lost at sea. If I was fortunate enough to save my hard earnings, just let me say, for the advantage of every brother sailor, that there are four things, which I never did; I never suffered a drop of grog to go down my hatches, blow high or blow low; I never rolled a stinking weed, like a sweet morsel, under my tongue; I never crossed hands with a drunken landlord; and I never bore away from a poor fellow, whose hammock was harder than my own.

My five years' absence from home might have extended to fifty, but for many recollections of my mother and sister, which became more forcible, from day to day. My remembrance of my father was of the most painful character: the very recollection of his tenderness, in the days of my childhood, which often brought tears into my eyes, served only to render the image of a cruel and degraded parent more frightful and revolting.

I had shipped, about this time, on board the Swiftsure, from London to Oporto. One afternoon, two or three of us, a day or two before the ship sailed, had strolled over to the south side of the Thames, to look at the king's dockyards at Deptford. As I was rambling among the docks, I received a smart slap on the shoulder

and, turning suddenly round, whom should I see but old Tom Johnson, an honest fellow as ever broke bread or wore a tarpaulin! He was born in our village; had followed the sea for nearly forty years; and, once in the course of three or four, he contrived to find his way to the old spot, and spend a few days in the valley where he was born. — "Why, Bob," said he, "I'm heartily glad to see you, my lad; so you've taken leg bail of the old folks, and turned rover, in good earnest, ey?" — I told him, I hoped he didn't think I'd left my old mother to shirk for herself, in her old age. — "Not a jot," replied the old sailor; "Squire Seely has told me the whole story, and says he has put the sweat of your brow, more than once or twice either, into the old lady's hand, and made her old weather-beaten heart leap for joy, to hear you was so thoughtful a lad. I saw your mother about a year ago, and your sister Rachel." — I shook old Tom Johnson, by the hand; I could not restrain my feelings, for this was the first news I had received from home, for more than five years. — "Come, Bob," said the old fellow, "don't be for opening your scuppers and making crooked faces; though it blows hard enough now, it may get to be calm weather after all." — "How is my father doing now?" I inquired. — "Why, as to that," answered Tom Johnson, "it's about a twelvemonth since I was there. I told the old lady I might cross your hawse in some part of the world. She has a rough time of it, my boy. The old man holds on to mischief, like a heavy kedge in a clay bottom. The cold-water folks began, about a year ago, to scatter their seed in the village, in the shape of tracts, and tales, and newspapers. Some of them were thrown at your father's door, and at the door of old Deacon Flint, the distiller. There, as you may suppose, the seed fell in stony places. Your father was in a great rage, and swore he'd shoot the first person, that left another of their rascally publications before his door. I'm afraid it will be a long while, my lad, before the temperance folks get the weather gage of the rum-sellers, and rum-drinkers in our village. They have had a miserable seed time, and the Devil and Deacon Flint, I am afraid, will have the best of the harvest."

As Tom Johnson was to sail, in about a week, for the United States, I sent by him a few lines of comfort and a small remittance for my mother. As I have already stated, they never reached the place of their destination. The Oranoke, of which this poor fellow was first mate, foundered at sea, and the whole crew perished.

After our arrival at Oporto, the crew of the Swiftsure were discharged; and, finding a favorable chance, I shipped for Philadelphia, where we arrived, after an extremely short and prosperous passage

—I directed my course, once more, towards my native hamlet. My feelings were of the most painful and perplexing character. In accumulated years, and even in the little property, which I had gathered, I felt conscious of something like a power and influence; which, by God's grace, I hoped to exert for the protection of my mother. Yet, when I recollected the ungovernable violence of my father's temper, under the stimulus of liquor, I almost despaired of success. At any rate, I could behold the face of her, who bore me, and receive her blessing once more before she died.

Having sent my luggage forward, I performed a considerable part of my journey on foot. I had arrived in the village, adjoining our own. I paused, for an instant, to look at the barn, in which, five years before, I had passed a most miserable night. It brough before me, with a painful precision, the melancholy record of the past. Every mile of my lessening way abated something of that confidence, which I had occasionally cherished, of being the instrument, under God, of bringing happiness again into the dwelling of my wretched parents.

I had arrived within two miles of the little river, which forms one of the boundary lines of our village. I was passing a little grocery, or tipplery, and, standing at the door, I recognized the very individual, who formerly kept the grog-shop in our town, and from whom my father had purchased his rum, for many years. Although it was already gray twilight, I knew him immediately; and, however painful to approach a person, in whom I could not fail to behold the destroyer of my father, I could not repress my earnest desire to learn something of my family. I accosted him, and he remembered me at once. His manners were those of a surly and dissatisfied man. In reply to my inquiries, he informed me, that my parents and my sister were alive, and added, with a sneer, that my father had set up for a cold-water man; "but," continued he, with a forced and spiteful laugh, "it will take him all his days, I guess, to put off the old man: they that have gotten the relish of my rum, are not so very apt to change it for cold water."—Upon further inquiry, I ascertained, that there had been a temperance movement in our village; and that the seed, as poor Tom Johnson said, had been scattered there, with an unsparing hand. I also gathered the information from this rum-seller, that the selectmen had refused to approbate any applicant for a license to sell ardent spirit in our village; and that he, himself, had therefore been obliged to quit his old stand, and take the new one, which he now occupied.

I turned from the dram-seller's door and proceeded on my way. It was quite dark; but the road was familiar to my feet. It afforded

me unspeakable pleasure to learn, that my mother and sister were alive and well. But I was exceedingly perplexed, by the rum-seller's statement in relation to my father. Can it be possible, thought I, that he has become a cold-water man? How true is the rum-seller's remark, that few, who have gotten a taste of his rum, are apt to change it for cold water! For more than twelve years, my father had been an intemperate man; and, even if he had abandoned ardent spirit, for a time, how little reliance could be placed upon a drunkard's reformation! Besides, Tom Johnson had expressly stated, that my father had been exceedingly hostile to the temperance movement, from the beginning.

With these and similar reflections, my mind continued to be occupied, until I entered our village. It was about half past nine, when I came within a few rods of the old cottage. A light was still gleaming forth from the window. I drew slowly and silently near to the door. — I thought I heard a voice. I listened attentively. — It was my father's. — My mother appeared not to reply: such was her constant habit, whenever, under the influence of liquor, he gave a loose rein to his tongue, and indulged in unkind and abusive language. — I drew still nearer — and, passing softly into the entry, I listened more attentively, at the inner door. — Can it be possible! thought I. — He was engaged in prayer! in fervent and pious prayer. — He prayed, with a trembling voice, for the restoration of an absent son! — There was a pause. From the movement within, it was evident they had risen from their knees. — I gently raised the latch, and opened the door. — The father, the mother, the brother, the sister, were locked in the arms of one another! — My regenerated old father fell once more upon his knees; we all followed his example; and before a word of congratulation had passed from one to the other, he poured forth such a touching strain of thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for my safe return, as would have melted the heart of the most obdurate offender. It came directly from the heart of a truly penitent sinner and it went straightway to the God of mercy. — I gazed upon my poor old father. It seemed like the moral resurrection of one, already dead and buried, in his trespasses and sins. — I glanced rapidly about me: all was peace, all was order; where all had been strife and confusion before. The rum-jug no longer occupied its accustomed place upon the table: — the expanded volume of eternal life was there in its stead!

I gazed with inexpressible joy, upon the happy faces about me; my father, to all outward appearance, such as he had been in better days, sitting in silence, and evidently restraining the emotions of his

soul; poor Rachel upon my knee, her features bathed with happy tears; and my dear, old mother turning her countenance, full of gratitude and love, alternately towards Heaven and upon a long gone child, returned at last.

Six years have now gone by, since a merciful God softened the stubborn soil in my father's heart. The seed did not fall altogether, as Tom Johnson supposed, upon stony places. Some of them have sprung up, as in our own highly-favored heritage, and borne fruit a hundred fold. Let us thank God, then, who hath enabled us abundantly to gather the HARVEST; for peace is once more at our fireside; the wife has regained her husband, and the orphans have found their father.

AN IRISH HEART.

My respected friend, the reverend chaplain of the Massachusetts State's Prison and formerly chaplain of the State's Prison of Auburn, in the State of New York, will recognize, in the material groundwork of the following tale, an affecting narrative, which, during the past year, he did me the favor to communicate.——

The emigration from Ireland to America of annually increasing numbers, extremely needy, and, in many cases, drunken and depraved, has become a subject for grave and fearful reflection. Should this influx continue, or a few years more, in the same ratio of increase, which has existed for a few years past;—should this imposing subject continue to be thought unworthy or unsusceptible of legislative provision, and should the materials of this oppressive influx continue to be the same,—instead of an asylum, our country may be appropriately styled the common sewer of Ireland. That we have here a highly respectable body of Irish citizens, temperate, industrious, and upright, no man denies. But the complexion of the mass is very different. A very great majority of those, who have been driven from their own shores, by sheer necessity, are addicted notoriously to the free employment of spirituous liquors. They quit a country, where whiskey is sold at 6s. 8d. sterling per gallon, and they find in this land of freedom a substitute in New England rum, at 28 cents per gallon. In their own country a week's hard labor would scarcely enable them to be drunk for a single day:—here the wages of a single day will enable them to be drunk for the remainder of the week. Recent examinations have sufficiently developed some of the leading causes of that awful pauperism, which exists in Ireland. One or two examples may suffice. A single distillery in Clonmel pays annually 60,000*l.* sterling duty to the crown. The sum received for duty, at a single excise office at Waterford, averages 1,000*l.* sterling per week. This indeed supports the government, but crushes the people, by taxing, instead of prohibiting, the means of misery and crime. And where a poor *spalpeen* can neither shake off the habit of intemperance, nor afford any longer *to support the government*, his last refuge is the "*fraa contree.*"

Innisfallen is one of the most romantic little islands in the world. It lies in the midst of Lough Lean — the beautiful Lake of Killarney. This sheet of water is situated in the County of Kerry and Province of Munster, and consists of a lower, middle, and upper lake. The waters of the lower lake encircle the island of Innisfallen, which contains about eighteen English acres. This island is remarkable for the ruins of an ancient religious house, founded by St. Finian, the patron saint of these parts, who is better known to the Irish however, under the name of Lobbar, the son of Conail. But it is more remarkable by far, for the enchanting wildness of its scenery. The lower portion of Lough Lean lies to the north, and is about six miles in length; and the town of Killarney rises upon its northern shore. Its northern boundary is a broken line of hill and interval, affording, here and there, a delightful prospect of the lake and its green islands. The southern shore presents a range of lofty mountains, covered with timber of the largest growth. The promontory of Mucruss, which separates the upper from the lower lake, has been called by travellers the land of enchantment. A torrent, tumbling and tossing among the dark woods and beetling rocks, rushes, with its tribute of never failing waters, to the lake below. This is the celebrated O'Sullivan's cascade; and in front of the

cataract, but at such a distance, as to be far from the reach of its troubled waters, lies the island of Innisfallen.

This wild and sequestered island, which Queen Mab herself might have been proud to claim as the spot of her nativity, was the birthplace of a poor Irish girl, whose name was Kathleen McCready.

In another corner of this little island, under the thatched roof of a miserable, weather-beaten shantee, dwelt Phelim Mashee, as rough an Irishman, as ever mounted a shamrock or swung a shillala. It has been observed, by a distinguished writer, that an Irishman is any man's customer in a row. In a row or out of it, little were the odds to Phelim Mashee. He tenanted a scanty acre of as unproductive land, as could be found in the County of Kerry, upon a rocky declivity, descending to the lake. Here old Phelim literally struggled with the precipice for bread, or rather, for potatoes, which, with the poor Irish, are one and the same thing. If Heaven had not blessed him in a particular manner, in his basket and store, he had no reason to complain of the deficiency of children. There were Thomas, and Phelim, and Winifred, and Thaddy, and Owen, and Dermot, and Mary, and Tooley, and five or six smaller children, whom they had not found time or disposition to baptize. These bare-legged and white-headed spalpeens might be seen, from morning to night, fighting with one another, or dodging among the bushes, or fishing upon the borders of the lake. Such were among the more respectable of all their occupations. After dark the McCreadies kept close watch and ward over their potato patch, and hencoop; the shote was in no danger, he was invariably taken in for the night, to lodge with the family. — There was a feud, of many years' standing, between the Mashees and McCreadies. I never could obtain a correct account of it; but I believe it was occasioned by a disrespectful expression, uttered by David McCready in relation to the banditti, who were called White Boys, and who, in former days, greatly annoyed the counties of Limerick, Cork, and Tipperary, of which fraternity, the father of Phelim Mashee had been a distinguished member.

Whatever might have been the origin of this animosity, it was exceedingly bitter on the part of Mashee, and prolonged for many years. David and Phelim had agreed to settle it, by a regular fight, upon St. Patrick's day in the morning. But Phelim was altogether too full of the *crathur* to do himself justice; and David, if we may be allowed to use his own expression, gave him a "nate leetle teest o' the hammer."

From this time, Phelim Mashee made no scruple of saying, that David McCready was "*na jintilman*," having taken advantage of

his unlucky condition. Old Phelim sought his revenge, by doing McCready all the mischief in his power, and, for this object, he did not hesitate to instruct his children accordingly. With the assistance of these urchins, thus faithfully initiated, in the ways of wickedness, by an able preceptor, it is not surprising, that, notwithstanding their utmost vigilance, the McCreadies, in the course of several years, suffered greatly, in their humble possessions. A farming or domestic utensil, left abroad during the night, would have been as certainly transported before morning, as an iron marlinspike from on board ship, during a visit from the natives of some of the Polynesian Islands. These nocturnal forays were not altogether unprofitable to the Mashees. Whenever any of the little freebooters brought off an article, which could be readily identified, such as a rake or a hoe, it was carefully concealed by old Phelim, till he had occasion to go to Killarney, where it was sold or exchanged for whiskey. But, when the plunder consisted of the produce of the garden, it was thrown into the cellar; for, as he used to say, "it wud puzzle the like o' St. Patrick to pick out his own praties onyhow."

David McCready had not a worse heart than his neighbors; and as for Mary, his wife, there was scarcely a kinder soul in all Munster. David, like the great mass of Irishmen in humble life, had been brought up to look upon a fight as a frolic. It was this very David McCready, who, being a little the worse, or, according to his own code of sensations, a little the better for whiskey, knocked down a gentleman, in Killarney, without the least provocation; and, being interrogated by the magistrate, as to his motive for such conduct, towards an unoffending man, replied, that "he thought not a bit the worse of the jintilman than he did afore, but that he stud so right an' fair, that he could not, for the life o' him, help giving him a facer." But, for all this, David McCready was a kind-hearted Irishman. — "Think of it hinny!" said David to his wife, as he came in one morning early from his garden, with an angry brow. — "Come till a body what is the matter now McCready?" said she. "Claan gane!" he replied with increasing anger. "And for pity's sake what 's happunt McCready?" said she. — "Not a man, woman, nor child o' 'em lift," cried her husband. — "An who knows what is the like o' that y'are spaking aboot, McCready? don't ye be kaping a buddy upon the tanters, come, out wid it David." — "Tut, an can't ye understand a mon, an that yourself hinny, when he spakes so plain nor the like o' that; why the tarnips are claan gane I till ye, an its the wark o' Satan or his lawful attarney, Phelim Mashee, bad luck to him." In half a dozen minutes, McCready had

shadowed forth as many methods of revenge. He was doubting whether to *trate* him to a greater *bating* than he had given him on St. Patrick's day in the morning, or to give him a good sousing in Lough Lean. — "Whoosh now! David McCready, is it for you to talk sich clishmaclaver as the like o' that?" said Mary to her husband, patting him upon the shoulder with a good-natured smile. "Y' are not sartin, David, that Phelim it was, what sarved ye sich a maan thing as that." "An for what for is it that y' are iver sa riddy, Mary, to gi' bail for the ould villin o' a thaaf as he is, that Phelim Mashee? maybe, ye 'll fancy that all the tarnips have walked ower to the ould nagur's cillar o' their own frae wull." "Wall, David McCready, an if Phelim has been guilty of sich maanness, he wull ha' the sin to answer for i' the dee, and he has his rint to pay in this warld, whether or no, an that comes tough enough to a poor parson onyhow; and, as for the tarnips, like enough among sich a rigimint o' childher, there 's na more nor two or thraa a pace. Now jist think o' it McCready, an we ha' none to faad an clothe but Kathleen." — "Bad luck to him!" such were, upon this and most other occasions, the last words of McCready, when speaking of Phelim Mashee. But, if we may judge from the fact, that David never proceeded to any action against his unruly neighbor, in a corresponding spirit, we may fairly set them down as words of course, for whose utterance the tongue is chiefly responsible, and which come not from the heart. Years rolled away: David McCready and Phelim Mashee were getting to be grayer, and their children were almost men and women. It was about seven years before, that David and his wife had become protestants. I never understood, that they were as much benefited by the change as could have been desired; but, among the consequences of their domestic reformation, a Bible had found its way into the dwelling of David McCready; and Kathleen, who had been taught to read, was so frequently found by her father and mother, with the volume in her hands, that it went, in the family, by the title of Kathleen's own book. As for old Phelim Mashee, he was of no particular religion. When he had laid up a good stock of sins he, now and then, went over to Killarney, of a Sabbath morning, and got *reliaf* by *confissing* them out o' the way, as he used to express it, and sealed up his soul with a wafer; and returned, quite invigorated, for the perpetration of new offences.

The most daring and adroit of all Phelim's troop of marauders was Thaddy, his third son. He was now a very comely lad of about seventeen years of age. For some time however, he had been remarkably unsuccessful. Old Phelim, who was less able to

help himself to his neighbor's goods than in former years, was unsparing in his imprecations upon Thaddy, conceiving him to be blameworthy, in proportion to his well known talent for all sorts of petty thievery, by day and by night. He specially berated him for not stealing McCready's ducks, which were often abroad, on the water or the land. Thaddy, having been trained to steal and lie, tried his skill in the latter department, upon his venerable preceptor. He told his father, that he had gone several times to the pen, where they were shut up, and that he had seen Kathleen McCready watching them with a light, and that, of course, it was of no use "to be after staaling them ducks ony moor."

In all this there was just enough of truth for the construction of a plausible falsehood. He had gone about a month before, for the purpose of stealing McCready's ducks; and he had seen Kathleen with the light as he asserted; but the adventure had a very serious termination, the knowledge of which he thought proper to withhold from his father, and which it is high time for us to disclose. Thaddy Mashee, in the course of his furtive operations, had frequently approached near enough to Kathleen McCready, to satisfy himself, if we may use his own words, when speaking of her among his brothers and sisters, that she was "as nate nor a primrose." But the relation of their respective families prevented even a speaking acquaintance. Upon the occasion, to which we have referred, Thaddy, having prepared a bag of sufficient size to hold his plunder, cautiously approached the scene of action, just as the sound came sweeping over the lake from the bells of Killarney, which were then ringing nine. He reconnoitered the poultry yard, and found the ducks in their pen. At that moment he heard a voice, and, creeping on his hands and knees towards the cottage, he perceived Kathleen, with her candle and her book, sitting by the side of a table, near an open window, reading aloud. No person was in the apartment but herself. Her father and mother had gone to bed, after a hard day's work. Thaddy had never enjoyed so good an opportunity of seeing Kathleen in his whole life, and he had never heard the sound of her voice till then. For a moment he was completely subdued by the sweetness of its tones. He continued to lie flat upon the grass, stretching up his head, like a turtle from its shell, to get a fairer view. Kathleen suddenly paused, and turned her face towards the window. It was accidental however, and Thaddy, upon whose brow the perspiration had already started, recovered his composure, when he saw her snuff the candle and turn over the leaf. She was reading a chapter of the Apostle, which contains the decalogue. As she recommenced, her head was again turned towards the win-

dow. Thaddy fancied that Kathleen looked him directly in the eye. But what was his amazement, when she uttered the words, "*Thou shalt not steal!*" "The Lard bliss ye, maastress Kathleen," said poor Thaddy, "how in the name o' nathur cud ye know that I was after the ducks?"—"And who are you?" inquired Kathleen, with much less of agitation in her manner, than such a surprise might be thought likely to occasion. "Who are you?" she inquired again "It 's myself," answered Thaddy in a suppressed voice. Kathleen held the light forward and instantly recognized her visitor. "And cud ye ha' sa bad a heart, to be after staaling my poor ducks, Thaddy Mashee?" said Kathleen. "I did n't maan to staal the ducks," answered Thaddy, "now I knows they were your own bards, and I wud n't sa much as hart a hair o' their heads, an I had known it afore."—"Ah, Thaddy Mashee," said Kathleen, "don't ye be after lying aboot it, for the faar o' God. Can ye raad, Thaddy? may be, and ye can raad, I wud lind ye my good book haar, and ye might be lid away from your bad coorses, and turn protestant, Thaddy."—"I cannot raad a word o' it all," replied Thaddy, hanging his head, "but I thinks I wud be after turning a'maist onything to plase yourself, Kathleen McCready."

It is not our intention to repeat any more of the conversation between Thaddy and Kathleen. The account may be summarily stated; Kathleen had saved her ducks—Thaddy had lost his heart; and, if there be truth in the proverb, that exchange is no robbery, there was something in the feelings, with which this poor Irish girl laid her head, that night, upon her pillow, which went not a little way to balance the account.

From that hour Thaddy Mashee found no more agreeable employment, than in rendering some kind office to Kathleen. The duck pen was often stored, over night, by some unknown person, with fish, which abounded in the lake; and, by the same invisible hand, bunches of primroses were occasionly thrown in at the window. David McCready had, for some time, rejoiced in that apparent security, which prevailed in his humble domain; and, now and then, some long lost article of property appeared mysteriously in its original position.

The death of old Phelim Mashee, which occurred about a year from this period, produced an immediate dispersion of the remaining members of his family; Thomas had already fallen from a precipice and broken his neck; Winifred had run away with a wild chap from Kilkenny; and Owen was drowned in the lake. Upon the death of old Phelim, the poor-house of Killarney received its tribute. Tooley went to sea. Thaddy alone remained in Innisfallen.—

About three months before his father's death, he had so effectually wrought upon the heart of old David McCready, by his good behavior, that he was received into the family as an assistant, on the day after the funeral. David went to the funeral of old Phelim himself; and, when any allusion was made to the old man's offences, he always interposed with "sure it 's all to be sittled i' the dee: jist lit ould Mashee rist aisy in his shell, till he 's called to answer for it all."

Thaddy gave entire satisfaction to his employer. We cannot assert, that he grew daily in favor with God and man; but he certainly obtained favor in the eyes of Kathleen McCready. After a long day of toil, he seldom failed to ask her to "spake a few good wards out o' the book." And as she was very desirous of converting the poor lad, she was ever ready to read a chapter or two, before they separated for the night. How effectually she advanced the cause of protestantism may be inferred from Thaddy's sensible remarks, which were always to the point: "An isn't it yourself now, Kathleen McCready, that has the voice o' an angel! — It 's swaatly rid, Miss Kathleen! — And had n't I rather sit haar wid ye, o' a bright night as it is, an haar ye raad the good book, nor to haar ould Father McCloskey say mass, through his nouse, for a hull waak, or the like o' that?"

For the convenience of both sexes, it has been reduced into the form of a portable proverb, that love doth never stand still. This is never more true, than when a comely young Irishman is the chief engineer. Thaddy and Kathleen were not many months engaged in their joint study of theology, before they had settled a knotty point of infinite importance, in connection with their temporal welfare. This portion of their existence, though in all probability, by far the most happy period of their lives, cannot be equally interesting to the reader, in all its minute and comparatively insignificant detail. Thaddy and Kathleen were equally in love with each other. She had given him a lock of her hair; he had presented her with a silver ring, surmounted with two hearts of red glass, which he had purchased at Killarney; and they had solemnly vowed with all due formality to be man and wife, when Thaddy should be twenty-one. All these matters having been irrevocably settled, Kathleen informed her parents, that Thaddy Mashee had made her a proposal of marriage; and, as in duty bound, requested their counsel and advice. The old folks took the whole matter as gravely into their consideration, as though their joint *veto* would have had any serious influence in breaking off the match. After grave reflection, they gave their consent, provided Thaddy continued to be as clever a lad, until he should be twenty-one.

The scattered seed, buried deeply in the earth, beyond the influence of the sunbeam, and which has slumbered long and unprofitably there; when brought nearer to the surface, by some casual disturbance of the soil, though after years of indolence, may yet vegetate, and put forth its stalk, and leaves, and flowers. And this fortune is as likely to befall the bramble as the rose. How similar is this to that process of vegetation, which not unfrequently takes place in the human heart. Principles, good and evil, which have been there deeply implanted in our early days, overgrown and smothered, as it were, by thoughts and cares, incident to some new direction, which circumstances have given to our course of life, may continue, in a state of torpitude, not only for years, but in some extraordinary cases, until life's decline. As gentle showers and a genial atmosphere call forth the green shoot from the ground, those early principles may also be quickened into action, by a peculiar and apposite combination of events. When the grace of God begins to fall, like the soft dews of Hermon, upon the hard heart of some penitent offender, it is no uncommon occurrence, for the first sensible impressions of good, the first profitable compunctions for sin to be intimately and delightfully blended with inexpressibly tender recollections of our childhood; — of the morning walks and evening counsels of some pious father, or mother; — of those gatherings around the family altar, with which the day began and ended. — This pleasing picture may be painfully reversed. A strong desire for some temporal advantage, in the gift of one, who is not likely to bestow it unworthily, may stimulate a sinner to such extraordinary exertions, that he will be sometimes seen to constrain his outer man into the semblance of a saint. Long after the possession of such earthly good, he may continue to hold his propensities to evil under a very creditable measure of restraint. Such restraint may become so familiar, so easy, that he may almost flatter himself into a belief that his evil nature has been effectually subdued. This condition of things will too often prove, at last, to have been owing to the absence of temptation alone. And when, at length, he becomes a runagate, fully developed, there may be some, whose recollections may enable them readily to associate a vicious old age with a profligate boyhood. But it is not always thus. —

Kathleen McCready never did anything by halves. She was thoroughly in love with Thaddy Mashee; — she gave him her heart — her whole heart, without any reservation whatever Kathleen was no philosophical calculator of cause and effect. She never took into the account two important considerations, either of which is of sufficient consequence to teach any young woman to pause;

Thaddy was still abominably ignorant, and, until very lately, had been exceedingly vicious. He was devoted however to Kathleen; and, if she had been an empress, she would cheerfully have given him her sceptre for a shillala. This poor Irish girl was possessed of a good natural understanding, but her heart set no limit to its loving, when it had fairly begun to love at all. Evil report and good report, as connected with the object of her affection, varied not the measure of that affection the tithe of a hair. All this may appear superlatively ridiculous to those, who marry for money and love by rule. But, beside her old father and mother, Kathleen McCready had no other object of deep interest upon earth, than Thaddy Mashee. She could not distribute the mass of her love into parcels, and bestow part upon her carriage, and part upon her fine clothes, and part upon her furniture, and give her lover the small balance in hand. She did not love him, because he administered to her passion for finery and pleasure, but she loved him, all for himself, and, simply because he was Thaddy Mashee. Hers indeed was a first, young love. The soil of her heart had been ever unbroken till then. Larry O'Rourk, to be sure, had scraped round her, a year before, when she was passing a week or two with a friend at Killarney. He was desperately in love with Kathleen. But Larry was an unalterable catholic, and Kathleen was determined to wed none but a protestant. Besides, a part of Larry's religion consisted in praying to saints and worshipping carved images, and idols, which Kathleen held to be preposterous abominations. He was particularly scrupulous, in paying his devotions to one idol, in particular, under the semblance of a stone jug.

Thaddy Mashee had attained the age of twenty-one years, and had passed through the interval of probation, from the day of his engagement with Kathleen, to the period of his majority, to the entire satisfaction of her parents.—Kathleen McCready, by unremitting diligence in reading the Scriptures, had acquired no inconsiderable knowledge of their invaluable contents. She had a faithful and truly humble reliance upon God's promises; and her simple and earnest supplications for her father and mother, for Thaddy and herself, if less remarkable for long words, and all the formal technicalities of prayer, were not the less likely on this account, to ascend, unincumbered, to Heaven. Of Thaddy's progress in religion we can say but little. He was certainly desirous of acting in conformity with the earnest wishes of Kathleen; and, as she was not disposed to throw any insurmountable obstacle in the way of their union, she, most probably, did not examine the evidences of his conversion from Romanism, with all the rigid scrupulosity of an impar

tial father of the church. He undoubtedly believed himself to be a better protestant, than he had ever been a catholic; and the doctors of the Sorbonne would have conceded as much. Kathleen was untiring in her exertions to make him acquainted with the simple truths of religion. He appeared to have a correct idea of the increased difficulty of instructing one, who had grown up, for twenty years, in ignorance and irreligion. "It 's aisier to make a straight stick," he would sometimes say, when her patience had been severely tried, by his inaptitude, "than to mind sich a crooked one, Kathleen."

One morning he came down, with a smiling countenance, fully satisfied, that he had become a good protestant during the night. "Och! Thaddy, what can ye maan?" said Kathleen, "y' ave oin draming, sure." "Indaad, and I have, Kathleen," replied Thaddy. "Jist hark a bit, and I 'll spake it to ye, daary. I thought o' it, the dee, and all afore night, ye see, if I cud hit upon a plan to know for sartin, an I was baing raaly a protester nor the tother. So I fill aslaap and it 's sure, I was wide awak, for I ricollected as wall as it was yourself, Kathleen. And so I dramed o' a plan, whin I was awak, to find out the sacret, after I was sound aslaap, as I was." — "Whoosh! daar Thaddy now," said Kathleen, "I wud not be after minding a draam, or the like o' that neither; but" — "List to it hinny, and ye 'll say yourself, there niver was the like o' it, for a draam in the warld. So ye see, whin I wak'd up, as I did, after I had been aslaap, mind ye, I did the thing jist as it happunt i' the draam. I opunt the windy, and pit a bit o' paper on the tap o' it, that is, on the buttum, ye know. So says I to myself, for there was nobody else to spake to, — Thaddy, says I, if y' are a poor misguided catholic, the bit o' paper wull blow out, but if y' are a raal protester in your heart, thin sure the bit o' paper wull blow in." — "And which way did the bit o' paper blow, Thaddy?" inquired Kathleen. "Why now," answered Thaddy, "if ye 'll belaave the thing, it stud jist as still, hinny, as a cauld praty." — "And for why thin Thaddy, did ye think ye was not a catholic after all?" said Kathleen. "And don't ye saa it," he replied, "as claar as the water in Lough Lean, and nothing can be clarer nor that, the Lard lift me to be jist which I plased; and is n't it I, that plases to be a raal protester, Thaddy Mashee?" Kathleen, of course, was not fully persuaded of Thaddy's conversion, by such an argument as this. She told him that he must pray to God for light and knowledge, and listen to the Scriptures. Nevertheless, she had such confidence in Thaddy's desire to be a good protestant, that she consented to appoint a day for their wedding. The ceremony was performed by a protestant clergyman from Killarney, and it may not be

unworthy of remark, that the wedding gown was a present from Larry O'Rourk, who was at the wedding, and confessed afterwards, that he had been at fifty weddings, and never went away sober from any one of them before. The tumultuous character of his feelings, upon this occasion, forced the poor fellow to laugh and cry from the beginning of the ceremony to the end of it. Four or five days before the occurrence, Larry came very unexpectedly to McCready's cottage, with a small bundle in his hand, and desired to see Kathleen. She was at first not a little embarrassed, by the presence of such an unusual visitor. "Ye 'll be after thinking it 's a dale o' impudence in me to visit ye jist now," said Larry, "but it 's no sa ill mint ony way. I 've not come to spake o' the ould mather nather, Mistress Kathleen, at all, at all. I know it 's all sittled long afore, in favor o' Thaddy Mashee, good luck to him onyhow. An ye had married a wealthy lubber, and all for the shiners, I cud not ha' tuk the mather sa aisy, Kathleen; and it wor not right daling at all an I had not dressed him a shillala, and gin him a teest o' the thing acrass the chaak o' the nagur. But Thaddy 's a poor lad like myself, and it 's all for the love o' the ragged spalpeen that he is, that he was, it is that I maan, that y' are going to be married. — My sister Biddy O'Rourk was it, ye know, she did n't marry Bob Dougherty, and it was na fault o' hers nather, and no impachement o' Bob's intigrity for all that. She died, the poor crathur, before the day o' her widding or thereabouts. We used to say that two paas in a pud, were niver alike, nor Biddy and you were not, i' the bilt and shape o' ye both. I bought her a widding gownd, and she niver wore it ye know, jist for the raison I tould ye. Now ye 'll wear it yourself, I guess, not to plase me to be sure, but to plase the poor girl, that 's dead and gane, for she iver spake a civil ward o' ye, Kathleen." Larry threw down the bundle, and, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, strode away, as fast as his legs could carry him, and without waiting for a word of reply from Kathleen.

Kathleen's perplexity at Larry's present was speedily abated. "Good luck to ye Katty," said her mother, "an it 's you that will waar the thing sure, at your widding, avourneen, becase an ye did n't, 't wud be a didly offince, an there 's not an O'Rourk that wud na be after faaling it to the back bun. It 's a nate thing o' Larry onyhow. He 's a gin'rous crathur, and an illegant lad he was, afore he tuk to sucking like a laach at the mountain dew. Ye 'll pit it on your back for sartin, at the widding; an, after y' are buckled by the praast, and Thaddy has taken the first kiss, it wud be na moor nor ceevil to let Larry O'Rourk ha' the next one, if he 's not ondacent for the liquor, mind ye."

It was about a fortnight after the wedding that Thaddy had occa sion to go over to Killarney. It was evident on his return, by the agitation, which he exhibited, that he had met with some unpleasant adventure. The anxiety upon his countenance did not escape the notice of Kathleen, who interrogated him, in relation to the cause of it. "Why, it's all for your own silf, hinny, that my blood was up, before ye cud wink your swate eyes entirely, it was. They made crooked faces, ye saa, an call'd ye hard names, an if I had a bit o' rowan tree, for the want o' a raal shillala, I 'd a gin 'em their gruel, wud n't I?" — "Hut! Thaddy, an who, in the name o' the wicked warld, was it that did it, an what was it they did, when it was done?" cried Kathleen. — "Why jist this it was," replied Thaddy, "whin I was ower at Killarney, as I was in no petiklar hurry, having nothing in the warld to do jist thin, I stud as pace-able as a shaap, looking at the harses, fine bastes were they, which Lord Denmore was a claaning down, naar his Lordship's stables, Tom McCormick his groom, it was that claan'd 'em; whin I haard a buddy ower the way, calling 'Thaddy Mashee,' that 's myself mind ye. So I looks round, an there was Father Brian O'Balliguts and Tony Mesarvy, the curate. So I tuk aff my cap, an 'What 's your Riverence's wull?' saad I, as I wint acrass. 'What 's the sin ye have been committing, ye spalpeen?' says Father Brian, jist thase was his wards. I thought, for the sowl o' me, he was a bit frolick-some, as he sometimes is, at a wake or a birrel, when the porther is all right. So I saad to him, 'Nathing, your Riverence to mintion, unliss it be a sin to waste a braaf minnit in looking at a fine baste.' — 'Y' are a greater baste yourself,' saad he as quick as a flash o' powther; an I thin conjicter'd by thare crooked faces, that he an the curate was in arnest. 'Y' ave married a vile hiretic,' saad he, 'an ye 'll have the comfort o' ache ather's society longer nor ye 'll wush for, Ise warrant, for ye 'll be damned eternally togither.' — 'Be-side,' said the curate, 'y' are not married nather whither or no, for all that, ye monster as ye are, for the cirimony was perfarmed by a hiretic praast, which is no praast at all, nohow, an agin the law it is.' — 'You a catholic!' cried Father Balliguts, 'your sowl will be roasted ye vagabone, why ye haan't come to confission for a yaar nor more.' — So they rin on, one taking up the ward, whin the tother pit it down. I might as wall tried to clap my rid rag betune the clitter clatter jaws o' a nail maker ingin, as to squaze in a ward betune Father Brian an the curate. At last saad one nor the tother an for the botheration o' it, it is n't me that can till which o' 'em it was, 'What have ye got to say for yourself ye varmint?' sed ne. — My blood was a little up, mind ye, jist a day or two after my wid-

ding; so says I, 'Father Brian Balliguts, I owe ye not a luck penny the Lard be praised, an I 'd have ye take notish, that Ise been a raa. protester for eight months at laast; an, as for baing married or no, Mr. Mesarvy, which y'ave had the manners to spake o' without ony dacency at all, at all, I 'll jist mintion it in your Riverence's aar, that it 's ginrally belaaved y' are not married yourself to Polly Mahony, nor na other, not maaning to be petiklar onyhow.' Catholic praast as he was, daap scarlet rid was it, that he colored jist thin, to that end o' his aar, that belanged to the pillory foor yaars ago, nor moor, whin he scampered away along wi' Widdy Finnigan's daughter, an broke the ould leddy's heart into foorty paces. He was not a praast thin, to be sure, but larning to be one." — "Daar Thaddy," said Kathleen, "is n't it you after all, that wull be gitting yourself into throuble; an what did Father Brian an the curate chuck in your taath for that much?" — "Och! now, Kathleen, it was not in the like o' me to be impartinint to sich as them; an I knew wall enough, that Tony Mesarvy cud na be married by the rules o' the praasthood; but I thought after his thratement o' me, it wud be as wall to pit him i' the way o' laaving off praching, an baing an honest mon into the bargin. But ye ax'd me hinny, what they ped me for the outlay. Blunderanoon! Wurra it was, was n't it them same that stud right away fro' me, an crassed 'emselves, as though I had brought 'em a bit favor fro' Scatland, which they was not jist willing to resave. — 'Y' are damn'd for it,' says the curate, 'an all your posterity including your father, the thaaf that he was.' — 'Next Thursday,' saad Father Brian, 'is the dee for cursing hiretics, appointed by the most holy catholic church. A most fortunate evint it is, providintial entirely. Pit him down for a double portion.' — So the curate tuk out a leetle book an wrote away. 'Ye 'll ha' your share o' the brimstone,' saad Father Brian. 'Exkimmunikit it is that ye are, an so ye was afore ye was born. A sore pity, to be sure, that sich an honest lad as ye might ha' bin, if ye had not bin the divil incarnate that ye are, should be etarnally roasted; an aven now, ye poor toad, for I saa ye thrimble all ower, like an aspin laaf, — aven now, if ye wull gi' up your evil ways an the divil's bard o' a hiretic, that y' ave married, an crave the church's pardon, on your knaas, an the curate's, an come to mass an confission like an obadient lad, it cud be gotten ower perhaps. A little practical ividence that y' ave truly repinted wud be expicted o' course. A fine lot o' tarkeys an gaase it is, that I 've saan as I pass'd ould David McCready's on the island.' — Now it is n't me that wull lie about it; I did thrimble a leetle, an the dhraps o' shwet stud upon my forhead, whin he

mintioned the ward exkimmunikit, an to haar him talk o' baing roasted, an the like o' that, an that same a praast into the bargain; — but whin he call'd ye a hiretic, swate crathur that ye are, an he had been ony other than he was, I wud a done for him, Ise warrant — I did n't thrimble after that, ye may depind. 'Father Balliguts.' says I, 'I till ye, a protester it is that I am, an y'ave nathing to do wi' me; an it is n't the vally o' a laan ould gander, that I 'd gi' to ony mon, that would spake so onjintaal o' Mistress Mashee; an so, if you plase, ye may jist throw aff your cassock to make the wark aisy an exkimmunikit the whole boodle o' the family, turkeys an all, till y'are tired.' An so I turned upon my haal, an was aff in a jiffy. I jist look'd ower my showther, an I saa 'em crassing 'emselves, an I haar'd something aboot exkimmunikit in ating, an in drinking, an in slaaping; an, jist when I look'd agin, they was tarning in for a dhrap o' dew to Paddy McCleary's shebeen."

"Poor faable crathurs they are," said Kathleen, after a short pause. "It is n't in the like o' them to fitch an carry for the Lard. Ah, Thaddy, faar not what man can do unto ye, an vengeance is mine saith the Lard. Ye remimber that I 've rid the like o' that to ye in the book. Is n't it myself, Kathleen McCready." — "No it is n't," said Thaddy, interrupting her. — "No more it is n't," continued Kathleen, "Ise no desire to change back agin, Thaddy. Is n't it myself thin, Kathleen Mashee, that used to rin for life wi' hunders o' poor sowls after the praasts, to do thare bidding. It saams to me now, sich mummery, more like pitting min in Gad's place, nor ony other. The whole time was wasted wi' aves, an pater nosters, an baads, an masses, an confissions, an praying to the saints, poor buddies, as though the Lard Gad, who has an eye ower all his warks, had not an aar for all his crathurs. — But, Thaddy, what cud the wicked curate maan aboot the marriage na baing raal?" — "Cushla macree, gi' yourself no onaisiness aboot that nather. It was that same it was that throubled me a leetle. So, as I was passing Daniel O'Leary's, that imminent lawyer, ye know, I call'd out Paddy Shane, the lad that swaaps the affice it is; an I stated the case to him, as I thought he might ha' heer'd the lawyer spake o' it, the like o' it I maan, whiles he was swaaping; an so ye saa, he nivir did. But the oblaaging crathur, says he, the lawyer has jist got a fee, that he niver got the like o' it in his life; it 's fro' ould Doran the miser, for proving to the satisfaction o' the jury, that Pether, the ould man's son, did n't staal the brown 'orse that he staal'd afore Christmas. Pether had got to be downhearted, an lost his gizzard a bit, by baing sa lang i' Dingle jail, so he confissed that he staal'd the 'orse, afore the jailer an a dozen

moor. But Lawyer O'Leary proved by moor nor foorty witnesses an his own father an mother amang the rist, that Pether was sich an infamous liar that the jury cud pit no reliance upon onything he sed. So he got him aff, an the ould dryskin o' a miser, as he is, has jist pit the guineas in his hand, an it 's fee enough for Pether an the like o' you. Lawyer O'Leary is jist in the humor. Come in mon, sed Paddy Shane, an I 'll inthroduce ye. So it was I, that wint in, an Paddy Shane, an he has a claan tongue o' his own, made a plainer case o' it nor I had tould him myself. So Lawyer O'Leary he laughed a dale, he did; an he tould me to git along, an he sed a saucy thing aboot yerself hinny, but nathing ondacent it was. If y' ave more childher sed he nor y' ave praties, the tane wull lawfully inhirit the tother. An he bade me till Tony Mesarvy, the curate, if I mit him, that Lawyer O'Leary wud exkimmunikit him himself afore Easter, for a pair o' brogues, that he had n't ped for to Dan Rian, the starving shoemaker. So I made my bow, that is I made a dale o' bowing; an whin I come out, 'there 's no fee to be sure,' sed Paddy Shane, 'but an ye laave a tarkey or a flitch o' bacon, whin y' are in Killarney agin, it wud be doing the dacent thing.' — 'An sure it wud,' sed I; 'y' are a jewel Paddy, an it shall be forthcoming.' — An so ye saa now for yourself, swate Katty, it 's all according to law, and sure it 's worth a tarkey, or a graan goose ather, to know as much nor that."

It is not easy, among the walks of humble life, to discover a more satisfactory example of happiness than that, which existed here, in the centre of Lough Lean. The wants of this happy couple were those of mere necessity, and they were easily supplied. The lake afforded its tribute for man's occasions in abundance. The poultry yard was sufficiently stocked, not only for domestic uses, but many a fat bird was exchanged for the good things of Killarney, and now and then for the *good crathur;* for an Irishman, who did not sometimes partake of it, would, in former days, have been deemed scarcely worthy to be called a child of Erin. The McCreadies had also a mouleen or two. The surrounding woods furnished fuel in abundance, and there was no want of plain, wholesome apparel. Here then were meat, fire, and clothes, the sum total of man's physical wants, so far as the body is concerned. Here also there was no lack of spiritual aliment, for that *all in all*, the great text-book of time and of eternity, was here. Beneath the roof of thatch, and as the honored possession of a poor Irish girl, it spoke the same uncompromising and unalterable language, that it pronounced in the palaces of kings, and from the lips of archbishops. The tide of imaginary necessities had not flowed toward this humble dwelling

One wave follows not more certainly, in close pursuance of its predecessor, than one imaginary want presses behind another; until happiness, if such it may be called, is found to consist not in the fruition of our present possessions, but in an interminable pursuit of novelty. There is not a more unattainable object than entire contentment with our present condition, whatever it may be; and the most effectual means for securing it are to be found in the establishment of a just relative standard of value, between the commodities of earth and heaven. Kathleen had made her Bible a profitable study; for, almost unaided in searching the holy volume, she had found the highest object of all human pursuit, her Saviour and her God. Kathleen was a humble Christian. She was devoted to her parents in their old age; and, as a wife, the very name of Katty Mashee was a proverb, in those parts. She loved Thaddy, on other scores than the mere relation of husband. As one feels an affection for an individual, whom he has drawn out of the water by the very locks, as it were; so Kathleen looked upon Thaddy as a brand, that she had saved from the burning. She had been the means, under Providence, of turning him from a career of crime; and, whatever was the sum total of Thaddy's religion, it was attributable, under the same guidance, to her untiring exertions alone. For Thaddy, though devotedly attached to Kathleen, was naturally as wild and changeable as the mountain wind; and such impressions as were produced upon his mind, were liable, in no ordinary degree, to be effaced by the very first impulse of this world's affairs. "Daar heart," she would often say, after several ineffectual attempts to impress some precious truth upon his mind, "it 's wi' the mather I wud fix in ye, as it is wi' the footprint upon the sandy shore o' Lough Lean, the very next flush of the wather carries it away."

Thaddy Mashee had satisfied himself, and he was not alone in the opinion, that he had no talent for carrying on the little farm, which his father-in-law had tenanted for so many years. "Whin your honored father is gane and gathered, Katty," said he, "what shall I be after gaining here, in the way o' a livelihood, but a ded loss? 'T will be a losing consarn, so will it indaad." At one time he was inclined to settle in Derry, and be a weaver. At another, he was disposed to fix himself down, as a shoemaker, in Killarney. At length he came to the conclusion, that he would be a carpenter, and live out his days in Limerick. — About a year after their marriage, Kathleen was blessed with a son, whom they called David McCready after his grandfather. This event appeared greatly to increase Thaddy's anxiety for the future. — "It 's hard gittin on

Kathleen," said he one evening, as they were sitting by the child's cradle. "It wor iver hard enough, but harder yet it 's to be. Why, ye 'll not tarn your head ower your showther, afore David McCready Mashee, daar little imp that he is jist now, will be wanting his brogues and his hat, and his coat, and the like o' that. Your honored father, whin he was that same man what he was, in the green tree, cud no more nor bring the two inds o' the yaar togither, and tough enough, that it was. Sure it 's not myself, that can do the like o' him. He 's an insight o' thase mathers and a daap calkillater he is, and knows jist how mony praties apace wull do it, ye saa. I wush I had bin brought up to it, Katty, — daar me; — I cud do it aisily I think, was I to larn the carpinter's trade. Limerick is a great place for a carpinter, they say, Katty." — "Don't ye remimber," said Kathleen, "last night it was, I was raading it to ye, Thaddy, daar mon, 'Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall ate, nor what ye shall drink, nor wherewithal ye shall be clothed?'" — "I had na misremimbered that nather, Kathleen," he replied; "nor this other tixt that ye rid to me, 'He that provideth not for his own household is ten times worse nor an infidel,' I think it was." — "Wall, Thaddy," said Kathleen; "I 'se right glad y' ave remimbered it so wall, though it is n't jist so in the Bible. — Ye 'll mind it, Thaddy, father and mother are ould now, and I hope mony summers and winters it wull be, afore the black ox trids upon the toe o' ather, good luck to 'em both. But let us talk saftly, for they may be waking ye know, and wud n't be plased to haar us spaaking so fraaly o' their ould age. It wud n't be me, your own Kathleen, that wud cause ye to sorry at some future day, to saa me repintant for laaving my father and mither i' their ould age. So I must do the naadful for 'em both in their second childhood, as they did for me in the first: and moor nor that, daar Thaddy" said she, sobbing as she spoke, and covering her face with both hands, "their swaat eyes it is, that have tarned upon me so kindly, the windies out o' which their blissed sowls have look'd upon me so fondly, their only child that I am, — thase it is that I must shut up for this warld, whin they go under boord, to be opunt niver agin till the dee. And I am to pit them both, blessed crathurs, along side o' their forbares. — Thin it wull be so, that Kathleen Mashee wull not mind the big hills and braad waters for your sake, Thaddy; and whuriver ye go, is n't it I myself that wull go wid ye? Ye 'll thrate me kindly, I know ye wull; and, if ye shud be hard upon me, may God forgi' ye now, afore ye rinder me ill for good."

Thaddy could scarcely be heard for his sobs: "Cushla macree," said he, "can it be ony other than me myself that knows your

own maaning, Katty? Whin I was ondacent and rough to ye, the night o' Mary Cary's berril, rest her sowl, I cud ha' graav'd out thase eyes for that same the nixt marning."—"Don't mintion it ony moor," said Kathleen; "I knew it was na fault o' yours, daar mon. It was the crathur, it was, and so don't be after taking the thrifle that it was to your swaat heart ony moor, Thaddy."

Thaddy rested satisfied with Kathleen's promise for the future. He had procured a few tools, and with the occasional assistance and instruction, which he was able to obtain, he became tolerably expert in the coarse branches of carpentry. Thus they lived on for two years, at the close of which, upon a careful adjustment of their account of joys and sorrows, a large balance of happiness would have been found in their favor. After his occasional visits at Killarney, it is true, that Thaddy would frequently bring home with him indisputable evidence, that the habit of treating and being treated, so universal among the common Irish, was likely to disturb the harmony of this little household, and, if carried to excess, ultimately to destroy it. Old David, who had fully attained that period, when the grasshopper is said to be a burthen, could not always restrain his complaints. Kathleen, upon such occasions, was the peacemaker. She had obtained no common influence over her husband. "Haar, Thaddy," she would say, as she drew him to one corner of the common apartment, "this way mon, it 's your tay, and a maal cake, that 'll be the bist thing for ye:" and then, in an undertone to the old folks, "Poor lad it is, laave him alone, it 's not he that 's to blame, sartin, it 's the crathur, that same."

Time, the wizard, whose alchymy is everlastingly at work, had wrought great changes in the compass of four years, under the thatched roof of David McCready. — Strangers were now the tenants of old David's cottage. The duties of filial affection to her parents, to which Kathleen had so feelingly alluded, had been faithfully performed. She had closed their eyes, and they were now sleeping in peace with their *forbares*. — Not long after this event, Thaddy and Kathleen put together their little possessions, and set forward on their way to Limerick, where Thaddy was to perfect himself in the carpenter's business, and get bread for his family. Thaddy's spirits were very buoyant. "Niver doot my succiss entirely,' he would sometimes say, "it 's sartin it is; for there 's Rory, and Pether, and Michael O'Donnohue, thard cousins to my own father's sister, Winny Mashee, what 's in Limerick ever so lang, gitting rich it is they are. And they writ me a litter aboot it, that is they got it writ. I never resaaved it at all, at all; but Brian Lowder it was, that brought it; that is he forgot it, and left it at

Bob Finnigan's shebeen, where he stopped on his jarney to git a dhrap afore he started. Come, chaar up hinny," said he to Kath 'een, "and wipe the taars aff now." — Kathleen had just gotten out of the wherry, in which they had crossed the lake from Innisfallen to the main land. She had stopped, for a moment, to take a last look of the little island; — her birth place, — the scene of her past life, — the graves of her fathers were there! The tear gathered in her eye. "Daar Thaddy," she exclaimed, "it 's na me repinting onyhow; — but maybe I 'll not see Lough Lean and Innisfallen agin." — "Cushla macree, chaar up a bit," cried Thaddy; "stand safe whur y' are, till I lift oot the gorsoon; and is n't it this little crathur, your own it is, that I 'm pitting in your hand, David McCready Mashee, wid the name o' your honored father into the bargin; is n't it this same, that 'll be a stay and a staff to ye whin y' are ould?" — "Ye may wall say that, and I hope it is," replied Kathleen, wiping her eyes, "but after all, Thaddy, the halp o' mon 's a raad ye know. Whin it 's a' the warst, the true halp is haar, and indaad it is," holding up at the same time *Kathleen's own book*, the Bible, which she had not thought proper to trust with their ordinary baggage.

They proceeded on their way, and, without any extraordinary adventure, arrived safely in Limerick; and, as may be readily supposed, both Thaddy and Kathleen were greatly astonished at the magnificence of the metropolis of Munster, compared with anything they had seen before. They had not advanced far, after entering the town, when Thaddy, notwithstanding the heavy pack upon his shoulders, sprang full five feet into the air. "Life 's me!" he exclaimed, as he came down, throwing his cap upon the earth for joy. "Daar Thaddy, what 's in ye to scrape it thus in a great strange place?" said Kathleen; "why, the folks it is wull think y 'ave seen a banshee, or the like o' that." — "Wurra now," cried Thaddy, "that same it is, don't ye saa, lucky heart," pointing to a little shebeen, over which, on a rough board, was chalked, in tolerably fair characters, *R* FINNIGAN. "Now I 'll get at it," continued Thaddy, "entirely;" and, stepping up to the door, he gave a smart rap with his shillala. "Walk in," answered a sharp voice. — "It 's you to walk out sir, plase ye; my wife 's here, an I wud na be apt to laave her in a strange place," replied Thaddy. — Upon this the door was opened by a little, round man with a red face. "Your name sir, is Finnigan, onyhow," said Thaddy. "Indaad an it is," replied the little man, "an what 's your wull sir, may be it 's a dhrap ye wud." — "Not jist that nather," replied Thaddy. — "It 's the dust it is, that mak's it onconvanient for your

woman outside," rejoined the little man, "may be ye 'll find a nater sate for a leddy inside the shebeen."—"The bisness is jist haar sir," said Thaddy, entering the dram shop, followed by Kathleen, leading David by the hand, "I wud like to resaave the litter that Brian Lowder fitched me to Killarney, and lift jist here, for he forgot it, the spalpeen that he was."—"May be it 's all the same as ye spake," replied Finnigan; "Brian Lowder, that same, is the very mon that I niver saa here, nor what 's moor nor all that, I niver haard o' him onywhere. May be y'es acquainted in Lim'rick, though it 's your name I niver haar'd afore nor since."—"It wud ha bin the dacent thing to be sure," said Thaddy, "an I had tould ye myself. It 's Thaddy Mashee, my name sir, at your sarvice, an this is Mrs. Kathleen, my woman, an the gorsoon is David McCready, that was his grandfather, pace to his sowl. Kathleen, hinny," said Thaddy, in a whisper, "what is 't ye 'll tak?"—"A little buthermilk for me an David, plase ye, Thaddy."—"Wud it be dacent, now we 're inside the shebeen," continued he in a low voice, "not to call for a dhrap o' whiskey, or a leetle porther, hinny?" Kathleen made no reply, and Thaddy called for—"a pint o' porther if ye plase, Mr. Finnigan." The tap went round in a twinkling, and the porter was soon foaming on the counter. Kathleen barely tasted it, and helped herself and David to some water. "Haar 's to our better acquaintance, Mr. Finnigan," said Thaddy, as he put the mug to his lips.—"Thanks to ye for all that Mr. McCready," replied the little man. "Mashee, if ye plase," said Thaddy, "an no impachement o' the name o' McCready nather."—"An so it was," replied Finnigan, "there 's so mony comes haar, that I misremimber sometimes.—Scanty custom is it this a way, the dee, for all the warld 's up tother end o' Lim'rick, to saa Pether O'Donnohue pit up. He 's to be hang'd for taking a purse on the top o' the highway."—"Whoosh!" cried Thaddy, as he dropped the mug from his hand, "that same is thard cousin to my own father's sister ony how!"—"I beg your pardon sir, upon the honor o' a jintilman, it 's not in Robert Finnigan to maan offince to ony customer. It 's right sorry that I am, that your cousin is going to be hang'd; but the dhrap was to fall at twalve presasely, an it 's more now nor half after; so ye may contint yourself for it 's all ower. I 'm truly sorry for the poor lad, mony 's the pint o' porther and dhraps o' good whiskey he 's had o' my own drawing. It 's a raal disappointment to me, that he 's going to be hang'd, that is, that he is hang'd already, whichever way it may be. Indaad it quite pit the small mather o' the mug, that ye bruk jist now, out o' mind. It 's a shilling the pair they be; an consithering the case, that the mug was broken,

whiles ye was taking your cousin's misfortin to heart, an lost the porther into the bargin, I 'll take sixpence o' ye an na moor, unliss ye 'll taste a leetle o' our whiskey, — a nate thing it is."

During the delivery of this expressive specimen of a whiskey seller's grief for the death of an excellent customer, and sympathy for surviving friends; poor Thaddy had taken his seat upon a bench, and buried his face in his hands — "He was an ould frind to ye thin, Pether O'Donnohue?" continued Finnigan. — "I never saa him," answered Thaddy, without raising his head, "in all my barn deos, but I saa his thard cousin, my father's own sister, mony a dee." Kathleen readily understood, that her husband was not only affected, by the disgraceful death of his relative, but very naturally dejected by an unexpected embarrassment of his hopes. He had become impressed with a belief, that the O'Donnohues were "getting rich," and, as he supposed, in some honest calling. Kathleen, in the most natural manner, explained her husband's situation; and her evident simplicity of character, and uncommon attractiveness of person, so far wrought upon the feelings of the little, red man, that he opened a door in rear of the shebeen, and took them into an apartment, where they could be more comfortable. Finnigan was a catholic, but his wife was a protestant. She was very kind to the new comers, assured them that Limerick was the "purtiest city in the warld," and bade them to be "aisy in their quarthers widout moor bidding," for a day or two, until they could settle their plans.

After some time, Thaddy mustered courage to inquire after his other connections, Rory and Michael, the brothers of Peter O'Donnohue. He made the inquiry with evident embarrassment. "Mak yourself aisy mon," answered Finnigan, "hanging wull rin in a family, truth it is, but not Rory nor Michael nather it is n't that has gone that a way as Pether. An ye was the first cousin o' the hull blood o' the best o' the two, ye wud na git an aar o' 'em the dee. They, an Bill Flannigan, an Paddy Connel, an Matt Clegan, an Tom Leary, an a great mony moor 's detarmined for the buddy; an, whin it 's cut down, an there 's not a rush, an a thrial o' staves, my name 's not Bobby Finnigan. They were expectin a riscue last night, an the sojers were out, bad luck to 'em. — An they git the buddy, Rory, an Michael, an the rist, if it 's na moor nor a leetle finger nor a hair o' his head, it 's a riglar birrill they 'll have, an a wake into the bargin, depind. If the High Sherry, an he 's a raal bould mon, he is, shud manage it so nately, as to cut him down entirely, it 's rather in a saft bid o' chaff I wud be, than the sargeon to lay a knife to the chaak o' Pether O'Donnohue, live or did, six faat four that he was without his brogues, to cut him up. Not for

the faar o' Pether nor the banshee, but Rory an Michael wud niver linger nor laave, till they 'd sint the doctor an his instrimints, where they don't rake up the fire ony night. — But the litter, that same ye was spaking o', whin ye kim in the shebeen, that ye niver resaav'd. — May be 't was from thim two an Pether that ye did n't resaave it. — Hut! now Ise got the hull mather, an the clue to it 's jist in my head. Your cousins an a rigimint o' 'em ha' bin in arnest, moor nor foor months, to git up a strong gang for America. John McCloskey, an extinsive daler he was, in ould harses chafely, wint ower fro' Cark he did, an immigritted entirely. That same it is, that 's retarned to Lim'rick; an John spakes o' the country, as a dacent place for an Irishman to live in. He 's intrating his ould connictions, an they 're claan down hill some o' 'em onyhow, to go back alang wi' him. It 's poor wark, John McCloskey says, for one poor felly to go drifting aboot the new country, like a wild goose wi' a wing an a half; but a rigimint can stand by one another, as they did at the Boyne, or aven haar, whin ould Lim'rick was besaged in ninety, an it was. McCloskey is haar amost ivry dee an avening, a bating up for recruits ye saa, for the new country, an the O'Donnohues alang wid him; an it 's na doot they wud be in the shebeen to night, an poor Pether himself, an it was not for this dishagraable pace o' bisness. Maybe y' ud do a natur thing for yoursilves that a way indaad, nor the tother."———

Thaddy and Kathleen were in bed, three hours at least, before they fell asleep, employing that interval in discussing the subject, which was last presented to their thoughts. Thaddy was evidently inclined to favor the project, and Kathleen consented to any plan, which might be most likely to promote his happiness; but advised him not to resolve upon the measure, until he had heard John McCloskey's account of the new country.

At at early hour, the next morning, the gathering commenced in Bob Finnigan's shebeen. McCloskey and the O'Donnohues were among the first that arrived; and Kathleen, so far as mere externals were concerned, had not much reason to be proud of her husband's relations. Rory and Michael were a couple of rough-looking, broad-shouldered, bull-necked, red-headed fellows, covered with dirt and garnished with rags. McCloskey was rawboned and tall. He was dressed in a threadbare coat of blue cloth, old leather breeches, jack boots, and long spurs, a waistcoat of red plush, and a fox-skin cap; a gilt watch-chain hung ten or twelve inches from his fob; and a large cross of pinchbeck was exhibited, in the bosom of his shirt, as dirty as any in the province of Munster. — After the customary greetings, and salutations upon the first introduction of the O Don

nohues and the Mashees; — "Mr. Finnigan," said McCloskey, "the bisness naad not be so very public, ye know, an ye have no objections, we 'll stip in your house part, an, whin ony o' our side comes in, ye 'll be sinding 'em that a way, mind ye. An jintilmen, as this is our first mating, it 's myself that wull thrate: — jist a quart o' the nate crathur, Mr. Finnigan, if ye plase." — The party adjourned accordingly to the apartment, in rear of the shebeen. "So ye was not so succissful, I haar," said Finnigan, addressing the O'Donnohues, "as ye desarved, it sames;" — "Not that nather," answered Rory, with a deep sigh, "the bloodthirsty villin o' a Sherry it was, bad luck to him! he had the sojers an the hull pussy o' Lim'rick at his back, an 't wud 'a bin the hoith o' madness, if we had a ris." — "Poor swaat Pether!" cried Michael O'Donnohue, "they 's got to answer for it i' the dee, pitting up an honest mon, that a way, onyhow." — "Ye may wall say that," continued Rory, "for, afore he wint aff he confissed, an got a wafer. Father Connolly sed it was n't the like o' him, that iver heer'd sich a confission afore, there was sich a hape o' offinces, but he made a claan brist he did. Good Father Connolly, the Lard be good to him, he saad me waping, an he jist whispered to me, as he wint on, — 'Rory,' says he, 'tak it aisy as ye may, niver did ye saa a star i' the claar night moor nor I saad Pether's sowl go up to glowry.'"

By this time, the room had become full, or nearly so, of persons of both sexes, who were more or less inclined to emigrate. — "Whin I was laaving America it was," said McCloskey, "hanging was gittin out o' vogue entirely. Petitions was sint fro' all quarthers o' America, for pittin a stap to it. I sould a blood 'orse to a Siniter, who tould me as much as all that." — "Och! now, sowl o' me," cried Michael O'Donnohue, "if Pether had n't taken the jintilman's purse, till he got ower to the dacent country, that it is, haar it is he wud be, at this blissed dee, riddy to immigrit wid the rist o' us." — "Wall wall, haar 's pace to his sowl," said McCloskey, turning off his glass of whiskey. The *crathur* began to creep round the room, producing evidences of its magic power, in the increasing hilarity and confusion of voices. — "An I was wanst ower, it 's not I that wud be sorry for that same," said Ned Faden, the tailor. "An may be for all that, it 's not yourself Neddy, that wud n't be right glad to get a glimpse o' ould Ireland agin," cried little Peter Healy, who went to America about two years before, and had lately returned. — "Whoosh! Och! Hut! Wurra!" exclaimed half a dozen voices at once. "Pether Healy," said Rory O'Donnohue, "an y' are not the lad to go wid us, y' ud

better go by yourself an be aisy, an not be after tassing your could wather upon the interprise onyhow." — "Jist listen to raison a bit," cried McCloskey, "it 's Mr. Healy sure that 's a good right to till his ixpariences o' the new country an it plase him; an thin I 'll jist be after axing ye to lit myself spake a minnit, whin he 's ower." — This proposition was received with a buzz of approbation; and Peter Healy, having taken a fresh glass of whiskey, cleared his throat to begin. — "Ye 'll mak it as bad as ye can, Pether Healy," cried a rosy lass, who sat in the corner, "for Patrick, my mon there, is for going, an I raally wush he 'd stay at 'um, an cobble the brogues, an lave drinking, an divarsions, an divilment, an the like o' that." — "Hould your tongue ye jade," said Patrick Murphy, joining himself in the good-natured laugh, occasioned by his wife 's remark. — "Bad as I can, is it ye say, Eyley?" cried Peter, "it 's na aisy mather, to make it worse nor it is, ye may depind; an so I 'll till ye all what I knows aboot America. It 's me, that wud sooner thrate myself to a ride upon ony sliding bog, nor go that a way agin. The Sayflower was the name o' the ship we wint ower in to the new country, an a sayflower it was indaad, for I thought we shud niver be sot upon dry land ony moor. A maan, rotten, ould brig it was entirely. She was thray waaks nor moor, gittin under way fro' Dingle. To dee a laak it wud be; an to morrow the captain's peepers wud n't be aboord; thin a shmall touch o' throuble, Mary Flaherty's childher, the hull thirteen o' 'em, an she a widdy, down wi' the small pox at wanst. We was all shmook'd o' coorse. Whin all was riddy, a hid wind hild on for moor nor eight dees. I jist rin up to Dingle, for a bit o' fresh air, ye see, an, whin I was retarning, the ould hulk, for the wind had kim fair, was standing out o' Dingle bay. It was myself, Ise warrant ye, that fotched a scraam louder nor ony keena ye iver heer'd at a wake, an a strait tail it was that I made o' my lang blue, as I rin down the hill. The ould thing pit back her topsail an lay to, jist as I scraamed, tho' she was aff shore, two miles it was. I cud n't ha' belav'd it was in the man o' me to scraam at sich a rate as that. But I pit forth my lungs onyhow, for I filt murthered. It 's my chist, an more nor all I had i' the warld going aff to America, an I all alone wid myself in Dingle, where I know'd not a sowl, only David McCarthy, an he the last parson I wud saa, for I ow'd him a thrifle that it was n't convanient to pay. The boat was lit down, an soon raach'd the wharf, an so I rin to it, an says I, I did n't think ye 'd haar me scraam.' — 'No moor we did n't.' says they But I soon saad how it was. Foor shaapish fellies fro' Dingle, that maan'd to go ower for nothing at all, was detected in the ould brig's

staarage, for indaad they deticted 'emselves, by paaping out for so'thing to ate, having swally'd all the praties they tuk wid 'em in their pockets, an thinking, as they confissed, they was moor nor half way to America. So we got aboord, an — "Pether, Pether," called Michael O'Donnohue, "there 'll be no ind to your kreel this a way; it was to America ye was going." — "Thrue for you Michael," rejoined Peter Healy, "but if ye 'd saad that Sayflower yourself, ye 'd confiss she was a dull sailer, Michael; an ould mud tarkle wud bate her on a wind. I 'll take a dhrap, since y 'ave brought me to a stapping place." Peter filled his glass. Man is said to be an imitative animal, and in such a situation, no man is more so than an Irishman. Michael attempted to follow his example, but the whiskey was drunk out. He was about to call for more, but was prevented by McCloskey; "another quart, Mr. Finnigan," said he, "it 's myself that thrates." — After the glass had gone round, Peter Healy was once more under way in the Seaflower. — "It 's not me if I iver saad sa mony min, women, and childher squazed together in sich maan quarthers as I saad thin, aboord that same Sayflower, exceptin at ould Tommy McLaughlin's wake an birrill; an the like o' that was niver saad in Ireland afore nor since, for divilment an dart. Moor nor foor waaks we banged aboot, bating all the time, an we was bate by ivery thing that kim naar us into the bargin. Thin it was we had a gale wud mak your chaaks crack agin, an a roarin saa an the ould Sayflower o' the tap o' it, an thin agin, o' the buttum. They got her afore the wind, and thin the wind got behind her." — "That 's o' coorse, Pether," said Eyley, winking at Finnigan's wife and Kathleen, who were seated together. — "Elyey Murphy," Peter replied, "your tongue nades to be abbraviated, wull ye tak your own shares to it? — When the clouds claar'd away a bit, the captin wud ha' taken an obsarvation, but he was purty considerably drunk entirely, an the mate it was, that was no better nor he. Eighty dees we had ban in this ould Sayflower; an, for twanty, maan ating it was that we had; magre enough I till ye. Thin we had another gale; we carried away both tapmasts an thin" — "Did n't ye carry them same away, whin ye sail'd, Pether?" said Eyley. — "A maan jist it is," replied Peter, "for a calleen like yourself, Eyley; an ye 'd heer'd the shra'king o' the women an childher, ye wud n't a bin jokin onyway. I niver curst the crathur in the daap o' my own sowl, till that dee it was. The lives o' every one o' us depinded upon the captain an the mate, an the harder it blew, they wud get drunker nor iver. Tom Cregan, your own cousin he was, Eyley, run away fro' the staarage, an cried out 'She 's sprang alaak!' Thin

sich a hulabaloo ye niver haar'd in your hull life, for amost all thought she was sinking downright. There was one o' the crew, Jack Coffin his name it was, was sober the hull time; he was what in the new country they spake o' for a yankee. A stout felly that same, an a kind heart an the bist o' faalings he had. He ran down an was up agin in a dash, an bade us be aisy; '*Kaap up your courage my bys*,' says he, '*there's a Gad above us all!*' "— "An did he spake that same?" said Kathleen, while the tears filled her eyes. — "Indaad an he did," replied Peter Healy, "an he pit us to the pumps, an we wark'd more fraaly for our lives, ye may be sure, nor for ony ather wages. An now an thin we 'd haar Jack Coffin's voice louder nor the storm nor the craaking o' the ould hulk, '*Chaar up my hearties*,' wud he say, '*we're gaining upon the laak;*' an did n't we spare ourselves niver a bit think ye? An thin after he sot us to thrumming a sail, as they call it, that is, ye see, we stitch'd it all ower wid oakum an ould rags, — rags a plinty there was, for aven the women an the childher warked an cried together, tearing aff the bits o' their ould petticoats to thrum the sail wid. So we got it ower the ould Sayflower, that is under her laaky buttum I maan; an it suck'd into the saams, an stapp'd the laak moor immadiately nor a mash'd praty. '*Thank the Lard for that*,' sed Jack Coffin. There was another yankee nor he, that niver tasted the crathur, Abel Judson they call'd him. They sed they were mimbers o' a society, in the new country, that niver tasted it entirely; a pace o' their craad was it, na doot. So Jack Coffin call'd Judson an aboot a dozen o' the most lively of the immigrants, myself o' coorse amang the rist, to the quarther dick. — '*Silf-priscvation my lads*,' sed he, '*is the law o' nathur;*' jist thase was his very wards. 'Indaad an it is,' sed we. Jist thin the women begins to faal better an stronger, saaing a dozen or moor o' the bist o' us standing up to one another that a way; an they pulls their wat cloaks ower their showthers, an comminces to wipe the saut wather aff the small childher's faces. — '*An will ye stand by us two*,' sed Jack Coffin an Judson, for the rist, mind ye, was drunk, '*an we do the bist we can to save all your lives?*' — 'An it 's that we wull, maaster Coffin, to the last dhrap,' sed we, as we stud up close t' him. '*An the captin kapes drunk*,' sed he, '*an the mate too, there 's nothing afore us but th' eternal warld, for neither Judson nor myself*,' sed he, '*knows how to tak an observation or navigate the brig; so if ye 're true men, follow me.*' — Thin he saaz'd a braad-axe an wint down to the cabin, an we after him. There was a cask o' spirits there, an Jack Coffin, wid one blow o' the braad-axe, stav'd in the hid, an away rin the crathur ower the flure; a graavous sight at

ony other time nor that, to be sure. The mate was daaf as a kreel o' turf; but the captin ris in his cot, and, drunk as he thin was, he saaz'd his pistols, and cri'd 'A mutiny!' an thereupon, holding the pistol close to the chaak o' Hugh Mulligan, he crack'd away, but some how nor another he miss'd, an the ball lodg'd in the cabin door. As he saaz'd the tother pistol, Abel Judson an Jo Muncrief it was, I 'm thinkin, saaz'd himself, an Jack Coffin tuk away the pistol an his hanger. '*It 's no mutiny Captin Bailey*,' sed Jack, '*but y' are drunk as a baste, an if ye don't laave aff, an gi' us your assistiance, we 're last.*' The captin swore terribly, but was too drunk to be o' ony sarvice jist thin. So we lift him for the prisent. We had no moor nor got up fro' the cabin, whin a dreadful big wave struck the ould Sayflower, breaking all ower us, casting loose the wather casks, ripping away the quarther boords an part o' the bulwarks, swaaping the dicks, an throwing the brig on her baam inds. Ye wud n't ha' found a heart to joke in the laast, an y' d ha' bin there, Eyley Murphy, jist thin. Sich a big misery Pether Healy niver saad afore nor since. It 's myself though, that 's draam'd it out an out moor nor a hunder nights. It 's the strength o' foorty min saam'd to kim to me that minnit. I cotch'd hoult o' the wither lanyards; an, sure it is, I niver lov'd onything, live or did, so wall afore. The poor women an childher, an the faable ould people wern't no match for it; the saa stripp'd 'em aff like ould rags, an play'd wid the poor crathurs, for a braaf minnit, like so mony aggshells, an thin swally'd 'em up. Aiche great wave saam'd to laap into the ould Sayflower, like a hungry wolf into a cradle, showing his white taath, an saazing his halpless prey. There was Tom Cregan, your cousin, that I spake o', Eyley, a hard fate it was, poor Cregan! he was a strang an a bould swimmer, but — howsomiver it 's not I that 'll harrish up your faalings, Eyley — he was a good lad, pace to him I say." — Eyley Murphy had buried her face in her hands, and was not the only person present, who had become deeply affected at Peter's narration. — "A great mony," continued Peter Healy, "tried to raach the foortap or the main; na aisy matter it was; a poor felly wud craap alang the rigging, houlding on for his sowl, for life is swaat, ye all know, an whin he 'd git half a way, maybe, or moor, or was jist riddy to cotch hoult o' the tap itself, the wave wud kim up wid him, an he so waak, that he wud let go the shroud he was houlding, but the saut saa wud find him anather. — I was able to look round an saa who was lift upon the wrack. There was poor Dolly McCabe, Jerry's widdy, she was barn in County Cark, but liv'd wid Jerry haar in Lim'rick, twalve years nor moor. She was immigritting wid her brother Larry McQuaid.

Poor sowl, she was a wrack herself, so tatter'd an bate by the waves, an she was houlding on to a ringbult, wid one hand, an supporting her two little gorsoons wid the tother. She was widin spaking o' me; an so, whin I got a canvanient opportunity, betune the waves, I call'd to her an ask'd where was McQuaid. She shook her head, poor crathur, an rowl'd up her eyes, but she cud na spake, maaning that he was gane owerboord, an indaad he was. A kail o' rope was naar to me, so I sucsaded in cutting aff a good pace for a lashing, an throw'd it to the poor sowl, an moor nor a fool was I for that same. The poor widdy, ye saa, had but two nands onyhow; an wid one she clang, for daar life, to the ringbult, an hild the poor childher wid the tother. How thin could she saaze the rope, that I was sich a barbarous villin as to throw to her, jist to make her moor sinsible o' her own dissolute condition; though it 's myself wud ha' bin hang'd sure wid that identical rope, afore I wud ha maan'd sich a maan thing as that, ye know, to onny poor widdy. But quaar enough it was, that rope floated ower to leward, an was saaz'd by ould Barty Morrow, who had wark'd his way up to the hoith o' the lee lanyards, but was so waak, that he cud nohow craap ower into the main tap. He confissed to me since, that 't was naarly up wid him, whin he raach'd the rope; but he lash'd his poor buddy wid it to the lanyard onyhow. The saazing o' it braath'd life into him; an what 's quaarer nor that, this same rope it was, that was the dith o' that mon, Barty Morrow, a yaar after. For he was so plaas'd wid the rope that sav'd him, that he must nades save the rope. Whin he was hang'd i' the new country for murther, it was agraable to his faalings, to be pit up wid the ould rope, an a raal oblaaging jintilmon, the High Sherry o' New York, tied it dacently aboot his neck, an ould Barty Morrow was hang'd presasely accarding to his wushes." — "I remimber Dolly McCabe right wall," said Bob Finnigan's wife; "was the poor crathur sav'd, Pether Healy?" — "An ye wull have it thin," said Peter with a deep sigh; "I was thinking to laad ye away fro' the finish o' the poor widdy, by tilling ye o' ould Barty Morrow's priservation by the same rope that hang'd him a yaar after. He, that was sav'd wid a rope was hang'd wid a rope, much like the ould saws it is, what comes by the wather, goes by the wather; an what comes ower the divil's back goes anunder his belly. — It 's o' the poor widdy an the childher, that ye 'd haar me spake. It 's your wush an your wull, Betty Finnigan, an ye 'll not be after blaaming me if it murthers your draams. But I 'll tak a dhrap o' whiskey afore I begins; for after Ise tould it, I 'll not do the like agin till I slaap aff the remimbrance o' that poor sowl." — After Peter had taken a glass, to ena-

ble him to tell the story the better, and his companions, or the majority, had done the same thing to enable them to hear it the better, Peter Healy recommenced as follows: — "It 's rather warm drinking an spaaking so lang in this snug room it is, an I 'll jist fling aff my coat. — The shtarm was notting abating, an the waves was gitting bigger, an claan swaaps they made, ye may belaave me Yourself Betty Finnigan, an Eyley Murphy, knows wall enough what a swash an swirl there 'll be i' the drain bax, whin ye 's powering in 't your big tub o' suds; an how an aggshell nor a praty skin nor ony sich thrifle wull bounce up an down, an be whisk'd ar twirl'd haals ower head like a bit butter in a shtirraboot. Jist suppose a drain bax as big as the ould Sayflower, an a tub o' wather to match, an all the powers o' the saa to throw it aboord. A mon as fat as Johnny Mulligan, the brewer, tass'd into sich a whirlypool, wud be na moor nor a praty skin or the like o' that. — The dee was aboot done but the shtarm kipt on. Coult it was indaad; an, though it was me that had lash'd myself toight enough to the lanyards, I began to faar I should na saa the light o' anather dee, aven if the ould Sayflower shud kaap together. How the poor widdy hild her grip o' the ringbult, the Lard only knows. 'T was love an faar for the poor childher, it was, that gi' the lone woman the strangth o' foor men." Peter Healy by this time had lashed the hearts and the thoughts of his hearers to himself and his story, as effectually as he himself had been lashed to the lanyards during the tempest. There was no longer any frivolous disposition to interrupt him in his narrative. The group was gathered round him, most of them with their faces as thoroughly bathed with salt water, as were those of poor Dolly McCabe and her children upon that terrible day. Even Eyley Murphy's light heart was thoroughly subdued. She sat upon a dresser, for the room was small; and, as Finnigan said in a whisper to his wife, "there wor cheers enough but too much company." Eyley was sitting with her body bent forward, her elbows on her knees, and her feet resting on the top of Peggy McNamarra's chair, the wife of Michael, the broken tailor, one of those, who intended to emigrate. Her mouth was wide open, the tears streaming down her rosy cheeks, and her hands were continually employed in throwing back her locks of bright yellow hair which interrupted her clear vision of the speaker; the alternate and unceasing action of her hands resembling that of some skilful performer upon the double jews-harp. — "An for why not Pether," cried Eyley sharply, stamping her right foot upon the top of Peggy's chair, "for why not did n't ye rin an halp the poor crathur, an you a mon?" "Don't talk to me that a way, Eyley Murphy,"

answered Peter, rubbing his eyes with his coat sleeve; "bad enough it was I wush'd to help the poor sowl; but an ye was lash'd to the tap o' the church staple, wud ye be after jumping aff to halp a poor buddy, that was falling to the ground, your own self, Eyley? — Wall, ye saa the dee was gitting moor darker, but ye cud saa onything claar enough, for the moon was ris thin. 'T was an up an down wind it was, blowing like crazy for a minnit, an thin taking brith. I was looking at Dolly McCabe an the childher, whin the wind was still, an I heer'd a splash in the wather as naar to me as y' are yourself, Rory O'Donnohue. 'T was ould Foster as they call'd him, one o' the crew. He had cut aff the rim o' his tarpaulin, by that same token I know'd him. He fell fro' the main tap drunk, into the wather; he ris up both hands, an hild on to his jug to the last. The saa did n't tak lang to do for ould Foster, he was swally'd in a minnit he was. — The wind saam'd to be shifting, an I cri'd out to the poor widdy, to kaap up a heart an hould on. She jist ris her head, an I saad she was gitting waaker an waaker. The wind wark'd round fro' narth to aist to be sure, but an iller wind was it nor afore, for the waves, ye saa, kipt rowling an tumbling the ould coorse a lang time, but the Sayflower tuk a new diriction, so the wather kim in through the broken bulwarks on the starboord bow. There was n't a saa after that, but made a claan braach ower the poor widdy an the childher. I saad a great wave jist riddy to brik, an I call'd out to her to grip the ring, an hould on; — down it rush'd upon us, — I haar'd Dolly shraik, — an whin the wather was out fro' my eyes, I look'd that a way, an the childher was gane. Och! Marcy! how I wush'd for the darkest night i' the warld! for the braad, bright moon show'd me the hull misery. I saad the leetle crathurs swirl'd round an knocked agin one thing nor anather, an thin harried aff to etarnity, on the tap o' the great wave. Him that was a waakly child saam'd did; but the bigger gorsoon, Jerry it was, nam'd for his father, he was a strong lad, an he struggled a bit; but he was na moor nor a feather, in a gale o' wind, he was n't." — "David, agra, come close to me," said Kathleen Mashee, almost unconsciously, to her little boy. — "Dolly McCabe," continued Peter, "was a good wife to Jerry, an a graaving widdy to him she was, an she saam'd to live after, only for Jerry's childher, nor nothing moor. I saa the murthering proof o' that, ye 'll belaave me; for, no sooner was the childher taken fro' her that a way, than she lit go her hoult, an gave up her maak spirit, an was iifted away upon the nixt wave. — The dark clouds soon after were gathering ower the moon I was gitting coulder an had ate notting now for a lang time. A kind o' slaapy faaling was coming ower

ing, an all the blud o' my buddy saam'd to be going hum to the heart o' me, for the last time. Jist thin Ise heer'd a small voice calling to me, so it saam'd, 'Pether' it sed. So I listen'd, an not haaring it immadiately, I thought 't was owing to my baing waak an dispeerited. But soon it saam'd to come agin. 'Pether Healy! — Pether Healy! — Pether Healy!' — "T was a sart o' a woman-ish voice." — "'T was the Banshee!" said Peggy McNamarra. — "The Banshee!" replied Peter, "what sart o' a Banshee wud that be, an I alive an at your sarvice Peggy entirely, at this prisint time? no it was n't. It was Carrol Sweeny, that thaaf, the leetle watch-maaker, that was the tinnant o' moor min in Lim'rick nor he iver ped rint to; 't was that same I till ye. He was nearer to me nor your-asif, an I niver know'd it. He was rowl'd up i' the ould sail an he know'd it was I, bekase he haar'd me spaking to the poor widdy; an I know'd it was himself by this token, that he till'd me so. Whin I sed, 'Who 's spaking?' — 'It 's Carrol Sweeny,' sed he. — 'An is 't yourself?' sed I. — 'Ye may jist say that,' sed he. — 'An what 's your wull?' sed I. — Said he, 'I confiss t' ye,' — an thin he stapp'd. — As he was the big thaaf that he was, I raaly belaav'd, as there was na praast aboord, he was going to confiss his offinces. 'Wull' sed I, 'Carrol, mak a claan brist.' — 'Pether' sed he, 'I confiss t' ye, Ise faar'd my bit chist o' watch-maker's tools wull be purty much ruin'd by the saut wather, entirely.' — Faable as I was, I gi' it to him. 'Hut!' sed I, 'ye riglar thaaf, that y' are, is it in ye mon to be spaking this a way! Y' are jist in etarnity,' sed I, 'an they 'll na be wanting ye to tinker their timekaapers there, Ise rickon.'

"The wind had naarly gane; an by the brick o' dee, the saa was aisier. We began to git a glimpse o' ache other, the small sprinkling o' live buddies that was spared. The captin an mate was drownded in the cabin. Niver did I cry, 'Lard be good t' us,' fro' the very pit o' my heart, so as I did thin, whin I saad Jack Coffin an Abel Judson alive an coming down fro' the foor tap. 'Healy,' sed Jack Coffin, whin he saad me, 'Gad has spared ye it saams.' 'Indaad he has sir,' sed I. 'Wall' sed he, 'Healy, we must try to save ourselves. Where 's the braad-axe?' — He was thin coming down the shrouds, an had got jist down so far as Jo Muncrief, who had lash'd himself i' the rigging. 'T was Muncrief had the braad-axe last,' sed I, 'he 'll spake t' ye sir, where he pit it.' — 'No, he won't, Healy,' sed Jack Coffin, 'he 'll spake no moor.' — Ye saa he was did. So they kim down an began to hunt for the braad-axe, an Carrol Sweeny, that I niver respicted afore, was the mon that found it. I had got loose fro' the lashing, an we tuk turns to cut away

the masts. By the same token, it was, that ould Barty Morrow an the rist, what was alive, very prudently crapt down fro' the tap. So we cut away the weather lanyards first, an as the masts wud na go ower, we used the braad-axe a bit, an prisintly away wint the two mast wid a crash, ower the side, an the ould Sayflower sot up straight agin upon the wather. Waak as we was, we begun to think o' the pumps agin, an to our great joy was it, Carrol Sweeny, who was diving after his chist o' watch-maker's tools, brought up a bit o' baaf, an a small sack o' seed praties, that Jo Muncrief, pace to him, was bringing out to plant i' the new country; an as one o' the wather-casks was onhart, we had a maal o' raw mate an praties, an a dhrink o' wather; one praty a pace an a bit mate that Jack Coffin cut aff for ache o' the company. Tharty-foor out o' moor nor one hunder an saxty sowls! An it was n't for the hunger o' starvation, we cud n't ate a bit or drank a bit, for jist as we was pitting the first pace o' raw mate int' our mouths, there comes floating out o' the foorcastle that poor young thing, Judy O'Keefe, jist married she was, too sick to laave her cot, an Morris, her husband, wud shtay wid her to the last. So whin the wather rush'd in, they was both drownded, an they was lock'd in ache ather's arms, whin they floated out togither. — Wall, we filt a bit stranger for that maal, maan though it was, so we wint to pumping and pitting up a jerrymast. We had n't wark'd moor nor an hour afore Judson shouted 'land ahead!' An indaad it was so, but it puzzled 'em to till what land it was. Howsomiver, the wind, what there was, and the tide like enough, brought us naarer and naarer t' it; and aboot foor o'clack the ould Sayflower wint head first, thump, upon a great white baach. 'T was myself that rin straight to the ind o' the bowsprit, that raach'd up ower the shore, and right glad was I, for I had n't bin so far up the country for naar a hunder dees. But, I saad nathing moor nor sand ivery way, only a shmall bit cabin, naar the place we rin ashore. — 'Ist Amirica?' sed I. — 'Aye, aye,' said Jack Coffin, 'it 's Cape Cod,' sed he, 'an ye may bliss the Lard, that the Sayflower did n't come on wid a strang wind and a hivy saa.' — 'What 's that bit cabin, Maaster Coffin?' sed I; that same was the only habitation I saad amang the haaps o' sand. 'T was widin a praty's throw o' myself. So he toult me 't was pit jist there for the poor sailors in distress. How they cud till sa presasely where the oult Sayflower wud rin ashore, an pit the bit house jist there, the likes o' me niver cud till.

"After we had risted ower night, i' the leetle cabin, we waded mony miles through the daap sand. If we had n't ate up poor Jo Muncrief's seed praties, he cud n't got ony kind o' a crop fro' 'em

jist there, ye may depind. After great fatague we raach'd the town, as they call'd it. I niver saad onytning so maan in all Ireland. Wall, ye see, I was my own mon, in a fraa country onyhow. There 's not a bit soil widin two hunder miles o' Lim'rick sa maan as what I saad in Amiriky. Mony a mile was it we wint amost up to our knaas i' the sand, an not a mullen stalk did we saa, upon the tap o' which a poor broken-hearted grasshopper might sit, wid taars in his eyes, an charp all dee aboot notting to ate. Whin we got to the cintre o' the town, an 't was not Pether Healy cud till where that was, I saad a shmall shebeen it saam'd. I walk'd in, an says I to a quaar leetle felly, that was tinding, — 'a gill o' your whiskey if ye plase.' Wall, instid o' drawing the liquor, he stud, showing his white taath, an for all the warld, grinning to me, like a Cheshire cat. 'A dhrap o' the crathur sir,' says I, an if I did n't draw up a bit, an look a leetle offinded, it was n't my own self onyhow. So, upon that, he opens a windy, an bawls out, 'Ginral! — Ginral! — Square Taber! won't ye come in, haar 's a customer wants so'thing.' — 'Ax him to tarry,' sed that other, 'till I drive a nail or two in Doctor Coggin's cult's fut.' Na moor nor two minnits it was, afore in comes a felly, what look'd a dale moor like a blacksmith, nor ony ginral I iver sot eyes on in Ireland. — 'What 's your wush?' says he. — 'A gill o' whiskey was it,' says I. — 'We kaap a timperance shtoor,' says he. — 'Wall,' says I, 'I does n't care aboot taking ony o' that to-dee,' for I did n't thin comprehind his maaning, 'but I 'd like a dhrap o' brandy or porther, an ye has n't the whiskey.' — Then he, an the small spalpeen laugh'd out, to show their dacency, like a couple o' bull calves that had jist last their raison. So I walk'd out an tried three other shebeens, an got the same bad luck presasely. Whin I ax'd for a dhrap o' whiskey, ache one sed he kipt a timperance shtoor. Jack Coffin, whin I saad him agin, toult me all aboot it: sed he, 'Ye 'll not find a dhrap o' shpirit for sale in the hull county.' Think o' that, Robert Finnigan, an that same a fraa country into the bargin. Bad luck t' it, say I. — It 's moor nor a month's wark I had for notting, trying to git a leetle wark for ony wages at all at all. I got a place at last wid a widdy leddy, but I did n't shtay moor nor a couple o' hours. I wint to her sarvice aboot nine o'clack i' the marning, an the maid rin out aboot twalve, to say the ould leddy cud n't imploy me na langer. I ax'd if I had offinded her; the young woman sed no, but her maastress had bin raading an account o' an Irish murther, an wud n't have ony o' my country slaaping anunder her roof, for the hull warld. Bad luck saam'd to shtick to the back o' me like a pitch plaster onyhow. At last I kim upon a raal jintilmon, a lawyer he was. I haar'd him

defind a countrymon o' ours for staaling a cloak ; an he did the thing so dacently, an spake sich nate an swate things o' ould Ireland, that I rin up to him, whin he was laaving the coort, an toult him I shud like to sarve sich a mon as his honor, for jist no wages at all. So he rin me up an down wid a hawk's eye ; 'What 's your name, sir?' sed he. — 'Pether Healy, plase your honor,' sed I. — 'Wall,' sed he, 'your tarms are purty raisonable entirely, so ye may come to-morrow marning.' So I wint ye saa, an did my bist for his honor, not forgitting myself, o' coorse, as I was to have no riglar wages. After the first waak, he began to hint ; an ivry dee, moor nor liss, he kipt a hinting, till I lift him ; an I niver resaaved a single farthing o' him, that is, o' his own fraa wull." — "Good Pether," said Eyley Murphy, who had quite recovered her spirits, "what was that same the lawyer kipt a hinting?" — "Och!" replied Peter Healy, "he had a nagurish way wid him, for a jintilmon, an he kipt a hinting all sorts o' dishagraable things." — "An have ye purtiklar objictions, Pether, to tilling a buddy what he kipt a hinting aboot?" rejoined Eyley Murphy, with a waggish laugh. "Not in the laast Eyley," answered Peter, "he toult me, the villin that he was, that I was a raal Irish liar an a thaaf into the bargin. After that I had too much shpirit to sarve him ony longer. I wull only say, that if Amiriky is n't the maanest country in the warld, my name 's not Pether Healy ; so I 'll jist pit on my coat, if ye plase, an haar what ye can say Maaster McCloskey to the contrary." ———

"Thanks to ye, Pether," said John McCloskey, "for ye 've toult us an afficting story onyhow ; that 's na' to be contradeected na time o' dee ; an maybe it 's no less nor the truth, the hull o' it. Nivertheliss ye 'll forgi' me for tilling ye the plain thing, — ye knows na moor aboot Amiriky, nor my oult cap haar, nor so much as that nather ; bekase ye saa that same has bin lagues ower the new country, whin it 's yourself has been inches maybe. 'T was bitter luck nor yourself we had. Eighteen dees maarely was we fro' Cark to the city o' New Yark, an a most agraable time we had, ye may be sure. Thraa Roman Catholic praasts was aboord, beside foor young jintilmen, Jisuits they was. They kipt their own sacret purty wall onyhow. Father Mundowny lit myself int' it, whin we had bin taking a dhrap porther togither. Ye 'd no praast aboord the Sayflower, I think ye sed ; maybe your throubles was prosading fro' that same. — The city o' New Yark is one o' the finest cities i' the warld, I 'm thinking ; an it 's much the same wid the other great cities i' the new country, an there 's plenty o' 'em. Mate is chaaper a dale nor it is in Ireland, an so is maal. Praties grows, whiles

y' are slaaping, o' their own fraa wull. As for the crathur, a mon may be as gay as a bag full o' fleas an did drunk into the bargin for the maarest thrifle. Ye can't go a rad, mon, widout rinning agin a shebeen; an, bekase land jist in the city is so daar, an there 's no room for sa mony shebeens, as the public good requires, they pit moor nor the half o' 'em anunder ground. There ye 'll git the crathur in all its farms. 'T is n't in sich a fraa country as that, ye 'll saa a poor felly, like your warthy uncle, Mr. Finnigan, that 's in glowry, lang ago, rinning for daar life wid his still in his arms, pursued by a bloodthirsty exciseman, or some o' his maan understrappers. It 's a respictable bisness in Amiriky to mak the crathur, an to sill it, na impachement o' your own calling haar Mr. Finnigan. Raal gadly paple it is, o' the most sober lives an conversations, what siiis it an maks it too. Dacons mak the bist, an they thinks the Sabbadee is jist the time to mak the suparior quality." — "John McCloskey, did ye say dagons mak it?" inquired Eyley Murphy. — "No I did n't, I sed dacons mak it — whoosh! ye saucy calleen," continued McCloskey, perceiving Eyley's meaning, as the tittering of the women attracted his ear, "ye tak's a dhrap now an thin yourself, maybe." — "What sart o' dacons wull they be sir," said Kathleen Mashee, "to forgit Gad's law, an mak the crathur o' the Sabbadee? It 's the blissed Jasus that repates the law, thou shalt do na manner o' wark, thou an thy son, an thy daughter, thy cattle an the shtranger that is widin thy gates." — "Wall, wall," said McCloskey. "It 's jist this a way they manage it; they lights a great fire o' Saturdee night, in the shtill-'ouse, an it 's the fire sure that warks o' the Sabbadee onyhow, an not the dacons nor their sarvants. Whin its all o' a blaze, 't wud be moor like warking to pit it out nor to lit it barn. Na doot, there 's some felly, that throws on a bit stick, to kaap the fire, an maybe, he taks a dhrap o' the crathur, now an thin, jist to saa an it 's naar being a good crathur or no. Now, an it 's the Lard's wull he shud do so, it 's na other buddy's bisness sure; an it 's na the Lard's wull, why thin the felly, that same, is the Divil's sarvant o' coorse, an not onyway the dacon's." — "An ye 'd bin a lawyer, John," said Rory O'Donnohue, "ye 'd got poor Pether aff at his thrial, there 's no doot o' it." — "Thanks to ye, Maaster Rory, for your good opinion o' my poor abeclities. It 's na aisy for an oult dog to larn new thricks ye know. An I was o' your own yaars, I might be after gitting an insight o' the law. 'T wud come to me o' its own accard, I 'm thinking, for there 's a plain conniction betune that same an my own profission; an 't wud be convanient to me in my dalings. Ise doing purty wall nowsomiver. It 's aisier pitting aff an ould broken winded 'orse i'

the new country nor it is in Ireland.—Maybe, those amang ye, that 's half a mind to mak a bit thrial o' Amiriky, faars it 's all strangers ye 's going to find there. Jist the contraary it is. Whin the ship we wint ower in hault in to the wharf, ye 'd thought, an ye 'd bin there, that ye was in Cark or Dublin, for all the warld; sich powers o' Irish men an Irish women were crowding down, to saa oult acquaintances, an haar news fro' the Emerald Isle, an to tinder their sarvices. Our paple are growing fast i' that country, depind. What with their own increase an the constant immigritting fro' all parts o' Ireland, there 's na doot, in the minds o' sinsible calkillaters, but we may possiss the hull country one dee. An is n't it that wud be na moor nor it shud be after all? Ye saa the Amirikans staal 'd that same, ivry inch o' it, fro' the rid men. They wud staal away the poor Indians' brains wid the aid o' the crathur, an thin fix a quar'll on 'em, aboot a hatchet, or bit iron, or shtring o' bades; thin go to war, an baat the poor rid fellies, barn their haggards an wigwams, an the like o' that. After baing druv back i' the wilderness, the poor crathurs wud sue for pace, an mak a thraty, an sill their land an the graves o' their forbares, for jist as much gunpowther an whiskey as the Amirikans plased to gi' 'em. So they staal'd away their tirritory. An maybe it 's Gad's wull, that we shud staal it fro' them after all; an if it be his wull, there 's na country 't wud be more agraable to staal; that 's all I wull say. I 'll be plased, homsomiver, to spake to ony quistions ye wull pit to me aboot Amiriky."

"I wud jist ask ye, John McCloskey," said Betsy Finnigan, "are n't there na protestant Irish i' the new country?"—"Hiritics ye maan,—yis, like enough;—but I big your pardon, I remimber now ye 's that way o' thinking yourself."—"What ye spake o' the chapeness o' maal an mate 's incouraging indaad it is," said Patrick Murphy, "but how is 't wid sich other shmall matters a poor buddy must have?"—"He 's in na hurry to wait lang for your reply," said Eyley; "it 's o' the crathur he wud haar ye spake; for the warld's sake gi' him a spaady answer McCloskey."—"Swaat bad luck t' ye, Eyley Murphy," said her husband, "an your ligs were as lang as your rid rag, ye 'd na want shtilts onyhow." Eyley was uncommonly short, and she joined heartily in the laugh, which had been thus turned upon herself.—"The good crathur," replied McCloskey, "is as daar a crathur in one sense, in Amiriky as 't is in Ireland, but it 's a chaap crathur too. Ye niver teest the excise in your whiskey, though ye has to pay for 't onyhow in oult Ireland. The liquor 's na the better for that. Now i' the fraa country, whin the crathur crapes into your stomach,

it 's more agraable, bekase it 's a fiaa crathur, an na bothered wi' taxation." — "John McCloskey," said Neddy Faden the tailor, "will ye be so oblaaging as to sittle a small doot, that 's perplexing me, bekase o' the contradeectory shtories aboot Lim'rick? Ould McNaney, that sarved under Burgain it was, he toult me yisterdee the new country's na place for a mon o' my profission; why he ses he 's saan the raal Amirikaners, by hunders, moor naked nor iver they was barn." — "Och! the wheezing oult crowker that he is," replied McCloskey; "he maans to desaave ye, Neddy. It 's o' the eavagers na doot, that the oult felly spakes to ye. Na faar for ony mon o' your line; but Ise jist gi' ye a pace o' advice: the paple o' the new country chaafely are not maarly sharp, but paked they are, more nor ony nadle. So ye 'll be careful in respict o' your cabbaging, Neddy, to do it na so boultly, as ya've bin accustomed haar in Ireland." — "Thanks to ye John, for mintioning that same; did ye notish the cut o' coats an braaches whin ye was there?" — "I can't say that I did sa very purtiklar, Neddy; but, wid your shaars, there 's na faar o' the like o' you. — An now if ony o' ye 's a mind for th' ixparimint, there 's a fine ship o' thraa hunder tons goes nixt waak fro' Cark t' Amiriky dirict; and so, as it 's jist after an 'orse Ise going to daal for wid Jerry McGaw the baaf butcher, I 'll be taking my laave. Shtip this a way Mr. Finnigan an ye plase, we 'll be sittling for the crathur." — McCloskey departed, leaving his auditors variously disposed. Thaddy Mashee, prompted by his natural disposition for novelty, was strongly inclined to emigrate; but the more cautious counsels of Kathleen persuaded him to remain and try his fortune in Limerick. "We 'll be young enough Thaddy," said she, "to go ower a yaar hince nor moor, an it be naadful. But, whin we 're claan gane, 't will na be sa aisy maybe, to git back an try your hand at the carpinter's thrade haar in Lim'rick. Howsomeiver, an your heart 's i' the mather, daar Thaddy, Ise go alang wid ye onyhow."

Robert Finnigan's wife had conceived a friendship for Kathleen, partly perhaps because they were of the same opinion in religious matters, but mainly on account of her attractive and amiable qualities. By the aid of Betsy Finnigan, the Mashees were enabled to obtain some cheap apartments in her neighborhood. Thaddy was successful in his efforts to associate himself, on profitable terms, with a respectable carpenter; from whom in the course of twelve months he acquired an unusual amount of skill and information. — David McCready was now about four years of age, and he was constantly expressing his wish for such a playmate, in the shape of a brother, or sister, as little Bob Finnigan had; and his wishes were

abundantly realized, for, about this period, his mother gave birth to twins, one of which died on the second day after its birth. The other, a healthy little girl, she was enabled to rear. Thaddy had work enough; both himself and Kathleen as well as their little ones were in the possession of excellent health; she had about her a little circle of protestant friends and acquaintances; and ample opportunities in Limerick for the enjoyment of religious worship, according to her faith. Yet Kathleen was not entirely happy. In the language of an Italian proverb, "*There is a skeleton in every house.*" Love, devoted and undying, never took stronger hold upon the fibres of a woman's heart than upon hers. She lived, next to God and eternity, for her husband and her children; and he was not deficient in a deep-rooted affection for them. But the heart is deceitful above measure. Thaddy's affections began to be divided between Kathleen and another object. In the society of his fond wife, he became more and more silent and abstracted, from day to day. This rival that was insidiously stealing away his heart from its legitimate proprietress, levied increasing demands upon his time; and, in return for the pleasures of sin, exacted from the hands of this infatuated worshipper the sweat of his brow, that product of his daily toil, with which he had hitherto supported his devoted wife and dependent children. No word of direct crimination had ever escaped the lips of Kathleen. Now and then, her silent tear, or unbidden sigh, operating upon a heart sufficiently conscious of its obliquity, would drive him to a defence or palliation, before any charge had been preferred against him. Anticipating, from the hurried meal or other circumstance, a separation for the long winter's evening, she would sometimes say, "Daar mon, an ya 'll shtay at hum, we 'll try to make it a plisant fireside onyhow, an the gorsoon's got out his chuck straas d 'ye mind; leetle David says, ye don't play wid him as ye used to, Thaddy."—On such occasions, he would sometimes forego his anticipated enjoyment elsewhere, and remain at home, with a reluctance, however, imperfectly concealed. Still Kathleen had no occasion for jealousy, in the common acceptation of that word. She knew well enough that Thaddy loved her alone of all women. No human being, as she believed, and with good reason, could estrange the affections of her husband, or induce him to forget his marriage vows, or shrink from his domestic responsibilities. What then had produced this apparent alienation? What had taught him to turn away, night after night, from his own fireside, and to prefer any society to that of a fond wife and the offspring of their mutual affection? In the words of Kathleen herself, when justifying or at least palliating his conduct, in the very face even of his own self-crimination,—"*It was notting but the crathur.*"

By this ingenious distinction, Kathleen transferred the criminality of drunkenness from the idol of her soul to an agency, beyond the pale of her husband's responsibility. If this agreeable self-delusion should seem inconsistent with her apparent good sense, upon other occasions, we can offer no other solution of the mystery, than such as has been transmitted from age to age, in the proverb, that love is blind. Kathleen's was not only blind, but deaf, for she would hear nothing to Thaddy's disparagement; and dumb, for she replied not to his occasional abuse; or, if ever, by two brief words, "*Daar Thaddy!*" uttered in tones of gentleness and love.

"*The Crathur!*" What a comprehensive synonyme for the Devil's vicegerent upon earth! The elixir of misery! In fashionable life, among the opulent and the luxurious, drunkenness, and it is by no means an utter stranger in those elevated walks, comes not in that tremendous shape, in which it haunts and scourges its wretched victims, in the habitations of the poor. To those who dwell in palaces, or who are busily engaged in commercial or professional pursuits, the drunken father or the drunken child, the drunken husband or the drunken wife, though an object of loathing and disgust, brings not the whole fabric of domestic happiness to the ground. The drunken inmate, in whatever relation, can be permitted to put on and sleep off the brute, in a separate apartment. Expensive pleasures, and splendid castles, and gorgeous furniture, and glittering equipages, and the multifarious occupations of life, bury the recollections of such domestic afflictions: and, when they rise again, and undoubtedly they will, again the successive tide of this world's affairs comes speedily over them, and again they are forgotten. — It is not so with the poor. A single apartment frequently contains one household at least. There is no escape from the drunkard, when he comes. No pleasures invite the wife and the children of the drunken husband and father, from the scene of misery; no foreign occupations afford them relief; no ray of hope bears a reviving promise of betterment to-morrow; the drunkard himself, that poor, tottering, broken reed, is their only stay; they are not permitted to look for any other, of the present world, so long as the conjugal and parental relations remain; it is not possible to flee away and be at rest; there is no power of oblivion but in the grave; and even that, cold, and damp, and dreary, as it is, is often sought by fervent prayer, as an outlet for the wretched sufferer from a domestic hell. ——

The bustle and excitement of Limerick, had a direct and unfavorable influence upon Thaddy Mashee, who had passed his days in great obscurity before. Water finds its level not more certainly,

than a wild Irishman, upon entering a populous town, discovers that congenial circle, in which it is most agreeable to his feelings to abide. Thaddy, soon after his arrival in Limerick, found himself in the society of certain individuals, whose chief occupation was drinking and diversion; and, if we may be permitted to subdivide the second branch of their employment, this diversion consisted partly of gambling and fighting; and of the latter Thaddy had an ample dividend. It is characteristic of an Irishman, that, when sober, he is generous, obliging, affectionate, and humane, — but, when under the *crathur's* dominion, he is of all known animals, the most pugnacious, ferocious and unrelenting. The opium smoker, of Sumatra, and other islands of the East, is not more likely to murder friend or foe, without the least discrimination. Thaddy soon became an established inmate of Dennis Queeny's shebeen. In process of time, no man was more likely to be missed in his place, of a winter's evening, than Thaddy. If it was determined "*to flake an ugly felly*," or to proceed upon any other "*divilment*," no man was more essential to the enterprise than Thad. Mashee. Thaddy's thoughtless and profligate associates were chiefly catholics. We mean not to imply, that protestants are exempted from the degrading condition of *pot-service*, to which all vassals of the *crathur* are subjected. But we regret to perceive, that, with a few respectable exceptions, which we delight to acknowledge and record, the Romish clergy and their agents are apparently opposed to the employment of those means, which, in the present age, have found such extensive favor with the world, for the suppression of intemperance. Whether this arises from an unwillingness to relinquish the accustomed means of personal gratification, or from indifference, we cannot say. It is more probably, however, a part of the papal system; for, when drunkenness shall have been done away, and, with it, that just, relative proportion of all indolence, ignorance, crime, misery, and superstition, of which it is the putative parent; — then truly a much smaller portion of mankind may be expected to follow the dark lanthern of the Romish religion.

It is needless to say, that the course, pursued by her husband, made poor Kathleen an unhappy woman. — That religion is most likely to find professors among the frivolous and the wicked, which, by a species of ecclesiastical legerdemain, can persuade the sinner, that he is going directly to Heaven, when he is going directly to Hell. By a refined and complicated system of Jesuitry and prelatical juggling, the Papal See has obtained its present extensive influence through the world. Poor Thaddy was still a catholic at heart. He was constantly contrasting the compunctious prickings of his own

conscience, in contemplation of his unjustifiable career, and under the uncompromising system of religion, which he had learned from Kathleen; — with the delightful alternate succession of sin and repentance, permitted by the Romish scheme. Most true, when an explanation is formally demanded, we are told, that the wafer is without efficacy, unless the sinner heartily repent. But where is the son of Ireland or of any other country, who has stolen a guinea and spent the last farthing of it in whiskey, who does not "*heartily repent?*" It would be difficult, in many cases, however, to decide, whether he repented that he had spent the guinea, or that he had stole no more. The priest is too desirous of preserving that power, which enables him to deal by wholesale, in this system of acceptable delusion, to render the wafer difficult of digestion, by too close a scrutiny into the character of that repentance, which the recipient avows. — Be these high matters as they may, Thaddy was less pleased with a religion, which left him so exceedingly uneasy, after the commission of sin. To forsake the poor "*crathur*," and sin no more, was not in all his thoughts. Just before confession, his catholic associates were frequently less cheerful. The idea of passing out of life, without being shrived by the priest, filled them occasionally with painful apprehension. But, upon the next day, they were themselves again, and ready for a fresh career of iniquity. Kathleen was not only pained but chagrined by Thaddy's evident apostasy, for she undoubtedly believed that she had converted him herself. — Alas! when a young thief, of the Roman catholic persuasion, who comes to steal ducks, is suddenly converted to the protestant faith, not for the love of God, but of a handsome Irish girl, who detects him in the act, his conversion may not safely be credited, without further evidence.

Thaddy Mashee had become a good carpenter, and he had no want of employment; but the misapplication of his earnings had brought into his little household a guest, unwelcome and unknown before, poverty — but not rags as yet, nor squalid wretchedness. — I have watched — nor was it any waste of time — I have stood, sheltered beneath my umbrella, during a storm of wind and rain, and watched, for half an hour, the labors of that little insect, whose thrift and industry are a proverb. I have seen her meeting the elements at every point; gathering redoubled strength from the very exigency; at one moment, repairing the crevasse, which gave a passage to the water, that stood in a puddle — a lake to her — around her rampart of compacted sand, threatening to break down the levee, and bring ruin upon her house and home; at another moment, I have seen her, regardful of her children, descending rapidly into her sub

terraneous abode, and instantly returning; now struggling with a pebble, which threatened to choke the avenue, and then bearing off a straw, which the wind had cast in her way. — Such is not an unhappy illustration of a thrifty housewife, — the christian mother of needy children; — to whom the voice of nature has spoken aloud, — *if their father neglect them, — thou art their mother!* — to whose evangelized heart the angel of mercy has whispered, in accents ineffably sweet, — *thou art not forsaken!* — Such was Kathleen. Her eyes, her ears, her hands were in continual requisition; and, in the midst of oppressive poverty, she still continued not only to keep the wreck of their humble establishment together, but to preserve an air of tidiness and thrift. — Betsy Finnigan was a good friend to Kathleen, — but she was poor herself, and her own husband was falling fast into the pit, which, for years, he had been digging for others. "His shebeen wull be his grave, I 'm faaring," said Betsy to Kathleen, in the confidence of her full heart. — "My health an shtrength are good, bliss the Lard," Kathleen would say to her friend; "but a braaf minnit it is I gits, i' the midst o' my cares an throubles, to raad the ward. But we can pray, Bitsy, onyhow. Whin I 'm at the washtub, or minding daar Thaddy's clothes or the childher's, I can pray an waap into the bargin. An Ise moor shtrength whin Ise done, for there 's na doot it 's the Lard haars me." There was a striking resemblance between the conditions of these illfated women. They were the only children of their respective parents, whom they had committed to the grave; their years were nearly equal; their tempers were gentle and affectionate; their sorrows were the same; without father or mother, brother or sister; they had the same religious faith, and the same unfailing confidence in the promises of God. They were therefore, in the language of Paul, "sorrowful yet always rejoicing." These poor women had given a promise to each other, that, in the event of the death of either, the children of the deceased, so far as circumstances would permit, should become the children of the survivor: a promise, whose fulfilment was prevented by subsequent events.

If any human being could be supposed to possess two distinct entities, that being was Thaddy Mashee. He was an entirely different creature, as his good or evil genius prevailed. Ungovernable, brutal, and even dangerous, when under the influence of intoxicating liquor; — at other times, during the intervals, between his paroxysms of drunkenness, for such in reality they were, he was full of sadness and sorrow for his bad conduct; pouring forth, in the most vehement language, professions of regret and promises of amendment. These bright sunbeams were always hailed with

joy by Kathleen, although bitter and frequent experience had taught her, that they were transient, and that cloud and tempest must inevitably follow. A deep sigh, or a tear, or some kind attention to the children from their father, after a fit of intoxication, would atone for a torrent of oaths, and other cruel usage. — It was, in one of these intervals of repentance and domestic repose, that he was sitting with little David upon his knee: — " Y' ave rid to me o' Joseph's coat, Kathleen," said he, " an it 's the gorsoon's got one o' as mony colors, onyhow." — " An ye may wall say that," said Kathleen ; " but the leetle felly wanted a coat bad enough, an I did the bist I cud, daar Thaddy. It 's made o' githerings an scrapings to be sure afore the tailors' shops. Whin I was picking up bits, naar McArdle's shop, where Faden kipt, the same as wint to Amiriky, wid John McCloskey, McArdle ax'd me for what I pick'd up the paces; an whin I toult him, he throw'd me the great bit o' blue, ye 'll mind it betune the rid an graan, an he gi' me a hank o' thrid to mak it wid. David says the leetle fellies mak fun o' his coat, but it kaaps him warm; an Bitsy Finnigan says McArdle cud na made a bather fit. Tarn round David, an lit your father jist look at it; — there Thaddy, does n't ye rickon, Ise done purty wall consithering?" — Thaddy made no reply : — the tears filled his eyes. — " Daar mon," said Kathleen, " an what 's the mather? He sha'n't waar the coat, an it does n't plase ye Thaddy." — " 'T was n't o' the coat I was thinking," replied Thaddy, rubbing his eyes ; " it 's bekase, whiles I 'm pulling the house to paces, yese pitting it togither agin jist as fast. Och! Katty, it 's bad luck that brought me, spalpeen that I was, to your windy that night, whin I was ower head an aars in love wid your daar self. An what 's am I now, moor nor a did weight an a curse t' ye, Kathleen?" — " Whoosh! Thaddy," said Kathleen, " don't be after talking that a way, — ye 's a good, kind husband to me, whin ye 's your own self, ye are; it 's nothing but the crathur." — " Kathleen," said her husband, after a short pause, " I 'm thinking, an I had gane wid John McCloskey to Amiriky, I shud na be haar as I am. — There 's a vessel, they till me, wull be going after a waak's time." — Kathleen had occasionally repented her counsel, which caused Thaddy to try his fortune in Limerick. She had everything to fear from his continuance there with his present associates, and, at least, something to hope from a separation. — " Was 't a waak ye spake o' Thaddy?" said she. — " It 's after a waak or tin dees the ship wull sail, as I 'm toult," he replied — " Maybe," said Kathleen, " it 's the Lard's wull that we shud go to Amiriky, an Ise riddy thin." — Thaddy appeared overjoyed at her prompt acquiescence; and went out in high spirits to make the necessary inquiries.

He soon returned, with information that the ship would actually sail, in ten days or a fortnight. — Their arrangements were easily made. Time slackened not his customary pace, and the fortnight was speedily gone. Kathleen, after parting from Innisfallen, found but little difficulty, in turning away from Limerick. There was indeed one tie, which she could not sever without a tear. When the ship was hauling off from the wharf, and orders had been given and repeated, for all but passengers to go ashore, Betsy Finnigan was the last to take leave. Their little children, who had been taught to look forward to years of friendship, embraced one another for the last time; the prospective plans of their mothers were burst like bubbles; and an ocean was about to be thrown between those, who might have associated till death, in the bonds of humble but happy friendship. And all this would have been far otherwise, but for "*the crathur*." — The topsails were cast loose, and in a minute or two the ship began to move; "Gad bliss ye Bitsy daar, now an i' the dee." — "The Lard be good t' ye Kathleen, I 'm thinking we 'll maat in a bather warld." — Upon the present occasion, they were embarked in a temperance ship. Captain Barclay permitted no spirit to be used by the crew, and it was a special condition, that not a drop should be brought on board by the passengers. In this vessel, one hundred and thirty-nine emigrants were brought, after a short and prosperous passage to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and in the common course of time, to the city of Montreal. It was the third day of October, when Thaddy and Kathleen landed in the new country. Their scanty resources had been nearly exhausted in paying for their passage. A few shillings only remained of their little store. In the most literal sense, the world was now before them and Providence their guide: — but there can be no superior guide for man, if he will condescend to follow. They were young, in health, and accustomed to toil.

However humble the resources of emigrants when they arrive, there are few, whose pecuniary means are too insignificant to tempt the cupidity of a certain class of mankind. The poor emigrant, not less than the poor sailor, has his cormorant on the watch, impatiently awaiting his arrival. The drunken landlord is the pursuer and the enemy of both. Poor Thaddy had scarcely stepped upon the shore before he fell among thieves. He went forth, like the messenger from the ark, to find a resting place for his wife and children; and, after two or three hours, he returned to them, not with an olive branch in his mouth, but with such an intolerable stench of whiskey, as left no doubt of the success of his mission. A portion of their small resources had already been consumed for the procure-

ment of a selfish and brutal gratification. Kathleen, with a heavy heart, leading little David by the hand, and carrying the babe in her arms, followed her husband to such miserable quarters as he had been enabled to engage, as he informed her for a few days. Miserable indeed they were, already crowded with emigrants, and situated in the rear of a little grog-shop, from which the stench of whiskey and tobacco, and the clamor of unruly customers, continued to proceed till near midnight. Thaddy's endeavors to obtain employment were not attended with that success, which he had anticipated. During a period of two months, his family had suffered for the necessaries of life, which he had been either unable or unwilling to supply, most probably the latter; for he had acquired, by his occasional labor, the means of drunkenness, in which he had frequently indulged since his arrival. Kathleen perceived with the deepest regret, that her influence was gradually decreasing; and that his manners towards herself and the children, even during his moments of sobriety, were becoming less affectionate and gentle than before. The painful consciousness of being less beloved is apt enough to stimulate offended pride to some effort of revenge. The wounded heart struggles to love less; it strengthens its resolution, by gathering, from their shallow graves, the recollections of past offences, long since forgiven, and sacrificed with tears of joy, upon the altars of renovated love. Ingenious, in reasoning itself into that very belief, which it abhors, the mind distorts all truth, and annihilates its own peace with its own sophistry. — But it is not always thus. There are minds, which present the powers of memory and imagination, in bold relief; and yet the reasoning faculties are more prominent than these. So there are hearts, in which there is more than becomes a Christian of earthly pride, and yet love may so exceedingly prevail, as to bring all other affections under its absolute control. Such was that *Irish Heart*, which beat in the bosom of Kathleen, and, in despite of all external agitations, with a pulse as steady and undeviating as the movement of a chronometer. Her love for the man of her heart was unconditional; it was proved to be true love, by the acknowledged test, — for it was blind. We state not this in commendation, neither in dispraise of that ill-fated woman, whose story we recite; but we describe her as she was. Thaddy was the husband of her choice and the father of her children. The unfading recollections of young love were ever before her, in all their primitive freshness; she found it an easier task to forget his present neglect than his former devotion; and she never attributed the ill-usage of an ungovernable man to "*daar Thaddy*," but always to the "*crathur*."

The month of December had commenced, and, fortunately for the poor, the season was unusually mild. For two months, Thaddy Mashee had sought in vain, for some regular employment. He had heard that a considerable demand for carpenters existed in Troy, in the State of New York, and proposed, to Kathleen, that he himself should proceed alone to that city, and endeavor to find employment there. The accounts that he had received, and which he presented before her, were so plausible, that she finally consented to the temporary separation. If he should not speedily succeed, he promised to return immediately, but if he found sufficient encouragement to settle permanently there, it was arranged, that he should return or send for his wife and children. As Thaddy was unable to write, he agreed to employ some person in Troy to write in his behalf.

No sooner had Thaddy departed, than Kathleen devoted herself, single handed and alone, to the support of herself and her little children. She was an excellent washer and ironer, and her industrious habits and unblemished character soon brought her into the channel of as much work, as her strength permitted her to undertake. She was enabled, by the most rigid economy, to pay the rent for her little apartment, and to clothe her little ones, and to find them potatoes and salt; and, from one of the families, in which she worked, she received a gratuitous and bountiful supply of skim milk; so that she and her children would have been contented and happy but for the absence of the husband and father. She had even procured three yards of strong cotton, and, after reading her chapter and praying for the "*poor childher in a land o' shtrangers, and daar Thaddy,*" she used to sit down and work by a farthing candle, that she might surprise him upon his return, with a new shirt. — She had ascertained, to a day, the time, which he would probably consume in his journey to Troy, and the period when a letter might be expected. She was at the little window of the post office, day after day, for several weeks, inquiring for her letter. Her perseverance, in spite of so many disappointments, had attracted the notice of the postmaster; and her name and personal appearance had become quite familiar. Her amiable countenance became at last so sad, after so many applications in vain, that, to her customary inquiry, — "*Wull there be ony litter for Kathleen Mashee, your honor?*" — it was with a feeling of sincere regret, that, after a deliberate examination of the pile of letters, he returned them to the pigeon-hole, and looking over his spectacles, replied, "*No letter for Kathleen Mashee!*"

December, January, and February were well nigh gone, and no tidings of Thaddy. — Kathleen, driven almost to desperation, could endure it no longer. She determined to proceed herself to Troy,

in search of her husband. Having made her arrangements, she set forth upon the journey, notwithstanding the inclement season of the year; and, with her infant in her arms, and little David at her side, she proceeded to traverse, on foot, those hundreds of miles, which lie between Montreal and Troy. Subsisting chiefly upon charity, and supported by the God of the forlorn, she steadily pursued her way. Her simple story, briefly told, in the irresistible language of nature and truth, and in reply to the inquiries of those, whom she encountered, won a night's lodging here and there, and now and then a plentiful bowl of bread and milk for little David and herself. Occasionally she was less fortunate. Suspicion and distrust would sometimes lock up the heart even of some honest farmer. Permission to take shelter for the night, on the hay-loft perhaps, was, in some cases, reluctantly conceded. Upon such occasions, little David and herself would eat the dry morsel of bread, which she had providently reserved for such an exigency; and, while she was nursing the baby, David would read some portion of God's word from that same little Bible, which had been *Kathleen's own book*, in the island of Innisfallen. "It's too good for us this place," she would say, as they were about to renew their journey. "'T was in jist sich a place ye remimber, David, the Saviour was cradled." She would then stop at the farmer's door, and, thanking him for their night's lodging, proceed upon her journey. Thus, with almost incredible toil and suffering, she reached the place of her destination; and, after many inquiries, to which she obtained no satisfactory answer, she was directed to the habitations of some Irish families, who formed a little neighborhood by themselves. Here she repeated her inquiries from house to house, without any success, until she arrived at a miserable hovel, in one part of which there was a grog-shop. Kathleen approached the door, and accosted one of the men, who were standing within: — "Is it ony one haar, that can jist till me whereaboots I may be finding Thaddy Mashee? it 's my husband that same." — "Thaddy Mashee it is?" said one of the group. — "Yis, an it is," replied Kathleen. "Was he lang haar?" inquired another. — "Not lang I 'm thinking," said Kathleen, "he lift Montreal moor nor thraa months ago it was." — "Was not he a carpenter fro' Lim'rick?" inquired the person, whom she first addressed. — "Lard be good t' ye, that same it was indaad," said Kathleen, "jist be tilling me where to find the daar mon." — "Mashee was it she sed?" inquired a rough looking fellow, "likes enough it 's he that was sintanc'd for the siven yaars." — "Daar me!" cried Kathleen, and fell with the babe in her arms upon the ground. "How inconsitherate y' are Mullowny," said

one of the group, "ye haar'd the poor woman say the mon was her husband." — All considerations were forgotten in the present demand upon their kind feelings; and their countrywoman and her babe were carried into the house. Little David cried, as if his heart would break, for he thought his poor mother was dead. In a few minutes, however, she was restored to her senses; and the answers to her rapid interrogations furnished a distressing confirmation of her fears. — "Poor daar Thaddy!" she exclaimed, "an it's transhported he is!" It was soon explained to her, that transportation, as a mode of punishment, was unknown in the new country; and she seemed to be somewhat relieved by the conviction, that he was still upon the same continent with herself. When she had sufficiently composed her mind to hear a connected account of the affair, it was related to her briefly as follows. Thaddy had wandered about, seeking employment, and devoting his earnings for a day's work, to the procurement of the means of intoxication for several successive days; and then repeating the process. In a fit of drunkenness, he had attacked a fellow-countryman with a deadly weapon. The Grand Jury and the Court were in session. Poor Thaddy was immediately indicted, tried, and convicted of an assault with intent to murder; and sentenced to the State Prison at Auburn, for seven years. — "An why did n't he sind me the news, bad enough an it was indaad?" said Kathleen. — "He did so, and ye may depind," replied an old man, from whom she had obtained the most minute particulars; "an 't was myself that pinn'd the litter for 'im, an 't was diricted jist as he toult me, to *Maastress Kathleen Mashee, ower Pether McQuaid's shebeen.* — But now I 'm thinking we was so harrished, that I 's claan forgot to pit the name o' the town, but the litter 's safe enough onyhow."

One hundred and seventy or eighty miles were still between Kathleen and her miserable husband. But of what avail would her presence be, if she were in Auburn! To those, who counselled her to give up the thought of such a long and unprofitable journey, she replied, "I wull be naarer to daar Thaddy, an it 's a swaat thought to me that."

The inmates of this miserable dwelling were kind to Kathleen, and gave her and her children a supper and lodging. She retired into one corner of the apartment, every other corner of which was already occupied; and there, upon her sack of straw, she lay down with her children, not to slumber, but to weep and pray. There is surely such a consciousness of God's presence and support, such a firm conviction, that he hears and answers prayer, as gives strength to labor still and endure yet a little longer, when the cheek is pale

and the joints are feeble, and the heart is well nigh broken. — In the morning, though she had slept but little, she rose strengthened and refreshed. — "An where is 't y' are going now?" said her hostess, as she saw her preparing herself and her children for their departure. — "Thanks t' ye for your kindness," said Kathleen; "Ise going to saak a pardon for my poor daar mon. They till me it 's na moor nor a few miles to the governor's house; an Ise toult by the paple haar, that it 's himself has the power to pardon Thaddy, an he wull; an in the name o' marcy, why wull he not, an he 's flesh an blood?"

She took leave of the poor people, who had sheltered her for the night, and who wished "*good luck t' ye*," as she departed, but with an expression, which seemed to intimate their entire want of confidence in the success of her enterprise. She turned off with a lighter foot than might have been expected, after the fatigue she had undergone; but her heart had been refreshed by a measure of hope, which amounted almost to a confidence of success. The poor creature, in the simplicity of her heart, supposed, that the Governor of New York would be quite as blind to Thaddy's failings, as she was herself. — She reached Albany before ten in the morning, and soon found her way to the governor's mansion. Fortunately he was at home. She rang the bell, and sat down upon the door steps, with little David, to get a moment's rest. The door was presently opened by a domestic, who inquired her business. "It 's a poor buddy wud spake wid the governor," she replied. In a short time, she was conducted into his study. Kathleen made her courtesy, and little David, who had been duly instructed, took off his cap, and holding it with both hands, made his best bow. But this extraordinary effort caused him to fall upon the carpet. The governor smiled, and said an encouraging word to the little fellow. "He 's waary sir," said Kathleen, "he can do it bitter nor that; but he 's walked a lang way." — "How far?" inquired the governor. "It 's only fro' Troy the dee sir, but we 's come fro' Montreal; an the childher 's walk'd wid me ivry dee, and his faat are blister'd they are." — "Sit down, then, both of you," said the governor, "and inform me what has caused you to walk from Montreal to Albany, at this inclement season, and what is your business with me?" — "It 's na the like o' me," said Kathleen, "that wull be able to spake to quality as it 's maat: but may the Lard pit right wards into the mouth an right thoughts into the broken heart o' a poor woman, and ye 'll haar the truth onyhow. It 's o' Thaddy Mashee, that I wud spake t' ye sir, an——" "Are you his wife?" inquired the governor. "Indaad am I, and it 's my comfort that I am," answered

Kathleen · "an now he 's in throuble he 's daarer to me nor iver." —"Well," rejoined the governor, "I am well acquainted with his case, and you have come here to see if you can get him pardoned, I suppose." —"Jist that, your honor, it 's all the way fro' Montreal Ise come for that same ; it 's na moor nor five months since we come haar. We 're shtrangers in a shtrange land : our forbares in the oult country are all gane, and it 's nather kith nor kin we ha' haar. It 's a good kind mon, my husband that 's in prison, and he 'd na hart a fly." —"But, my good woman," said the governor, "it was proved, that he would have committed murder, if he had not been prevented." —"Och sir," replied Kathleen, "I 'd na belaave the like o' that, an I saad it wid my own eyes. It 's na Thaddy Mashce himself wud do sich a thing as that ; 't was notting but the crathur, your honor may depind." —"But the laws of England," replied the governor, "and of this country consider a man more guilty, who commits a crime under the influence of liquor." —"An shud it be so?" rejoined the poor woman, with increasing animation, "shud it be so? An it 's right to pray that we may na be lid into timptation, is it right to mak laws, which fills the land wid shebeens, where he that sills the crathur, may timpt ony poor buddy to his ruin? Whin we come to this contree, fro' the dee we lift Lim'rick till we raach'd Montreal, na woman iver had a moor oblaaging mon, than Thaddy. He was iver talking good-nathured wid myself, or playing wid the childher, or spaking o' how happy we wud be in the new contree. He thritend na buddy, he was ceevil and dacent to all aboord. An it 's jist bekase there was na a dhrap o' the crathur to be had. Your honor wull forgi' a poor buddy, but I wud ax, an a governor wid all the contreevers o' the law has na as great a power to prevint this sart o' throuble, as a captin o' a marchant ship? Whoosh! sir," continued Kathleen, forgetting in her zeal for her husband and for justice, the presence she was in, "pit na the cheens round the nick o' poor Thaddy, that daar innocent mon that he is, but upon them what maks and what sills the maddening crathur, or upon them, what permits sich prosadings ; na offince t' yer honor, onyhow. — Whin the dee is done, the poor buddy, waary and darty, and drouthy, rins to the shebeen as aisily, as the baby whin it 's hungry rins after the brist. An there was na shebeen, he wud rin hum to the wife an childher, an be moor happy there. Woe be to them, the book tills us yer honor, by whom th' offince hath come. —But, an ye 'll na regard the prayers and the taars o' a poor woman, Ise one frind, to whom I can go." —"You mean the Catholic priest or bishop, I suppose," said the governor. ——"Na indaad, yer honor," said Kathleen ; "it 's this blissed book," taking

her little Bible from her bosom, "that taught me moor nor tin yaars ago, where to saak the bist relaaf for a broken heart, and the daarest frind a poor buddy can ha' in a coult warld."

The governor was much interested by the zeal and honesty of this devoted creature; and, having heard, soon after the trial. of Mashee, some circumstances of a palliatory character, he was strongly inclined to mercy. The marks of weariness were evident on the features of Kathleen and her little boy. The high color upon her intelligent and honest face, was not the glow of health, but the flush of a protracted and painful excitement. The governor requested his daughter, who came accidentally into the room, to bring some refreshments. She soon returned, with her mother, and a little brother, whose curiosity she had excited, by her account of the pretty Irish woman and her children. — "It 's your leddy, sir?" said Kathleen, dropping a courtesy. The governor nodded his head, and gave some little account of the poor woman's errand, while she gave little David some of the refreshment, and partook, though sparingly, herself. — "You had better take something more," said the governor's lady, "you have walked several miles since your breakfast." — "It 's na breakfast Ise bin ating the dee, maam," said Kathleen: "it 's hard ating wid a hivy heart. My own taars it is, that 's bin maat and drink to me mony a dee. An ye was i' the same case yourself, daar leddy, wid your swaat childher haar depindant upon yourself alone for a bit bread, and your good mon pit up in prison, for siven waary yaars, it 's na o' ating ye 'd be thinking, moor nor to kaap sowl and buddy togither, till ye saad him ha' his leeberty agin. — Och sir," continued Kathleen, turning to the governor, and pressing an argument, which her sagacity assured her had not been presented entirely in vain; — "is it jist in the sight o' God, to spread a shnare at iv'ry corner, and whin as 't was na moor nor raasonable to be ixpicted, a poor immigrant or ony other poor buddy falls in 't, to pit him in prison for siven yaars? An ye wad jist put the crathur, that did the ill wark, in prison for siven yaars, wid them that maks it, and them that sills it, ye 'd do a sarvice, and saa a daal o' difference onyhow. Ise haar'd afore I lift Ireland, that Amiriky was a fraa country. It 's a fraa country, for aven the dacons o' the charches, Ise toult, to make the accursed crathur o' the Sabbadee; it 's a fraa country for sich as the like o' they, who profiss to love the Lard, that wint aboot doing good, to sill the pistilent poison that it is, an to win away the bit bread o' the little childher, an drive the poor broken-hearted mother to dispiration, an laad the misguided husband an father to offind agin the law. It 's a fraa country for all this, indaad it is. But whin

the wretched mon, craz'd wid the crathur, commits an offince, it 's na fraa country for the like o' him, onyhow." — The energy and honesty of this poor supplicant's manner can scarcely be conceived. The governor's lady and daughter were deeply impressed by the native eloquence of this untutored Irish woman. Their tears were already telling the secret of their sympathy. — "Maybe," continued Kathleen, "maybe ye 's thinking Ise too boult an plain-spaking. Indaad it 's not myself that maans ony offince, for it 's upon yer honored selves alone, next to the sure frind, Ise depinding for marcy, it is. Poor daar Thaddy!" she exclaimed, scarcely able to speak articulately for her tears and sobs. "Och! an we had only bin contínted to remain in Innisfallen, where we was barn, an where we first began to love ache other, an where we lived in pace! — Daar sir, wull ye na look upon your own swaat leddy, an upon your own childher, an gi' a passing thought to me an to mine? It 's for the daar husband, the only frind I ha' i' the warld, Ise plaading, an for the father o' thase childher haar. Wull ye na lit thase poor things ha' their father agin, an wull ye kaap the bars o' iron betune myself an my daar mon, for siven lang yaars? — Gad bliss ye sir; — he 's touching your kind haart; I saa it by the taar that 's jist in your eye." — "Good woman," said the governor, "your husband's case shall be considered without delay, possibly this morning; in the mean time, as you are entirely without friends in this place, my wife will provide for you to-day." — "Och, sir, it 's nothing Ise can retarn, but a poor buddy's prayers, an ye 'll ha' enough o' them, onyhow." — Kathleen and her children were ushered into the governor's kitchen. "Dear papa," said his daughter, as he was leaving the room shortly after, "do let the poor little children have their father again!"———

At noon, the governor returned, and Kathleen was summoned into his presence. "In consideration of your husband's youth," said the governor, "and of some circumstances, which, as I am told, were favorable to him at the trial, and of your own efforts in his behalf, I now put into your hands a full pardon for Thaddy Mashec." — The effect upon this poor woman was not such as might have been expected. Instead of giving way to such an ebullition of ungovernable feeling, as is characteristic of the Irish, under similar circumstances, she received the pardon from the governor, and, turning her eyes towards Heaven, she put the paper to her lips, and bathed it with tears: she then dropped upon her knees, and, clasping her hands together, exclaimed, in tones of the deepest feeling, "Lard of the poor and the rich, the waak and the powerful, for the blissing, which Ise now resaved, may I spind the rist o' my dees to thy honor and glory."

Her gratitude to the governor and his family was expressed in the most simple and affecting terms. — She could not be prevailed on to remain and rest herself for the night. — "I 'll be tin miles on my way to the prison," said she, "afore I slaap." She pursued her journey to Auburn, subsisting on charity, as before, and arrived there at last, herself and her little boy nearly exhausted with fatigue. She inquired her way to the State's Prison, and in the words of the respected individual, from whom we received the original statement, upon which we have built this tale of AN IRISH HEART, "*like the good angel of Peter, she opened the prison door, and set the captive free.*" She delivered the pardon, which she had kept safely in her Bible, to the warden of the prison. After carefully examining the document, he bade her follow him. She passed along through the narrow avenue and between the rows of cells. At length he stopped, and applied the key. — Kathleen stood near him with a beating heart. — The bolts flew back ; — the door swung open : — the criminal could not perfectly recognize the individual, who eagerly approached him ; — but, in an instant, the poor creature's arms were clasped about his neck, and "Daar, daar Thaddy," conveyed in tones of the tenderest affection, assured him of the truth. — "It 's your own wife and childher, Thaddy," said she, — "come out fro' this coult ugly place, daar mon." Thaddy looked anxiously at the warden for an explanation, who announced to the bewildered man, that he was fully pardoned.

Nothing could exceed the professions of gratitude and love, which he bestowed upon his deliverer. Her touching story created a strong feeling of sympathy for them both. A purse was made up, by some benevolent individuals in Auburn, on their account. Thaddy once more commenced business as a carpenter, and there was but one obstruction in the way of their prosperity, — the *crathur*, the most uncompromising and unrelenting of all task-masters over those, who have once become his voluntary slaves.

It would be more agreeable to lay aside the pen, and leave the reader under the delightful impression, that Thaddy and Kathleen were thenceforward the happiest couple upon earth. — It was not more than six weeks from the period of his liberation, when a person, walking in the evening, near the little dwelling, which was tenanted by Thaddy Mashee, was attracted by groans, proceeding apparently from some person in distress. He approached the spot, and not far from the door, discovered a female, who was unable to rise. Having procured a light, he ascertained that this unfortunate woman was Kathleen Mashee. She was conveyed to her dwelling, which was in terrible confusion. The little furniture she possessed

had been broken to pieces; the cradle was knocked over and the baby was turned upon the floor; and the elder child lay concealed beneath the bed. From him, when he had sufficiently recovered from his terror, they learned, that his father had come home crazy, and broken the furniture, and, after beating his mother over the head repeatedly with a chair, had dragged her, by her hair, to the spot where she had been found. Whither his father had fled the boy knew not. Poor Kathleen, by the kind attention of the neighbors, was in the course of a few weeks restored to health. She still persisted in finding excuses for Thaddy's conduct. — "There niver was a kinder nor himself upon coult wather," she would often say, "it 's nathing but the crathur." — Surely there is too much of rationality, in such an allegation, to authorize its unqualified rejection. The experience of the world has taught us, that the temptations to drunkenness, which are legalized at every corner, are too powerful for the poor; and that a vast proportion of mankind, who would be praiseworthy in the various relations of life upon "*coult wather*," are converted into maniacs and devils, by the influence of the "*crathur*."

After this horrible outrage, Thaddy appears to have fled, for nothing has been heard of him to the present hour. Of Kathleen we can only speak in the words of the individual, from whom we obtained the groundwork of this narrative. "*The last I knew of this devoted and much injured woman, she was asking charity to enable her once more to go in search of that monster of a husband, who had thus requited her sacrifices and her love.*"

When we contemplate those poor emigrants, who are flocking among us from the Emerald Isle, oppressed by poverty, and through the detestable agency of our grog-shops, invited to the commission of every variety of crime; we are prone to speak and think of them as an offensive and dangerous accession to the popular mass. Before we condemn by wholesale, let the enlightened philanthropists of our country, endeavor to meliorate their condition, by removing the means of drunkenness, by supplying the means of education, and by urging upon their minds the claims of a religion, *pure and undefiled*. By such allurements and excitatives as these, we shall be enabled to elevate the character of a large and increasing department of our population, and learn to estimate the real value of AN IRISH HEART.

WELL ENOUGH FOR THE VULGAR.

Anacharsis, the Scythian philosopher, being entertained by Periander, king of Corinth, demanded the prize for being the first drunk, such, as he affirmed, being the end and aim of all who drink intoxicating liquors.* Such liquors, unless they are rendered palatable, by the addition of saccharine or other agreeable matters, are almost universally offensive to the beginner. The pleasurable sensation, which, for a time, accompanies that disturbance of the functions of the brain and nerves, produced by such liquors, is a part of the process of inebriation: it is the dawn of that drunkenness, whose mid-day consists of woe, and sorrow, contention and babbling, wounds without cause, and redness of eyes; and whose night terminates in apoplectic, stertorous sleep, and frightful dreams. Disproportioned as are the pleasures to all the pains of drunkenness, the attainment of these pleasures is the end and aim of drinking, and the sentiment of Anacharsis is, therefore, undoubtedly correct.

These pleasures may be purchased at various prices; and will he, who greatly values them, but who can no longer afford to pay the highest price, forego them entirely, or purchase the joys of drunkenness at a lower rate? The sensualist, grown poor, descends to the haunts of vulgar licentiousness. The gamester turns not away forever from his reckless course, because his empty pockets and threadbare apparel admonish him to forsake more fashionable places of resort: he still hankers after his darling occupation, and throws the dice, for a paltry stake, among sharpers, as ragged and wretched as himself. Just so the miserable inebriate, who has acquired his unconquerable relish, upon costly wine, at the table, peradventure, of his affluent parents, becomes occasionally the associate of those, who sleep in hovels, and whose nectar is rum. While, therefore, we admit that the temperance reform, as a remedy, may be *well enough for the vulgar*, we commend it, as a preventive, to the enlightened and refined.

"How I used to hate the taste of it," said master Frederick, a young lad, about ten years of age, the son of a wealthy planter, as he turned off his heel-tap of Madeira. — "When you first made me drink it, mamma, I never thought I should ever get to love it so well as I do now." — "Well, my son," said Mrs. Broughton, "I trust it will be an useful lesson to you, as long as you live; and that hereafter you will take your mother's advice, without any hesitation. Who loves you better, my dear, than your fond parents; or who can be supposed to know what is for your good, more certainly than they? To be sure, you made a sad piece of work of it, at first; and it was really distressing, to witness the wry faces, which you used to make up, whenever you tasted a little wine. But you do a great deal better than you did, my dear. Still, I think there is room for a little improvement, Frederick. You are not quite so graceful in your manner of taking wine, as I wish you to be. There is master McKilderkin, the general's son; how much like a man he takes his glass, when," — "Oh yes, to be sure," said Frederick, interrupting his mother, "they are all the time having company, at General McKilderkin's, and William has had so much more expe-

* Archæol. Græc. Vol. II., p. 406.

rience than I have. Don't you remember, when we all dined there last week, mamma, that the general said William had a fine taste in wines; and that he actually knew the Cockroach wine from the Serapis, when old Admiral Hardhead could not tell them apart, though he has drunken more wine, the general says, than any living man, of his age?" — "But William McKilderkin lifts his glass so gracefully from the table," rejoined Mrs. Broughton; "here, look at me; put some wine in your glass." Frederick filled his glass, and imitated the movement of his mother. "Tolerably well," said she, "but you want practice, my son." Master Frederick indicated his displeasure, by setting down his empty glass, with some violence, upon the table.

At that moment, Mr. Broughton, who had been absent, for a short time, resumed his seat. "What 's the matter, Fred?" said he, observing that his son was not in a pleasant humor. — "Why, mother 's been scolding me," replied this interesting youth, "because I don't drink wine like Bill McKilderkin." — "Oh no, Frederick, my love," replied Mrs. Broughton, "I only," — "Well, never mind, don't let 's have any words about it," said Mr. Broughton; "fill your glass, Fred." — "He has drunk three glasses already, my dear," said Mrs. Broughton. — "Three glasses, eh! has he?" said her husband; "well, well, never mind, this pure old Monteiro never harmed a fly. Now, Fred, never refuse in company, my son, — nothing so awkward. I 'll tell you a story about that. There was old Jotham Hawbuck, a senator from Onion county, in the State of Massachusetts: he was dining with the governor, in company with eighteen or twenty gentlemen: — 'Shall I have the honor of a glass of wine with you, Mr. Hawbuck?' said the governor. Poor Hawbuck had never been in such harness before. He colored, and stuttered, and finally stammered out, 'I 'd much rather not, your excellency!' — Last Friday, I was dining with Colonel Johnson: an old-fashioned body, by the name of Gookin, was at table; some business acquaintance, who had come up the river, to look at his cotton, and whom the colonel felt himself obliged to invite. We had a haunch of venison for dinner. Everybody had finished the first course but old Gookin. He held on to his venison, like a Burgundy-pitch plaster. 'Mr. Gookin,' said Colonel Johnson, in his very courteous and gentlemanly way, 'indulge me in the pleasure of a glass of wine with you.' — '*Not yet*,' said old Gookin, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. Bob Johnson, the colonel's son, burst into a roar of laughter, and his mother sent him from table. — Never refuse, Fred; and be sure to drink with all the ladies."

"Well, wife," said Mr. Broughton, "where do we go to-night!" — "We are engaged, to-night, my dear, at Mrs. Noodle's." replied Mrs. Broughton. — "Mercy upon us! so we are," cried her husband; "I had forgot all about it. Well, the distiller's lady will show off in great style, I 've no doubt. Old Noodle is amazingly rich, yet I well remember the time when his whole estate was invested in a horse and dray. When Dr. Smith preached his excellent sermon upon temperance, last Sunday, I looked over at Noodle's pew; and when the doctor spoke, in pretty strong terms, of those, who become the ministers of ruin, by importing and distilling, though it was a chilly morning, I saw old Noodle wipe the perspiration repeatedly from his forehead. I wonder how he can hold on to such a business; I confess I have no patience with such a man, and I have no pleasure in going to his house to-night. By the way, my dear, Dr. Smith gave me several temperance tales, and asked me to think seriously of joining the temperance society: what do you think of it?" — "Why, Mr. Broughton!" said his lady, "you certainly cannot be in earnest. I 'm sure I would not join such a society for the world." — "Why, my dear," rejoined her husband, "it would cost us nothing, if we did. I don't believe we consume a quart of gin or brandy, in a twelvemonth; and, as to rum and whiskey, I don't know that they are used in our family at all." "Dear Mr. Broughton," rejoined his partner, "why, Venus and Diana, the washerwomen, drink half a pint of gin apiece, every Monday; old Sukey, the cook, could not live without brandy; neither mince pies nor cake can be made without it; besides, Mr. Broughton, your punch in the summer, only think of it, — your punch, my love!" — "True, true, my dear," said her husband, "I spoke without much reflection. You understand these domestic matters better than I do, of course. But, when I heard Dr. Smith so feelingly describe the misery produced by distilled spirits, and the good that would result from these societies, I did give him a little encouragement, to be sure." — "Why, Mr. Broughton, I wonder at you," replied his wife; "Ashur, the coachman, is constantly coming to me for money, to buy New England rum, to rub old Sorrel's legs. Only yesterday, he purchased a two-gallon flagon at the grocer's." — "Did he, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Broughton; "that accounts for his conduct. I have serious doubts, if it all goes to rub old Sorrel's legs. Ashur was evidently drunk all day." — "But, my dear husband," continued Mrs. Broughton, "how many acquaintances and friends we have, who drop in, every day or two, and take a little cordial. How awkward it would seem to be obliged to say, that we could not offer them a drop of it,

because we belonged to the temperance society!" — "Well, well, my dear," replied her husband, "I have not positively promised Dr. Smith to join the society, though he tells me the pledge, at present, extends only to distilled liquors." — "And I hope, Mr. Broughton, you never will," rejoined his wife: "I agree, entirely, with my excellent friend, Mrs. Scarlet, that the temperance society is *well enough for the vulgar;* but that it is really ridiculous for genteel people, who drink little else than good wine or porter, that never hurt anybody, to put their names to a paper, which contains the names already of so many people, that nobody knows anything about. Besides, Mr. Broughton, both you and myself have naturally considerable color, and to join such a society, would almost amount to an admission that we were in the habit of drinking ardent spirit ourselves. Still, I don't deny, that it may be *well enough for the vulgar.*"

Mr. Broughton sat twirling his thumbs, in silence, like an irresolute being, as he was. The volubility of his wife had, upon this, as upon many other occasions, reduced him to the conviction, that his strength lay in sitting still. He preserved a silence worthy of a good subaltern; and his lady, perceiving that the topic was not likely to move him again for the present, retired, for the purpose of making her preparations to visit Mrs. Noodle, in the evening. Mr. Broughton took his cigar, and sauntered, for half an hour, in the garden.

The time at length arrived; the coach was at the door; and Mr. and Mrs. Broughton, with many charges to Frederick, to be a good boy, and go to bed in good season, drove away to Mrs. Noodle's.

"They 're gone Tom," said this promising heir, as he turned the key, behind their backs, calling a little negro, about fourteen years of age. — "Be they gone, massa Frederick?" inquired this valuable domestic, creeping, at the same time, warily forward, with his eyes all about him. — Becoming satisfied, that the coast was clear, Tom proceeded with master Frederick, to ransack the lockers for sweetmeats; and, notwithstanding the quantity of wine the latter had swallowed at the dinner table, the relish for that liquor, already acquired, impelled this youthful victim of intemperance, — for such in reality he was, even at this early age, — to additional indulgence. He was in the very act of playing my little Lord Bountiful, and helping his sable associate to a second glass, when the sharp, shrill voice of Mrs. Gale, the house-keeper, converted their entertainment into anything but a *soireè musicale.* "Hoity, toity!" cried the worthy Mrs. Gale, "your mother shall know of this, master Frederick, before to-morrow morning." — "Tell of me, if you dare,

mother Gale," answered this promising youth, "and see if I don't tell father how you steal, and give away the flour and sugar."—"No such thing," cried Mrs. Gale; "hold your tongue, you little rogue: come, be a good boy, and I won't say a word about it, and I'll make you a turn-over, to-morrow, dear. But as for you, you little black dog, I'll expose you, as sure as you live," continued she, turning to the negro boy.—"Guess better not, missy Gale, ha, ha, ha," replied Tom, with a provokingly significant leer; "guess better not, better let de matter drop, missy Gale;—don ye know, toder day, ha, ha, ha, missy Gale!"—"Well, well, get along about your business, you impudent varlet," said Mrs. Gale, "I shan't bring you into trouble, this time, at any rate."—"Ha, ha, better not, missy Gale!" still echoed through the entry. "Get along, get along," cried the house-keeper.—The interchangeable relations of the parties appeared too plainly to indicate the propriety of peace. Indeed, such exhibitions as these were of no uncommon occurrence in the well regulated family of Mr. Broughton.

Mr. Broughton and his lady arrived in front of the distiller's splendid mansion, rather earlier than comported with the point of fashion, as it was only half past nine, just as the carriage drew up before the door. A blaze of light poured forth from the windows, and illuminated the public way. "A very beautiful mansion, my dear," said Mrs. Broughton, as she alighted. "Very, very, my dear," replied her husband, "but it wants one thing."—"And pray what is that?" inquired his lady.—"A pithy couplet over the front door, like that in front of one of the gin palaces in London:

'Who'd have thought it?
Gin bought it!'

"Put *rum* for *gin*, and the whole truth will be fairly told."—"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Broughton, in a whisper, "for pity's sake, say nothing about the temperance society to-night; the very naming of it is enough to sink one's reputation for gentility. It's *well enough for the vulgar;* but pray say nothing of it among fashionable people."—The close of this exhortation brought them to the door of a crowded saloon, where some hundreds of ladies and gentlemen were standing together, as compactly as a cane-brake Nothing can be more perplexing to the ear of a novice, than the sound of that unintelligible "jangle," which commonly issues from the door of entrance, where a fashionable mob, of both sexes and of every age, are in the full enjoyment of "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul." The rush of mighty waters is quite another affair.

The club meeting, so admirably described by Oliver Goldsmith where all voices were blended, and where he, who had the loudest voice, had also the longest story to tell, bears some little analogy to the confusion of such an assembly as this. I confess, that the recollections of many idle hours, wasted in such scenes as these, have been forcibly revived, in after time, when, upon a clear, starlight night, musing alone, upon the deck of a Mississippi steamer, I have listened to the *wittenagemote*, or nocturnal parliament of buzzards, herons, pelicans, and cranes; who fill the wilderness with their inharmonious cackle, extremely edifying to themselves, beyond a doubt, but quite unintelligible to all beside.

Mr. Broughton had no small difficulty, in squeezing himself and Mrs. Broughton, through the crowd, for the purpose of paying their respects to the lady of the house. "Which way is Mrs. Noodle?" said he, addressing Major McTab, one of the greatest wags in the city. — "Somewhere, in this elegant *receiver*," replied the major, with a laugh: "*Worm* your way along, my dear Mr. Broughton," continued he. — "Fie, fie, Major," said Mrs. Broughton, in an under tone; "your spirits fairly run away with you." — "*Highly rectified*, madam, ha, ha, ha," replied the major. — "What a coxcomb!" said Mrs. Broughton to her husband, in a whisper. — They had scarcely passed, before Major McTab, wheeling round upon Miss Cecilia Clicket, a maiden lady, of no particular age, commenced a severe attack upon the ugliness and affectation of the Broughtons; while, at the same moment, a bevy of law-students, who were holding their lawless court, in a corner, were making themselves exceedingly merry, by mooting the question of happiness or misery, in case of a marriage between Clicket and McTab.

After much edging and shoving, Mr. Broughton and his lady succeeded, in coming near enough to Mrs. Noodle, to accomplish the great object of their visit, — to execute a courtesy, in the smallest imaginable compass, — to force one heartless smile, — and then to mingle instantly with the promiscuous crowd. It was intolerable. — Poor Mrs. Noodle! like many others, who have suddenly emerged from humble life, she had gone, headlong, to the very extremity of fashion. Her figure was exceedingly short, and nothing had been omitted, which the code of quality prescribed, to render her unlike her identical self. What was the unrelenting severity of the laws of Aristides or Lycurgus, compared with those of fashion! By the aid of unnatural ligatures and preposterous appendages poor Mrs. Noodle had brought herself into the similitude of a locomotive hour-glass, saving that she had little thought or care of time still less of eternity. — The crowd was prodigious. Cato, one

of those professional gentlemen, who is everywhere at home, was proceeding through this dense multitude, bearing a waiter, loaded with ice-creams and liqueurs. At the very moment when she stepped backward, to return Mrs. Broughton's salutation, she overthrew the first battalion of ice-creams, and ruined her new gros de Naples. — "Bishops are eternally in trouble," said Major McTab. At this moment, the noise and rattle were suddenly suspended by reason of a loud and sharp cry from the adjoining apartment. Old Madam Goose, whose ruling passion for parties and routs was as strong at the age of seventy-four as it had been at sixteen, and who visited on crutches, had most unluckily planted one of her supporters on the gouty toe of old General McKildërkin. The silence of the assembly was momentary only; and in a short time, the confusion of old voices and young ones, treble, tenor, and base, defied all earthly comparison.

It must have been remarked, by every careful observer, who, at any period of his life, has wasted his fleeting hours in the midst of such costly fooleries, as were exhibiting in the mansion of the distiller's lady; that no individual present is particularly desirous of understanding anything, which is uttered by another, but is vehemently bent upon being understood himself. The speakers are eager and animated, and raise their voices to the highest pitch; while the listeners, if such they may be called, stand with vacant faces, twirling their thumbs, or playing with their watch trinkets, or fans, and turning their eyes and their thoughts, in every direction but that of the speaker.

Mrs. Noodle had been careful that no point of gentility should be overlooked; a small apartment, adjoining the drawing room, was accordingly devoted to the hot whiskey punch-bowl; which was continually emptied of its contents, and as constantly replenished. — "Positively the worst I ever tasted," said Major McTab, to his next neighbor, as he turned off his glass; "depend upon it, the old fellow distilled the whiskey himself."—"Why, Major!" cried Miss Midget, who was as constant at every rout, as old Patrick Mahony, the undertaker, at every funeral, "you are too severe; I have, certainly, tasted worse."—"Mercy upon us," said Mr. Broughton, in an under tone, as he entered the punch room, "what would good Dr. Smith say to this! I have been wondering from what quarter this strong smell of ardent spirit proceeded."—"Ha ha, ha! pray tell us, Broughton," cried the major, "are you a member of the temperance society?—drink no wine, I suppose, eh?" —"No, Major McTab, I am not a member of the temperance society," replied Mr. Broughton, "and I still drink my pure old wine,

and relish it as highly as ever. In this I can see no harm; and, if the friends of temperance contemplate the exclusion of wine, they are certainly going too far, and will ruin the cause. But I must say that the introduction of whiskey punch into fashionable parties, does not appear to me to be in perfectly good taste. It seems to me to amount almost to an insult to the friends of humanity." — "Ha, ha, ha: dear me, good Mr. Broughton," rejoined McTab, with great vivacity; "I 'll bet a quarter-cask of Madeira against a pair of bands, that you 'll take orders before this day twelve-month!" — "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Broughton, as she jostled forward into the very centre of this noisy circle; "dear Mr. Broughton, what are you talking about? do let the temperance societies alone, they are *well enough for the vulgar*, as you have often heard me say, but how, in the name of common sense, can they concern people of fashion!" — At this moment, a rap on the centre-table attracted the attention of the company to the Hon. Mr. Gross, a gray-haired, portly gentleman, with a triple chin, and a voluminous countenance, overflowing with broad good humor, and indicating little else. This gentleman had been once a senator of the Commonwealth, and he was remarkable for the measure of ease and unconcern, with which he reposed upon his bed of down, without thought or care for the harder fortunes of others. In the words of an extraordinary sermon, recently published, he had studied to keep himself aloof from the "gustiness" of the times; he had not suffered himself to be transported by the "fervors" around him; and he had carefully avoided all connection with the "great transient movements" of the day, such as "Bible, education, missionary and temperance societies." In short, this worthy gentleman, according to the outward indication of his uncommonly sleek and rosy visage, ate and drank to perfection, and prosed, at a terrible rate, of man's independence and moral power. He very much resembled a great moral toad-stool, which overshadowed and sterilized to the extent of its circumference. — Having riveted the attention of the company, by a few smart raps upon the table, — "A sentiment, my friends," said the Hon. Mr. Gross; "with your permission, I will give you a sentiment." He then filled his glass to the brim with whiskey punch, and, as he raised it to his lips, pronounced, amid shouts of laughter, "*Total abstinence!*"

It was now after midnight; and Mrs. Broughton availed of the confusion to abstract her husband from this interesting circle of practical philanthropists. The parting courtesy to the hostess was hastily performed, and they had scarcely entered their carriage before Mrs. Broughton poured forth the prelude of a curtain lecture,

upon gentility, and fashion, and caste, and the outlandish absurdity of temperance societies. All this, Mr. Broughton patiently endured, with many excuses and promises of amendment. — "Well, my dear," said Mr. Broughton, "what a stupid time we have had of it. For my own part, I should be happy never to be jammed almost to death in one of these crowds again." — "We must do it, Mr. Broughton," replied his worthy partner; "I dislike it as much as you do; but our standing in polite society, and the fortunes of our children make it indispensable." This excellent couple then amused themselves with the follies and weaknesses, ugly faces, and ill-breeding, ill-shaped dresses, and conceited airs of all those very dear friends, with whom they had so recently appeared to be on the best terms in the world. The account was unquestionably balanced, as the Holland merchants say, to a point; and the Broughtons were not forgotten by their *friends*.

The festival was over. The last of the long line of carriages had scarcely driven from the door, before Mr. Noodle commenced the operation of extinguishing the lamps, and turning down the candles, while his estimable partner, like an indefatigable wrecker, was busily engaged in the collection and preservation of the remnants. — Without any important departure from the continuous course of this little narrative, may we not stop to inquire what is the real practical advantage of such gatherings as these! Had the least imaginable benefit accrued to any individual! Was the sum total of amiability increased in a single bosom! In all this, was there the slightest symptom of religious, moral, or intellectual improvement! If there were any addition to the quantum of human happiness, how can we account for the very general exclamation, bursting spontaneously, at the first convenient moment, from guest and entertainer, "*Thank Heaven, it is over!*" The Noodles had given mortal offence to sundry uninvited relatives and acquaintances, and they had added nothing to their own happiness or respectability. They had opened an account with the most heartless portion of their fellow-beings, the votaries of fashion; whose standard of excellence is the depth of a flounce, or the adjustment of a feather, and the least perishable memorials of whose friendship are frequently executed in pasteboard.

Mr. and Mrs. Broughton were met at the door, by that paragon of house-keepers, good, honest Mrs. Gale, who informed them, that master Frederick had behaved like a little gentleman, but was rather feverish. Mrs. Broughton immediately repaired to the chamber. She found him in a violent fever; and, without any inquiry, in relation to the cause, directed a pint of wine-whey, which was faithfully administered by Mrs. Gale.

Nothing could have been farther from the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Broughton, than the suspicion, that master Frederick was then under the influence of liquor. A skilful reasoner would have undertaken a very difficult task, had he attempted to convince Mr. Broughton of the fact, even if the veracious Mrs. Gale had been prevailed on to disclose the whole truth. The little fellow had taken nothing but excellent old wine, which Mr. Broughton believed to be a most innocent beverage. It was indeed true, that master Frederick had taken nothing but excellent old wine; but it was not less true, that master Frederick was absolutely drunk. There is nothing unusual or unaccountable in this. The premises were certainly strong enough to support the conclusion. The quantity of "*excellent old wine*," which he had taken at the dinner-table, with his father and mother, by way of perfecting himself in the practice of propination, as the process of health-drinking was styled, among the old topers of Rome, had been quite sufficient to produce that disturbance of the functions of the brain, in a mere child, which may be called the first stage of drunkenness. In the language of the temperate drinker, the quantity he had already taken, had made him "*feel better;*" he was of opinion, that there could not be too much of a good thing; and as he had no objection to a farther improvement of his condition, he had proceeded to those subsequent indulgences with Tom, the negro boy, which had been interrupted, as we have already related, by Mrs. Gale. When he threw himself upon his bed, he was certainly drunk. How many thousands, male and female, young and old, have been reduced to the same condition upon "*excellent old wine, which never hurt a fly;*" and whom nobody ever saw "*the worse for liquor!*" If any parent should marvel at the production of drunkenness, in one so young, by the use of two or three glasses of "excellent old wine," we can only marvel, in turn, at such lamentable ignorance of cause and effect. If the aged patriarch of the flood was "*drunken*," as he certainly was, upon the fermented juice of the grape, which contained not the smallest particle of distilled alcohol; may not the same result at least be expected, in an adult, and more surely in a child, from the use of that "excellent old wine," which is proved, by chemical analysis, to contain a large amount of added alcohol, the product of distillation? ———

Those years, which, to a parent's observation, appear to creep slowly, from the cradle to the age of eight or ten, seem to acquire additional celerity, from that half-way house to the goal of manhood. Through many similar passages, and under the miserable discipline of such injudicious parents, Frederick Broughton had

advanced to the age, not of discretion, but of eighteen years. He was about to graduate at the university. By reason of special favor, he had been enabled to retain his position, to the close of his collegiate career. He had nearly completed his education; and, if he had acquired a high reputation, in any particular department, it was in that, wherein his fond mother was so desirous that he should excel; it was agreed, on all hands, that, as practice makes perfect, no young gentleman took his glass in better style, than Frederick Broughton. Shortly after he left the university, he entered his name in the office of an eminent barrister; and, having hung up his hat on a particular nail, three or four times a week, for the space of three years, he was admitted to practice at the bar. Frederick was an extremely idle, and very gentlemanly fellow; and nothing could have been more repugnant to his disposition than those habits of labor, without which no permanent distinction can ever be acquired in this laborious profession. He opened an office, however, as a matter of course, in which he sate, two or three hours a day, for half a year. His ill success was a source of infinite surprise to his parents, and particularly to Mrs. Broughton. He had received a liberal education; his manners were highly polished; and, at bar dinners, it was acknowledged, that nobody took his glass in such a gentlemanly style, as Frederick Broughton. — His fond parents became persuaded, that he was intended for something better than the mere drudgery of the law. Frederick was by no means deficient in personal appearance, and he was unanimously elected to the command of a militia company; for which office, during the "piping times of peace," he was by no means indifferently qualified. The law was as easily abandoned, as any other object, which had attracted the fancy without affecting the heart. He was exceedingly popular. Training and treating soon became the absorbing considerations of his existence. It was now very commonly understood, that Captain Broughton was a dear lover of good liquor. He was liberal, and even lavish, in his entertainments. His promotion was a matter of course, and he was soon elected colonel of the regiment; upon which occasion he gave a striking evidence of his attachment to the service, by getting so helplessly drunk, that it became necessary to carry him home in a carriage, from the public house. Mr. and Mrs. Broughton were excessively shocked by this unexpected occurrence; but they were greatly relieved, on the following morning, upon the colonel's "'pon honor, dear father, 't was nothing but excellent old wine, from your own cellar, and which never hurt a fly." At this period it was not esteemed so very disgraceful to be drunk, especially for militia colonels, as it is at the present day. Colonel

Broughton's "high go," as it was called, so far from operating to his disadvantage, was considered an evidence of spirit. It certainly did not obstruct, but rather tended to advance his further promotion to the office of brigadier general, which occurred about six months afterwards.

General Broughton had long passed that era, at which young men, who have a just regard for the proprieties of life, and a proper sense of shame, are desirous of taking up the implements of honest industry, for their own support; and of avoiding even the appearance of dependence upon their indulgent fathers. Such considerations did not appear to have the slightest influence in disturbing the general's equanimity. The law, as we have suggested, seemed to be abandoned. Broughton was a good-natured man. and no one was ever more ready than himself, to laugh heartily at his feeble attempt, or to admit his entire ignorance of the profession. He frankly declared, that, beside some half dozen collection cases, he never had more than one client in his life, of whom he gave the following amusing account, during a military supper, where he had not drunk more than half a dozen glasses. "He was an Irishman; his name was Phelim McGrath," said the general; "I was sitting in my office, with a cigar in my mouth, reading Byron's Don Juan. The door flew open, and this fellow exclaimed, in great haste, 'Is 't y'ur honor's worship that 'll gi' me a prosecution, right spaadily, to arrist my own 'orse, onyhow?' — 'What ails your horse, Phelim?' said I. — 'The raal 'orse ail is it, I 'm thinking, y'ur honor,' said he. — 'Well, Phelim,' said I, 'I 'm not a horse-doctor; what can I do for your beast?' — 'A baste indeed he was, that same that staal'd him, last October come agin, a yaar it was, nor moor.' — 'Ay, now I understand you,' said I; 'you wish to arrest the man, and not the beast.' — 'Sowl o' me, it 's not the like o' that naather,' answered Phelim; 'I cares not a farden aboot the mon, if I can arrist the baste.' — 'Well, Phelim,' said I, 'begin at the beginning, and tell me your story.' — 'That wud be swaater nor a buttered pratie, ony dee,' cried Phelim; 'but jist now Ise faaring my 'orse wud be trutting aff. It 's jist this, your honor: Paddy O'Neal rin aff wid my 'orse, and he soult him; and this it is I wants your honor to prove, for there 's not a spick o' tistimony, at all, at all; only Paddy was long in that a way afore he lift county Cark, and he was a tin hour mon; so it kim aisy and convanient, ye see, to stale the 'orse. — Now, Ise jist saad the 'orse at the tavern door, and I wants to know if I may tak him away fro' the prisent 'owner, that is, fro' the mon what does n't own a hair o' him.' — I was not a little perplexed by this unexpected draft upon

my professional bank, continued the general; however, I looked as gravely as possible, and, taking down Jacob's law dictionary, turned over the leaves, for the title, horse. This gave me a little time for reflection. 'I find nothing upon the subject, Phelim,' said I; 'had he a saddle on, when he was stolen?'—'Indaad, he had, your honor,' replied Phelim, 'and a sniffle bridle, to boot; and it's jist there, it is, that Paddy wull be after gitting his nick fro' the collar: he 's confiss'd 't was his own self that staal'd the bridle, or yhow, but he 'll not own that the 'orse was at the tither end o' it.' —I looked out saddle, and then, bridle, and, finally, told Phelim, that, as he had been so unfortunate, I should not charge him any fee for my opinion, but that it was a new case, entirely. 'And pray, your honor,' said Phelim, 'wud it mak any differ, if I shud till ye that same 'orse was a brown mare?'—'Not in the least, Phelim,' said I.—I have never had a strong relish for the profession, from that time," said Broughton, with a good-natured laugh.———

It soon became a common custom with this unhappy young gentleman, upon all such convivial occasions, which were neither "few nor far between," to talk on, and drink on, long after the wine-drinker's jest became stale and unmeaning, to the water-drinker's ear. Upon such occasions, he was escorted home, by one or more trusty companions of the bottle, and the midnight revel frequently terminated in some flagrant violation of those laws of nature, which have provided the shades of night for the repose of man. Upon the following day, some kind pacificator satisfied the watchman, for a broken head, with a liberal *douceur*, and the city lamps were speedily repaired, at private charge. Broughton was a very "*gentlemanly fellow;*"—a high blade, to be sure;—but all these excesses were committed, under the stimulus of a gentlemanly beverage!

When, after these debauches, he arrived at his father's dwelling, the back door was softly opened by the faithful Ashur, unless he happened himself to be too entirely drunk for the office; in which case, it was performed, by "good, honest, mistress Gale," who was not less ready to conceal the vices of the man, than the follies of the boy.

These revels were becoming so frequent as to attract the attention, and excite the serious apprehension of the elder Mr. Broughton's connections and family friends. But his common reply, to their suggestions and warnings, indicated a remarkable degree of ignorance, in relation to the force of that perilous habit of drinking, which frequently terminates in abiding drunkenness, on the most vulgar inebriants, though it may have commenced upon the most costly and classical beverage.—"Ah, my dear sir," he would often

reply, "Frederick is a gay young man, but he drinks nothing but wine. He can be in no possible danger. If it were brandy, or any species of distilled spirit, I should have cause to fear. *Alcohol*, in any form, is a great curse, I have no doubt, but good old *wine* never hurt a fly." Such was the ordinary reply of this misguided parent, grounded, as every judicious reader will readily perceive, in that popular delusion, which has long and extensively prevailed, that *alcohol* exists in distilled spirit alone, and not in all intoxicating liquors.

About this period, Mr. Broughton found himself compelled, by a regard for his personal safety, and that of his family, to dismiss his old coachman, Ashur Jennison. He was now almost continually tipsy, and had lately upset the carriage, and put the life of Mrs. Broughton in imminent danger. Ashur was called up into the parlor, to receive his wages. "I can keep you no longer," said Mr. Broughton. — Ashur hung his head. "You have served me fifteen years, and I have borne with the evil consequences of this beastly habit long enough." — The poor fellow bit his lip. — "You 've been a kind master to me, sir," said he; "I know I deserve to be sent off." — "Ashur," said Mr. Broughton, after a pause, "do you think it possible for you to give up brandy and rum, entirely?" — "I wish to speak the truth, sir," said the poor fellow, "and I don't really think I shall ever be able to." — "Well, then, Ashur, there are your wages; we must part," said Mr. Broughton: "I advise you, however, to make an effort, and sign the pledge of the temperance society." — "Thank you, sir, for your kind wishes and good advice," replied Ashur, "but I 'm past all that, your honor; I don't believe I could hold out a week. But if you 'll give me leave to speak my mind, I think it would be a good thing, if young mister Frederick could be prevailed on to join the temperance society." — "Jennison," said Mrs. Broughton, "what do you mean by such insolence?" — "I did n't mean nothing improper, ma'am," said Ashur, with evident surprise; "I 've known the ginral so many years, that it came more natural to call him mister Frederick." — "I care nothing about that, Jennison," rejoined Mrs. Broughton, "but it is highly insolent for you to speak of the general's joining such a thing as the temperance society, when he drinks nothing but wine. The society is well enough for the vulgar, and those who are in the habit of drinking brandy and rum, but I should think you had lost your senses as well as your manners, to propose such a thing for your young master." — "I meant no harm," said the poor fellow, "and if I had n't a regard for the ginral, I should n't have said what I did. — May I tell a short story, sir?" said he, turning

to Mr. Broughton. — Mr. Broughton assented. — "Well, sir," said Ashur, "my father bound me out to a wine-merchant, when I was twelve years old. He sold brandy and gin, also. I disliked them both, but I soon got a strong relish for wine, and, at the end of six months, I was turned off, for being often tipsy. I next drove a brewer's dray, and lost my place, for getting drunk with beer. The relish for brandy and gin soon came along, and now I have lost my place, for being drunk with rum. I dare not promise to leave it off. I promised my father to leave off drinking wine, and I broke my word. I promised my mother that I would give up beer and porter, but I could n't keep my promise. I was once near being married, and I promised the young woman that I would never drink any strong drink. I kept my word for several months, and she got all things in readiness for our wedding. But I could not hold out. I took three or four drams in one evening, and got quite tipsy. She found it out. When I went to see her, the next day, — 'Ashur,' said she, 'I love you, dearly, but I will never be your wife; if you cannot keep your promise before marriage, I am sure you will not after.' — So, your honor sees, how one liquor follows another. I meant no offence, though, in saying that I hoped mister Frederick would join a temperance society."———

The next week, Ashur Jennison delivered up the insignia of his office, the curry-comb and brush, to his successor; and, taking an affectionate leave of his horses, went forth once again to seek his fortunes in the world. After having gone a few rods from the stable, he returned, to inform Roger, the new coachman, that he must remember to wash old Sorrel's legs, daily, with New England.

"It is very surprising," said Mrs. Broughton, as she and her husband were sitting at the tea-table, on the evening after Ashur's dismissal, "that he should have presumed to speak of Frederick's joining a temperance society." — "I don't think he meant any offence," said her husband, after a short pause. — "Only think of it, my dear," rejoined the lady, "how entirely all the boundaries would be taken away, between the common people and ourselves, if we should become members of those societies, which are designed expressly for the vulgar!" — Mr. Broughton sat silently, twirling his thumbs, and with an unusual solemnity of manner. The simple truth of poor Ashur's narrative, had perhaps affected him more deeply than he himself imagined. Mrs. Broughton fixed her gaze intently upon her husband, for she was unaccustomed to see him wear an expression of so much sadness and anxiety. — "What is the matter, my dear!" said Mrs. Broughton. — He raised his eyes, suffused with tears, and, with a trembling lip, exclaimed, as he rose

from his chair, and placed his hand upon his forehead, "Merciful God! what would become of me, if Frederick should ever be a drunkard!" — "Why, Mr. Broughton, what can you mean!" exclaimed his astonished partner; "Frederick drinks nothing but wine, which, as you have always said, never hurt a fly And I have heard our family physician, Dr. Farrago, say the same thing. He says, it helps digestion, and is exceedingly nutritious." — "Ah, my dear, as our good pastor, Dr. Smith, has often said, there is an alphabet in intemperance, and he, who learns the first letter, will be very apt to learn enough of those that follow, to spell out destruction, before he dies." — "Why, you really make me nervous, Mr. Broughton," said his lady, "and I am afraid you are quite so, yourself, already. Our Frederick a drunkard!" — "God forbid," replied her husband, "but I will honestly confess, there is, in poor Ashur's story, a perfect, practical illustration of the opinions, which I have heard good Dr. Smith express, on more occasions than one. Besides, my dear, it cannot be denied, that we have waited long, very long, for Frederick to relinquish these excesses, which are pardonable, according to our way of thinking, in young men, until a certain period. He seldom dines at home; in the evening he is constantly out; he commonly returns, after we have retired, and not always, as I fear, in a perfectly sober condition. — I shall sit up for him, to-night, myself."———

Having no engagement for the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Broughton sought a refuge from themselves, and their anxious thoughts, in a game of piquet. The deep, unconscious sigh, which frequently escaped, plainly indicated, that the fears and forebodings of an anxious father had, at length, been thoroughly awakened. "Let us put away the cards, husband," said Mrs. Broughton, after a spiritless hour, "for we cannot possibly enjoy them." — These senseless toys, these miserable murderers of time, were accordingly laid aside. — Mr. Broughton rose from his chair, and began to walk across the apartment, in silence. His lady drew some fancy work from her table, and endeavored to occupy herself with her needle. — The parlor clock struck eleven. — "Where can he be to-night, my dear?" said Mr. Broughton. — "Indeed," she replied, "you make yourself needlessly unhappy, my dear. I almost wish good Dr. Smith was here, to converse with you. I think you would feel better, after half an hour's conversation with him. You have always said, that you never knew any person, from whom you could derive such comfort, in your perplexities, as from our worthy pastor." — "I am afraid," replied her husband, "that the present occasion would prove an excepted case. In truth, I have never told you, how

often and how earnestly the good old man has warned me, that I had much to fear upon Frederick's account. He has often urged me to join the temperance society, for the sake of the example before my son." — Mrs. Broughton put up her needle-work. — 'Come, cheer up, my dear," said she; "I wish Dr. Farrago was here; he would laugh you out of these humors. I do not doubt, that a cheerful glass, and a little pleasant chat, such as you will find at Major Ferguson's, where we dine, to-morrow, you know, will dissipate these blue ——, these unpleasant feelings, altogether." — Mr. Broughton made no reply. — The clock struck twelve. — He opened the window-shutter, and looked out upon the night. It was broad, bright moonlight. — As he was retiring from the window, he heard the outer gate, as it closed; and, looking forth, perceived three persons advancing up the yard. He almost immediately recognized the person of his son, supported by two of his associates, for he was evidently unable to walk. "Gracious heaven!" he exclaimed, as he clasped his hands together. — Mrs. Broughton rushed to the window, and gazed upon the scene before her. She beheld her only child, helplessly drunk, — him whom she had her self initiated in the mystery of taking his glass of pure old wine, like a gentleman! His companions appeared anxious to urge him towards the door; but he seemed resolved to linger, and, stretching forth his hand in an awkward and imbecile manner, he stood for a few moments, pouring forth a torrent of unmeaning oaths, with the broken voice and vacant stare of a drunkard. At length they succeeded in reaching the back door. But the sympathizing Ashur was no longer there. The new coachman, Roger Jones, who had been left to sit up for the general, by "good, honest mistress Gale," received him at the door. Roger had not been sufficiently instructed in this delicate department of his office. Instead therefore of smuggling and coaxing the young gentleman to his private chamber, as secretly and speedily as possible, he sustained him as far as the parlor door, and there left him to his own self-government. — The door having been opened by Roger, this unhappy young man staggered forward, and fell headlong on the parlor floor, almost at his father's feet. He uttered a deep groan, but was obviously unable to rise. The noise and confusion soon brought mistress Gale from her quarters. — "Dear me, ma'am," said this unsuspecting paragon of all virtuous and trustworthy house-keepers, as she rushed into the apartment, "what can be the matter with dear mister Frederick? no doubt he has eaten something that has thrown him into fits." — "Merciful heaven!" cried Mr. Broughton, "what is this?" taking from the carpet a Spanish knife, covered with blood. — "His hand

and the bosom of his shirt, are covered with blood, sir, ' said Roger, who had also entered the parlor, with one or two slaves of the household. "Lord, have mercy upon us," cried mistress Gale, at the top of her lungs, "he is murdered! my young master is murdered!" — A sharp shriek, followed by the sound of a falling body upon the floor, drew all eyes, for a moment, to the agonized mother, who lay struggling in convulsions. The outcry, which immediately filled the apartment, revived, however feebly and vaguely, General Broughton's recollections of the bacchanalian scene, in which he had recently borne a distinguished part. He still imagined himself there. The momentary belief that he was dead, soon gave way to a permanent and comparatively comfortable conviction that he was thoroughly drunk, when, with a vain effort to rise, he exclaimed in, a voice scarcely articulate, and with a terrible oath, which it is quite unnecessary to repeat, "Waiter, let 's have a dozen more of the same brand!"

While Mrs. Gale was occupied, with the aid of other female domestics, in the restoration of their lady, the unhappy father, assisted by Roger, had conveyed the young man to his apartment, and placed him in bed. Though his right hand, and the wristband and bosom of his shirt, as well as the blade of his Spanish knife were covered with blood, not the slightest wound could be discovered on his person. It may not be improper, incidentally to state the fact, that, however unusual at the North, nothing is more common in several of the Western and Southern States, than this barbarous personal appendage, the dirk, or Spanish knife. There are not a few, who would deem the duties of the toilette insufficiently performed, until their dirks and Spanish knives were securely deposited at their backs, or in their bosoms. We have seen grave judges, and barristers, and physicians, and members of the national legislature, exhibiting these implements on their persons, without the slightest apparent disposition to conceal them.

It was evident to Mr. Broughton, that his son had been engaged in some personal encounter; perhaps, thought he, — and the cold drops started upon his brow, — in some deed of murder! It would have been absurd to seek any explanation from this wretched young man. No human power could, at that time, have roused him from his drunken stupor.

There was no member of this household, saving these agonized parents themselves, who suffered, upon the present occasion, more acutely than poor Tom, the negro boy, whom the reader will readily remember as master Frederick's domestic associate, in his juvenile revels. No sooner had he heard the cry of mistress Gale, that her

young master was murdered, than he rushed forth, with the speed of the wind, for Dr. Farrago. The strong affection of this poor slave may be easily explained. Tom was the young general's foster brother. The same negress nursed them both; and it is quite common, at the South and West, to encourage this feeling of attachment, which such a peculiar relation at the breast may be expected to originate.

The doctor dressed himself with all possible expedition, and was soon at the patient's door. There he was met by Mrs. Broughton, who had sufficiently recovered to give her personal attendance upon her son. — "Dear Dr. Farrago," said she, "how good you are, to come so quickly!" — "Always a pleasure, always a pleasure, I assure you; but what's the matter, my dear madam?"—"Oh, dear doctor, I don't know; pray walk up stairs." — The doctor was ushered into the apartment; and, with all that adroitness, which is a certain characteristic of a skilful practitioner, he immediately modulated the expression of his countenance by that of the principal figure in the group. "Dear sir," said he, to Mr. Broughton, with a most impressive gravity of features, "what is the matter with our young friend; has he applied himself too steadily to his profession?" — Mr. Broughton shook his head; and the doctor proceeded to feel the young gentleman's pulse. — "Bless me! what is this? — blood!" — Mr. Broughton then gave the doctor a detailed account of the occurrences of the evening, so far as he could explain them. The doctor looked as much wiser than Hippocrates, as possible, and after a solemn pause, — "This," said he, "is the result of a little frolic, — a high go, — yes, madam, a high go, — a spree, as they sometimes call it; but evidently, as I perceive by the breath, upon wine, and, therefore, perfectly harmless." — "Oh, dear doctor Farrago," cried Mrs. Broughton, seizing his hand, "how greatly you relieve me. There's poor Mr. Broughton would have joined a temperance society, before morning, and I'm sure we never could have shown ourselves in genteel company, after that." — "Pshaw, pshaw, my dear madam," cried the doctor, "temperance societies are well enough for the vulgar, and for———" — "There, Mr. Broughton," said his lady, interrupting the doctor, "just as I told you." — "Yes, madam," continued the doctor, "well enough for the vulgar, and your rum, and gin, and brandy topers, your folks that drink *alcohol*, in any form; but *wine* is a very different affair." — "Pray, doctor," said Mr. Broughton, "will it not be well to prescribe some medicine for Frederick?" — "Not at all, my dear sir, let him sleep it off. He has an excellent constitution; it can do him no possible harm. Wine, sir, is an innocent beverage; no alcohol there, sir, not a particle · I insist on the distinction; noth-

ing but the elements. Alcohol is the entire *product* of distillation, and not the *educt*. *It is not a poison*, sir; it is very easy of *digestion*, and *subserves the purposes of alimentation and nutrition*. As to the elements, that may be present, *the prophylactic energies of combination* neutralize their virus. Give yourself no uneasiness whatever; the general will be himself again, to-morrow morning." — "But, Doctor Farrago, what can have occasioned this blood?" inquired Mr. Broughton, with evident anxiety. "Easily accounted for, sir," rejoined the doctor, briskly, "in fifty ways. He may have had a bleeding at the nose, and, when a little corny, he may have wiped it with the back of his hand, and gotten the blood upon his wristband; a portion may have dropped upon his shirt-bosom, &c. As I said before, give yourself no uneasiness; I will call, sir, after breakfast. Good night, my dear sir; good night, madam."

The doctor had departed. — Mr. Broughton sat upon the bed-side, looking intently upon the bloated and distorted features of his son. — "How very comforting it is to have such a visit, at such a time, from dear Dr. Farrago," said Mrs. Broughton. — Her husband made no reply. — "Mr. Broughton," she continued, "you seem to have lost your confidence in Dr. Farrago, and, I am fearful, from his manner, that he perceives it. He is, certainly, a very learned man, and I have been told that he has a whole trunk-full of diplomas. Did you not notice what he said of the energies of confutation?" — "My dear," said her husband, "I will frankly own to you, that I have lost a part of my confidence in the doctor. No man has done so much to impress me with a belief, that wine is harmless; but here is our boy, utterly drunk! He has been in the same condition, before; am I to believe, that this habit, engendered upon the purest wine, can be long continued, without sapping his constitution? Has it not already diminished his respectability, and tended to produce habits of idleness and dissipation? Contemplate the last two hours! I would not undergo, for worlds of wealth, the agony I have suffered in that brief space of time. The doctor tells us there is no alcohol in wine. Dr. Smith assures me there is; and he was once an eminent physician and chemist, before he devoted himself to the ministry. Have I not been strangely and fatally deceived? Have I not suffered my own fondness for wine to lead me into error, and to keep me there? Have I not listened with partial attention to all the suggestions of Dr. Farrago, and other individuals, in favor of this beverage, because I was eager to defend an object of my early and lasting attachment? Ah, my dear, I am satisfied, that, as our good pastor has often said, wine is a *mocker*, a deceiver" — At this moment, the street door-bell rang violently

and interrupted Mr. Broughton's remarks. He looked at his watch. "It is nearly two o'clock," said he; "what can this mean!" — The bell was again rung, after a few seconds, with redoubled violence. — "God help me!" said Mr. Broughton, in a faltering voice, as he rose to open the chamber door; "bad tidings come rapidly enough; I fear this is some messenger of evil." The door was unlocked by the negro, Tom, whose voice was soon heard in conversation with a stranger. This faithful fellow had conected the impression, from the remarks of one and another, that some species of mischief, of whose nature he had no definite conception, awaited his young master. — "Is General Broughton at home?" said the stranger, evidently in a hasty manner. — "Massa Broughton go out afore dinner, and I no see him since," replied the wary fellow. His answer was literally true, and his code of morals had been acquired, at the feet of "good, honest mistress Gale." — "Do you know where I can find him?" inquired the stranger. "I guess so," replied Tom. — "Let me know, then," rejoined he, with increasing earnestness. "You know, I s'pose, where 'bout de Cath'lic church stand," said Tom. — "Very well," replied the other, "make haste." — "Den, I s'pose you know, up treet, tarnal great way, turn two time right about, dere tall big house, wid green blind, don know, zacly, wedder green, or mudder color, all alone, great many house dere, all round him: den you go east, may be, west, don know, half a mile, clear off, tudder way, ——" "Peace, you varlet," said the stranger, throwing his cloak from before his face: "do you know me, now?" — "Goly, gosh! massa Bentley, how you cheat Tom, no tink 'twas a you." — Tom, being satisfied, that the inquirer was one of the general's aids, and most intimate friends, was now as communicative, as he had been reserved and wary before. — "Gin'ral come home, little ober de bay, ha, ha, ha, dat all, massa Bentley: sound sleep, now. 'Cause, got little blood on his hand, missy Gale make great big hullabaloo, and Doctor Thoroughgo been here, and ——" "Hold your tongue," said the major, "and tell the old gentleman, his father, I wish to see him, as soon as possible." — "Yes, massa," replied Tom. — Mr. Broughton had listened to this conversation from the upper landing, and now descended to the parlor. — "For Heaven's sake, major," said he, as soon as the doors were closed, "relieve me from this condition of anxiety, which is driving me mad. Explain this painful mystery, I beseech you, if you can." — "Your son, my dear sir," said the major, "must fly, or be concealed." — "Father of mercy!" exclaimed this wretched parent, leaping from his seat, "what do you mean?" — "Be composed, I beseech you, Mr. Broughton,"

said the major, rising and placing his hand upon the arm of the half distracted man. "Summon up your fortitude, I entreat you. There is really no time for delay, or I would break the matter more gently and gradually. Your son, under the influence of liquor, and probably unconscious of his conduct, has stabbed young Collingwood, his cousin." — "What an idiot I have been!" cried Mr. Broughton, striking his forehead with great vehemence; "is he dead!" — "No sir," replied the major, "but doctor Floyer, who was immediately called, stated expressly, that the wound was, in all probability, mortal." — "And where is he, where is George Collingwood, now?" inquired Mr. Broughton. — "The affray took place not far from his mother's house," replied the major, "and they carried the unfortunate young man immediately there." — "My poor widowed sister!" exclaimed Mr. Broughton, in a paroxysm of grief and anguish, "the only remaining stay of her old age, cut down by a child of mine! Oh, my God, my God, why do I live! can it be required of me to remain longer in this miserable world!" — "I entreat you, sir," said Major Bentley, with much emphasis, "to compose your feelings. Will you not, before it is too late, proceed to adopt such measures as may secure your son from the pursuit of the officers of justice?" — "Never," exclaimed Mr. Broughton, stamping his foot with great violence upon the floor; "I will not shield even my own son from the arm of the law, since he has made a devoted sister, the dear companion of my early days, childless in her old age." The decided tone, in which these words were delivered, so entirely at variance with the general character of Mr. Broughton, satisfied his visitor, that all further interference would be vain.

Mr. Broughton continued to traverse the apartment, with great agitation of manner, occasionally stopping for an instant and placing his hand upon his forehead. — "Ah, Major Bentley," he exclaimed, "how much of all my present misery is attributable to the influence of that dissipated society, with which this unhappy young man has been connected. These military associations have brought him to his ruin. Why could you not have interposed, and stayed my misguided son in his mad career?" — "Mr. Broughton" replied this amiable young man, for such in reality he was, "I perceive that you have not a correct impression of the painful relation, in which, for some time past, I have been placed towards your son. You will do me great injustice, if you suppose that a participation in these unhappy scenes has been a necessary consequence of our military connection. A common friend roused me from my bed to communicate this distressing event. I have urged your son, by every con-

sideration, to abandon his perilous career. I have a sister, my dear sir, whom you well know; — whether you also know, that your son has repeatedly offered her his hand in marriage, I am ignorant, of course. Had she been left to the influence of her own affectionate heart, she would, probably, be now the chief sufferer among those, who deplore over this terrible catastrophe. As it is, she will sympathize most truly, with those who may be called to suffer. I confess to you, that, however an alliance with your family would have been a source of happiness to us all, under other circumstances, I have been, myself, the chief instrument in opposing the wishes of your son. And it is a mere act of justice, to declare that his highly honorable feelings have induced him to treat me with undiminished regard, notwithstanding I have frankly avowed to him the agency I have had in the disappointment of his hopes. My own example of entire abstinence, enjoined upon me in early life, by a kind father, has been added to my earnest solicitation, when conversing with your son, as I frequently have done." — "Father of mercy!" exclaimed Mr. Broughton, as he clasped his hands, and burst into tears, "how devoutly I now wish my poor Frederick had been blessed with the precept and example of such a father." ——

At this moment, Mrs. Broughton entered the parlor; she had been informed, that the gentleman below was Major Bentley, and, very naturally concluded, that his visit, at this unusual hour, had some immediate relation to the present condition of her son. It was not easy for Major Bentley to conceal from her the real occasion of his visit. The painful recital of the facts, which it was impossible to avoid, produced a repetition of that distressing scene, which had occurred an hour or two before, at the period of the young gentleman's return. Mrs. Broughton fell again into hysterics, and was conveyed to her chamber. The treatment of this malady had, from long experience with her mistress, become perfectly familiar to Mrs. Gale. Upon the present, as upon many similar occasions, she recovered in a short time, and sunk into a deep slumber.

It was half-past eight o'clock, before she awoke; and she was delighted to learn from Mrs. Gale, that Frederick was still under the influence of profound sleep, and that her bosom friend and trusty counsellor, old madam Frattle, had been waiting impatiently to see her, for more than an hour. This incomparable old lady had acquired the earliest intelligence of the catastrophe. — "You should have waked me sooner, Gale; show madam Frattle into my chamber, immediately. But where is Mr. Broughton?" — "He went over to his sister's, Mrs. Collingwood's, madam," replied Mrs. Gale, 'with Major Bentley, about half-past three o'clock, this morning.

and has not since returned." — "I hope," rejoined her mistress, "that young Collingwood's wound will not prove mortal, though I am sure he was in the wrong to put Frederick in a passion, as I have no doubt he did. But I hope he will not die; it would be such a disagreeable thing to his mother; — help me to dress, Gale, but first show up Mrs. Frattle." — The visitor was soon shown into the apartment. — "Bless you, dear Mrs. Frattle, how good it is in you to take this trouble, at such an early hour, too." — "How could I be absent from you at such a time, my dear?" replied madam Frattle; — "How is our dear Frederick?" — "He is doing very well, Dr. Farrago says. We were a little alarmed, when Frederick first came home, on account of some blood upon his hand and bosom, so we sent for the doctor; but he made very light of it, and told us not to be alarmed. He said it was nothing but a frolic, and that Frederick had been drinking a little wine, which could not possibly hurt him. Dear Mrs. Frattle, what a learned man Dr. Farrago is; I wish you could have heard what he said about the popylactic energies of confutation." — "But, my dear Mrs. Broughton, if poor Collingwood's wound should prove mortal, it would be a sad affair." — "Dear me, Mrs. Frattle, you don't think Collingwood will die, — Gale, give me some lavender compound, and my eau de cologne." — "I hope not," replied her friend. — "Oh, I cannot think it is much more than a flesh wound," rejoined Mrs. Broughton. — "Why, as to that, my dear, Dr. Floyer says the dirk has pierced the lungs," rejoined this blessed comforter.— "Why, dear Mrs. Frattle, you frighten me out of my wits," cried Mrs. Broughton; — "Gale, pour more cologne upon my handkerchief." — "But Dr. Floyer says," continued Mrs. Frattle, "that there have been repeated instances, in which persons, wounded through the lungs, have entirely recovered." — "And so you think the wound is not mortal," inquired Mrs. Broughton, anxiously. — "Why, my dear, I am not a judge, you know," said her visitor; "Dr. Floyer has expressed his fear that it is." — "Mercy upon me, what then will become of my poor dear Frederick!" cried Mrs. Broughton. — "Don't take on so, my dear," replied Mrs. Frattle "Dr. Floyer is as apt to be mistaken as any other physician. You know he gave his opinion, last April, that old Colonel Guzzler would not live a year; and it is now the middle of May, and the colonel is still alive, though he had a terrible paroxysm of gout in the stomach, last Friday. Physicians ought to be very guarded in pronouncing these opinions; for, when they prove erroneous, they are apt to produce a great deal of confusion in our domestic arrangements, you know, my dear."

"Ah, my dear friend," said Mrs. Broughton, after a short pause, "I am terribly afraid, that Mr. Broughton will be prevailed on to join the temperance society, and try to induce Frederick to do the same thing. What a sad effect it would have upon our rank in life! I should be ashamed to show my head, after that. My husband has long thought very favorably of this outlandish society. Good old parson Smith, who is a kind of puzzlepot, you know, has more than half converted Mr. Broughton, already, and I am afraid this unlucky affair will bring him completely over. Dr. Smith is really getting troublesome, my dear Mrs. Frattle. He is continually sponging my good husband out of his money, for Bible societies and missionary societies. Only think of it, Mr. Broughton went out the other day to purchase me some splendid porcelain vases, and came back without having bought them: and told me he really could not afford it, for parson Smith had met him on the way, and prevailed on him to give him a couple of hundred dollars to convert some wild heathens in Athens, or some such place, in the East Indies. What a foolish waste of money! But all this I can bear tolerably well, only let me be spared the mortification of seeing the name of Broughton among a parcel of poor, ignorant, vulgar people, who compose the temperance society. I believe it would be the death of me, indeed I do, Mrs. Frattle. I have no doubt the thing is well enough for the vulgar, and I was pleased to hear so sensible a man as Dr. Farrago say the very same thing, in Mr. Broughton's hearing. Then, my dear friend, what a humiliating thing it is to pledge one's self. It looks as though we had such a poor opinion of ourselves."—"Ay, my dear," replied Mrs. Frattle, "you have a just view of the matter. They tell us that our example is needed, and some of these fanatical people have gone so far as to say, that we should give up our wine, to induce vulgar folks to give up their rum. How very ridiculous! My views are just these, my dear; '*Is it not impossible that any drunkard, awakened to a sense of his whole danger, of the poverty, the disease, and the disgrace he was bringing upon himself and his family, could, for a moment, suspend his decision upon the question, whether another man would give up drinking wine? The very supposition is absurd on the face of it. Who, that has a sense of virtue, would look round for a price for which to practise it? What has my virtue to gain or lose from all else in the whole universe? By what tenure can I hold it, but by the still small voice within me, which is more than the echo of that, which speaks from Heaven?*'"—"It is really a treat to hear you, dear madam Frattle," said Mrs. Broughton, "you talk so precisely like a book. Your idea of the echo is singularly beautiful; and your argument is perfectly unan-

swerable; for everybody knows that all the drunkards in the land are awakened now, by the exertions of the temperance society. These drunkards, now they are all awakened so thoroughly, would spurn, I should think, to be actuated by any but the highest and holiest motives. It is much the same thing as it is with children: if we only lay down good precepts, example is quite unnecessary, of course. These drunkards should rely upon their moral power; the still small voice is quite enough for them; and, if it is not, it is their own fault, to be sure."—"You are perfectly right, my dear," said her visitor; "this practice of signing pledges is highly censurable; it is a trap, my dear, a terrible trap for the conscience. It destroys one's individuality; it is a species of bondage. Our old friend, Noodle, the distiller, is not a Solomon you know, but he, now and then, says a clever thing, I assure you. He was at a temperance meeting not long ago, and, when the pledge was handed round, he went about very quietly among the congregation, whispering to the people, to be very careful how they signed away their liberties." ——

The door-bell rang; Mrs. Gale announced the arrival of Dr. Farrago; and madam Frattle took her leave. Mrs. Broughton repaired to her son's chamber; she there found her husband, who had returned a few moments before from Mrs. Collingwood's She had no time for inquiries, before Dr. Farrago entered the apartment.—"Good morning, madam, good morning, Mr. Broughton; how is he, to-day?" proceeding to feel the young gentleman's pulse. —"He appears not to know me, sir," replied Mr. Broughton, with evident emotion, "and I find him apparently in a high fever." —"Bless me," cried the doctor, "this is not as I anticipated. We must attend to this, without delay. Pen, ink, and paper, madam, if you please, and I will write a prescription; or I can do it in the parlor." The doctor followed Mrs. Broughton to the parlor, where they found the Rev. Dr. Smith. They were soon joined by Mr. Broughton. The good parson took him by the hand with an expression of the greatest benevolence, but without uttering a word. Mr. Broughton turned towards the window to conceal his agitation. —"Pray, doctor, how is young Mr. Broughton, this morning?" inquired the clergyman.—"At your service, in one moment, sir," replied the doctor, folding up his prescription:—"to be sent for, and administered immediately, madam," addressing Mrs. Broughton. "Why, sir," continued he, turning to the clergyman, "the young gentleman has taken a little too much wine. I relied, strongly, when I was first called, upon the prophylactic energies of combination; but I have reason to fear that he has taken into his stomach some-

thing beside the pure juice. There is at present a considerable excitement of the sanguineous function." — "You think he has a fever, doctor?" said the clergyman. — "I say not so," replied the doctor; "there are, indubitably, symptoms of pyrexia present. but you are aware, sir, as you were once a member of our profession, long enough at least, to comprehend its perplexities, you are aware, sir, that the theories have been very various: there is that of the Greek schools, founded on the doctrine of a concoction, and critical evacuation of morbific matter; then there is that of Boerhaave, supported by the theory of a peculiar viscosity or lentor of the blood; next comes that of Stahl, Hoffman, and Cullen, founded on the doctrine of a spasm on the extremities of the solidum vivum; then we have that of Brown and Darwin, supported by the doctrine of accumulated and exhausted excitability, or sensorial power; in addition to these, we have the opinions of ——" "Dr. Farrago," said the clergyman, "I did not intend to trespass upon your valuable time; I only wish to inquire if the patient is dangerously ill." — "Pshaw! my dear sir," replied the doctor, taking an enormous pinch of snuff, "the young gentleman has been engaged in a frolic, taken a little too much wine, nothing more. He 'll be out in a day or two, sir. I examined his breath, with great care; no brandy, no gin, no whiskey, nothing of the sort; wine, sir, nothing but wine. Wine is a wholesome, gentlemanly beverage; no poison in wine, easily digested, and subserves the great purposes of alimentation and nutrition. No evil consequences are to be expected from wine."— "Doctor Farrago," said the clergyman, "have you not heard of the affray which took place last night?" — "Not a lisp of it, sir, I assure you," replied the doctor. — "This unhappy young man," continued the clergyman, "under the influence of wine, stabbed his cousin, George Collingwood, through the lungs." — "Shocking, to be sure," cried the doctor, "bad enough, bad enough, never heard a word of it; not a mortal wound, I hope." — "Dr. Floyer," replied the clergyman, "upon the first examination, last night, believed it to be mortal; but Mr. Broughton and myself have had the happiness to learn from him, this morning, that there is a fair prospect of young Collingwood's recovery." — "Happy to hear it," cried the doctor, "very happy, — narrow escape, — a miss is as good as a mile, — might have been rather a disagreeable business." — "A very disagreeable business," rejoined the clergyman, with a significant and solemn expression. "The kind providence of an all-merciful God has spared an amiable young man, to be still, I trust, for many years, as he has been, since he came to manhood, the support of a widowed mother: and the same protecting power has preserved

the son of our worthy friends here, from the gallows! A very disagreeable business, to be sure! All this, but for God's special favor, would have been the effect of drinking wine, from which you say no evil consequences are to be expected. Had the point of the deadly weapon varied in its direction the tithe of a hair, I fear," continued the clergyman, dryly, "the prophylactic energies of combination, upon which you rely, would not have saved these two unhappy families from unspeakable distress." — "You mistake my meaning, sir, altogether," replied the doctor. — "Not at all, I apprehend, Dr. Farrago," rejoined his opponent: "you say, that no evil consequences are to be expected from wine, and that you rely upon the prophylactic energies of combination, whereby the virulence of the alcohol is supposed to be neutralized. Now, it seems, that the evils of drinking wine are twofold, — those, which affect the health and happiness of the drinker, and those, which affect the safety of other persons, who may fall under the wine-drinker's displeasure, during the paroxysm of drunkenness. The energies of combination seem not to be of much avail in furnishing additional security from the wine-drunkard's wrath." — "This is a very interesting topic," said the doctor, looking at his watch; "I should be happy, nay, delighted, to discuss it with you, Dr. Smith, if I had time, but my hour draws nigh for a consultation with Dr Floyer, on old Col. Guzzler's case, which is exceedingly perplexing, and will occupy us more than an hour." — "Dr. Farrago," said the clergyman, "I can save you the trouble of an unnecessary visit Dr. Floyer informed me, at Mrs. Collingwood's, this morning, that Col. Guzzler died suddenly, just before day, of gout in the stomach." — "Is it possible!" said the doctor; "why, sir, he dined out, only two days since, with the Terrapin Society, and drank his bottle of Madeira, as cheerily as ever." — "The prophylactic energies of combination do not appear to have saved the old colonel from the horrors of the gout, nor from death itself, Dr. Farrago." — "Hem, — why, no sir, no sir, — but there 's another side to that story," replied the doctor. "Between ourselves, the old colonel was not a first-rate judge of wine. He had no small amount of poor stuff in his cellar. Ay, sir, had he confined himself to the pure juice, it would have been otherwise. The pure juice never hurt anybody. I have my suspicions, that our young friend here has been drinking some vile compounds, at the hotel; cannot believe the pure juice would produce such ill effects." — "Ah, my dear sir," replied the clergyman, "it is high time the public mind should be disabused of a great amount of error, in relation to the properties of this pure juice, which you consider so entirely innoxious. Dr. Farrago, you

of course agree, that the beverage employed by Noah, when he began to be an husbandman, and planted a vineyard, so many hundreds of years before distilled alcohol was known, was the *pure juice*. Yet the *prophylactic energies* availed him not; they averted not the consequence of drinking an intoxicating liquor; they appear to have had no power, in preventing the first quarrel after the flood, nor in averting the curse which fell upon Canaan. These *energies of combination*, do not seem to have had the slightest influence in quelling those horrible disorders, which sprang up in the family of Lot, when he became drunk with wine. These neutralizing energies saved not the inebriated Belshazzar, and his drunken lords, from rushing on their fate, when they flung insult against the majesty of heaven. Nor did they preserve the primitive Christians from being drunken around the table of their Lord." — "Very true, all very true sir, very true, indeed," cried the doctor; "but we refer, you know to the prophylactic energies of combination, in regard to the physical effects of pure wine upon the drinker himself." — "I had always supposed, sir," said the clergyman, "that drunkenness, and its consequences, were among those physical effects. But if you refer to the supposed effects of these energies of combination, in relation to bodily health, do we not all know, that the gout is, proverbially, the wine-drinker's portion? That dyspepsia, and several other grievous diseases, are produced by the use of wine, and frequently, when otherwise produced, exacerbated thereby, is not to be denied." — "This may be true, sir, now and then," replied the doctor. — "Nay, my dear sir," rejoined the clergyman, "it is very frequently true." — "But, my good sir," resumed the doctor, "what are the very worst effects of wine, under any circumstances, compared with the effects of alcohol?" — "And pray, sir," inquired the clergyman, "do you question the existence of alcohol in *wine?*" — "Nothing but the elements," replied the doctor, "nothing but the elements of alcohol, sir, I assure you. *I insist on the distinction, I insist upon it, sir.*" — "Dr. Farrago," said the clergyman, "it is needless to argue about that, which is definitively settled. The chemists, Rouelle and Fabbroni, supposed that alcohol was the *product* of distillation, and not the *educt*, and that the elements of alcohol, and not formed alcohol, existed in simply fermented liquors. This supposition has been abundantly disproved. If it were correct, alcohol could not be drawn from fermented liquors, without raising the temperature to the point necessary for distillation. But Mr. Brande has separated the alcohol from all pure wines, by the aid of chemical agents, without any distillation whatever, and without raising the temperature of the vinous liquor; and so, doctor, can you and I.

Now, if this alcohol will make men drunk, and, if men, thus made drunk, will commit every variety of crime, it seems to me a very unprofitable employment of talent and time, to draw distinctions, as fine as gossamer, where no real difference exists, between the alcohol in wine, and the very same alcohol, separated from that wine, either by distillation, or any other chemical process. It is a remarkable fact, that, when the Almighty denounced drunkenness, against all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, as a national curse, he bade the prophet prefigure the great calamity, by telling them that *every bottle should be filled with* WINE; the pure juice, doctor, containing no other alcohol, than that produced by its own fermentation."—"A great deal in what you say, sir, no doubt; very plausible, very plausible, indeed," cried the doctor, rising quickly, and looking at his watch; "I will step up, madam, and look at the patient a moment before I go. Good morning, Mr. Broughton, good morning, Dr. Smith."———

Frederick Broughton was confined to his chamber for several months. His debauch terminated in a brain fever, from which his recovery was, for some time, exceedingly doubtful. At length, by the aid of a vigorous constitution, he escaped from the very jaws of death, and the hands of Dr. Farrago. Young Collingwood's recovery was more rapid. The world, as usual, sat in judgment upon the affray between these young gentlemen, and the decision was extremely unfavorable to Broughton. Even his military associates began to shrink from his society. Major Bentley, soon after the general's recovery, sent in his resignation, and General Broughton began to realize the practical effects of his intemperate career.

The prohibition against wine and games of chance is contained in the same passage of the Koran. We are instructed by Sale, in his preliminary discourse, that the word wine, as employed in the Koran, is intended to comprehend every kind of intoxicating liquor.* There would have been little wisdom in this prohibition of the false prophet of Mecca, had it been limited to one instrument of intoxication, or to any particular game of chance, leaving his followers at liberty to indulge themselves in drunkenness and gambling, in a variety of unforbidden forms. It is very manifest, therefore, that the professors of temperance, who have pledged themselves to abstain from ardent spirit alone, have by no means attained to the wisdom of the prophet.

The career of the unfortunate young gentleman, who is the subject of the present narrative, presents a forcible illustration of Ma-

* Sale's Preliminary Discourse, sec. v.

homer's sagacity, and of the wisdom of a comprehensive pledgo. Wine is abundantly sufficient for the production of all drunkenness; and, when the habit of intemperance is effectually formed, it is not likely to be corrected, by the most rigid abstinence from that identical beverage, by whose employment it was first engendered.

The elder Mr. Broughton's views, in relation to the innocency of wine, as a customary beverage, had undergone an important change. He had, for some time, halted between two opinions. The sound reasoning of Dr. Smith at one moment almost persuaded him to abandon his indulgence; but the long-fostered appetite for a single glass of his pure old wine, — the presence of a visitor, before whom he was not quite prepared to avow and defend the conclusions of his own mind, — the unutterable expressions of Mrs. Broughton, which seemed silently to say, — not a syllable of temperance, — it is well enough for the vulgar, — all these considerations prevailed, and he commonly drowned his feeble resolutions in the social glass. In short, the dictates of his better judgment were less efficacious than the influence of his better half. His recent domestic trial, however, had turned the scale; and, if any additional motive were necessary to confirm him in his good resolution, it was abundantly supplied by a severe paroxysm of the gout, which, even the *prophylactic energies* of the costliest and purest old Madeira had been utterly insufficient to prevent.

Shortly after the recovery of Frederick Broughton, he gave his father a solemn promise, that he would abstain entirely from wine; upon which occasion, his mother remarked, that his word was as good as his bond; such, indeed, had already become a generally received opinion. Frederick Broughton kept his word; from that time, he turned from all wine with loathing and disgust.

At the expiration of a fortnight from the period of his return to his ordinary pursuits, and to the society of such of his former associates, as still adhered to him, he was brought home in a hackney coach, superlatively drunk, a harmless and helpless mass. It would be needless to describe an additional fit of hysterics, which befell his incomparable mother, or the terrible exacerbation of his father's gout, which followed, as a natural consequence of this event. The young gentleman had made a very valuable discovery, and was carrying his theories into successful operation. His prompt acquiescence, when his father demanded a promise for the abandonment of wine, arose, in no small degree, from his growing experience of its disagreeable, acescent effects upon his stomach. He was delighted, beyond measure, to perceive the stimulating power, possessed by a much smaller quantity of brandy, without that unpleas-

ant disturbance of a debilitated stomach, produced by the tartaric acid in wine. A fatal and ruinous relish for strong drink had become a part of his second nature. The opinion of his parents that his only danger was from the employment of a *gentlemanly* beverage, and that his appetite was too refined to resort, for its gratification, to vulgar inebriants, proved, and will almost universally prove, where a vehement appetite for any kind of intoxicating liquor is already fixed, a miserable delusion.

A consecutive series of tears and entreaties, reiterated promises of amendment, brief intervals of sobriety, returning fits of drunkenness, and tears and entreaties, again had established the fact, that General Broughton was a common drunkard. The return of this wretched young man to his father's dwelling, in a state of beastly intoxication, under the civil guardianship of a watchman, or some companion of his revels, less drunken than himself, had become a common-place affair. Such occurrences were no longer confined to those hours of darkness, which are commonly selected by all but inveterate drunkards, as the season of their loathsome debauchery.

One morning, about eleven o'clock, Mrs. Broughton's attention was arrested by a violent rapping at the front door. Its immediate repetition induced her, without waiting for the domestic, to ascertain the cause of this violent knocking. Upon opening the door, she instantly recognized the person of Ashur Jennison, her old discarded coachman. He was dressed in sailor's apparel, and manifestly tipsy. — "Why, Jennison," said Mrs. Broughton, "is it you?" — "No, it is n't, my leddy," he replied, doffing his tarpaulin; "I 'm a bit water-logged, as your leddyship sees." — "Where have you been, Jennison," continued Mrs. Broughton, "since you left us, and what is the occasion of this violent knocking?" — "I 've been round Cape Horn, my leddy, and got ashore this blessed morning, ye see, and have gotten a gill or so more than was convenient." — "Well, well, Jennison, you had better go your ways; nothing will save you from destruction, unless you join the temperance society: it 's well enough for the vulgar, and may possibly suit one, in your condition." — "Bless your leddyship, one good turn deserves another; I 've just been knocking at the rapper, to let my old master know, that the first acquaintance I met, after I got ashore, was the gin'ral. He was in a sad pickle, my leddy, drunk as a hum-top, and a parcel of landlubbers poking fun at the poor fellow. The temperance society may be well enough for the vulgar, as your leddyship says, but I 'm afraid 't would puzzle any such craft to overhaul such a genteel clipper as my young master. However, I thought I 'd just be after letting you know the young gentleman

was in trouble."—Mrs. Broughton scarcely waited for the last words, but slammed the door in Jennison's face, who put a quid of tobacco in his cheek, and turned upon his heel, muttering, as he left the door,—"The same old painted fire-ship that she was five years ago."

Shortly after Mr. Broughton's return at the dinner hour, his attention was attracted to the window, by a mob of men and boys, who were approaching his dwelling. Two men were apparently sustaining the steps of a third, who was evidently too drunk to walk unaided, and who appeared to be an object of derision and thoughtless mirth to the mob, who followed, hooting, and hissing, and occasionally assailing the miserable sot with stones and dirt. It was just at that hour, when gentlemen usually return home from their places of business. Mr. Broughton's residence was situated in a fashionable quarter of the city, and several of his acquaintances were passing at the very moment, when the two assistants, who appeared to be charitably disposed, were vainly attempting to silence the drunkard's voice, and dragging him, evidently against his will, towards the door. His apparel was torn, and covered with the mud, in which he had wallowed; his face had been severely cut against the curb-stone, on which he had fallen; and his countenance was shockingly disfigured by the blood, which still continued to flow. The narcotic influence of the alcohol he had swallowed, had not yet perfected its work of stupefaction; the poor drunkard's brain teemed with the fantasy, that the individuals, who were humanely conducting him to a place of safety, were his military aids, and that the rabble, in his rear, was no other than the identical brigade, which he formerly commanded; and he appeared particularly anxious to form them into a hollow square, and return them his thanks for their soldierly behavior, and dismiss them for the day.

At this moment, the door was opened by Mr. Broughton, and, scarcely had he presented himself before the assembly without, when his worthy partner was at his side. She had no sooner shut the door in poor Jennison's face, and despatched the coachman and footman in pursuit of their young master, than she put on her bonnet, and betook herself forthwith to madam Frattle, for comfort and consolation. She had returned, just in season to contemplate this miserable spectacle. It was no difficult task for a father or a mother to discover, in the wretched being before them, covered with blood, and dirt, and rags, as he was, their only child, the object of their fond parental hopes. What a stay and staff was here, for that period, when life is on its lees, and even the notes of the happy grasshopper become a burden to the ear of a feeble, old man! Mrs

Broughton was immediately conveyed to her chamber, in a fit of hysterics, which so constantly, upon every occasion of unusual excitement, served for a discharge in full from all immediate responsibility. So readily, however, were all other considerations absorbed in those of caste and fashion, in the bosom of this poor lady, that her paramount concern, upon her recovery from the brief paroxysm, was an apprehension, that her husband might be persuaded, by the recent exhibition of drunkenness in their son, to become a member of the temperance society. Least of all did it occur, in the midst of her reflections, to associate this awful and disgusting consummation, with her own early endeavors to teach her poor boy to *take his glass like a gentleman!*

The measure of callous indifference, which is here described, will appear to many entirely inconsistent with the maternal character, unless among scenes of extremely coarse and vulgar life. This, however, is a faithful transcript from the book of nature and of truth. In that class of society, which is equally removed from the follies and vices of the rich and the poor, the devotees of fashion, and the victims of ignorance and vulgarity, the lords of palaces, and the tenants of hovels, — the best and purest affections of the heart are most likely to be faithfully developed. In the midst of gayety and fashion, there are not more convenient opportunities for serious contemplation than among those scenes of coarse, common-place debauchery, which are peculiar to the lowest grades of society. Whatever be the subject matter of affliction, unless, alas, it be the loss of wealth, — whether it be the death or degradation of a parent, or a wife, or a child, the mourners must remember that they have no occasion to mourn as those without hope, so long as the courts of fashion are open for their reception again. In the estimation of the gay, it is an unpardonable evidence of weakness, to grieve beyond the fashionable term. The bereaved is summoned, by the voice of a giddy world, to repair his loss, from among those happy hundreds, who are more than half ready to soothe his sorrows. The heir is expected to find a balm of consolation for the death of an honored father, in the reflection, that the estate remains for his enjoyment. Those ten thousand occasions of joy, and merriment, and festivity, which belong to fashionable life, are so many absorbents, which take up the particles of sorrow, in the bosom of a devotee, with wonderful celerity. The vulgar sot becomes not more effectually drunk with his ordinary beverage, than the votary of fashion with its continual fascinations. A diminution of natural affection, an indifference to the calls of suffering and sorrow, an unwillingness to participate in the benevolent operations of the day,

are common to them both; and both are equally remarkable for their eagerness in pursuit of their respective means of intoxication. It furnishes, therefore, no legitimate occasion for surprise, that the son of fashionable parents, an unconquerable drunkard, lost to himself, and to the world, should occupy his solitary apartment, under the paternal roof, while the glittering saloons beneath resound with all that unmeaning noise and nonsense which invariably proceed from promiscuous assemblies of fashionable people; and while the parents of this unhappy victim are regaling their numerous guests, with that very thing, which made their son a drunkard.

Let us return to our narrative. Mr. Broughton, by repeated occurrences of a similar nature, had become, in some measure, familiarized to these painful exhibitions. He caused his son to be conveyed to his chamber, and, closing the outer door, the rabble speedily dispersed from before his dwelling. After a slight repast, he walked the apartment in silence, for hours, reflecting upon his domestic misfortunes, and revolving a variety of expedients, which might afford a measure of relief.

When Mrs. Broughton, who had quite recovered from her hysterics, took her place at the tea-table, she was particularly struck with the composure apparent on the countenance of her husband. He had commonly, upon such occasions, evinced a greater degree of anxiety. She remarked upon the circumstance. — "I have long," said he, in reply, "been doubtful, in regard to the course, which it is my duty to pursue, in relation to our unhappy child. I have given this painful subject my serious consideration, for the last two hours, and my resolution is fixed. Distressing, as the alternative may prove, Frederick shall either go to the house of correction, or sign ———" "Lord have mercy upon us, Mr. Broughton," cried his partner, dropping the tea-pot from her hand, "what do you mean? sign the pledge of the temperance society! dear me, that ever a Broughton should do that!" — "I mean nothing of the sort," said Mr. Broughton, "and if you will listen, I will proceed. He shall sign the shipping paper of a whaling vessel, that is just ready for sea." — "Dear me," cried Mrs. Broughton, "how you frightened me. I was in the twitters, for a moment, for fear you meant he should join that vulgar society."

Mrs. Broughton had long been persuaded, that her pride was likely to be continually humbled, by the misconduct of her son. Beyond the matter of a few animal tears, shed in advance, at the thought of a separation, her maternal tenderness was thoroughly exhausted. Her affections were riveted elsewhere. The gay world

was enough for her; and she readily acquiesced in the determination of her husband.

The next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Broughton entered the apartment of his son. He had already dressed himself, and was sitting upon his bed. His whole countenance and manner were those of a drunkard, after a severe debauch. He raised his eyes upon his father's, but was unable to encounter their unusual expression of calm severity. Mr. Broughton, upon all former occasions, and until his mind had settled down into a state of quiet decision, had either given vent to ebullitions of anger, or lamentations and tears. This profligate young man had become perfectly familiarized to both, and had met them with apparent contrition, and promises of amendment.

"Frederick," said Mr. Broughton, after a solemn pause, "I have suffered more on your account than I think I ever can suffer again. I believe I have shed the last tears I shall ever shed on your account, unless I should hear of your death, or your reformation. You are now a notorious drunkard, and I am resolved no longer to endure the disgrace, which you bring upon me daily. I have formed my resolution. No promises, nor tears, nor entreaties shall induce me to change it. You shall go to the house of correction, as a common drunkard, upon the complaint of your own father, —or you shall proceed, this day, on board a whaling ship, which will sail to-morrow. You are fit for no office, and must enter as a green hand, before the mast. You must now take your choice." — Frederick raised his eyes upon his father's, once more, and he there read a clear confirmation of his statement, that the decision was unchangeable: —he lowered his eyes upon the floor, and, after a brief pause, expressed his willingness to go to sea.

Arrangements were speedily made. The captain was made acquainted with the habits of this young man, and with the wishes of his father. The vessel, in which he embarked, was a temperance ship. It is not necessary to detail the particular circumstances of his departure. The reader will, of course, suppose, that Mrs. Broughton had a fit of hysterics, though he will scarcely believe that she attended a crowded party that very evening; such, however, was the fact. Mr. Broughton took leave of his son without a tear, but with an assurance, that, should he thoroughly reform, he would take him to his arms, with tears of joy.

The ship, having been towed by a steamer to the Balize, soon got under way, and stood out to sea, with a favorable wind. Before night, however, the wind came fresh ahead, and it became necessary to close haul. Poor Frederick, utterly ignorant of a

sailor's duty, was knocked back and forth by the men, as they ran to and fro. At last, rather than appear utterly helpless, he laid hold of a rope; but, instead of belaying it, in a proper manner, he gave it a landsman's round turn, or, as the tars call it, a cow-hitch. He had scarcely taken his hand off the rope, before he felt a smart slap upon the shoulder, and a jack-tar bawled in his ear, — "Avast, gin'ral, I 'll show ye how to belay." — Here, then, was an end of his incognito, and he had no longer the satisfaction of believing that his humiliation was a secret of his own. But what was his surprise, when, looking round upon the speaker, he beheld the well-known features of Ashur Jennison, his father's cast-off coachman, a companion of the same forecastle with himself, for a three years' voyage!

We know nothing more of Frederick Broughton; and, as death ensues for the want of breath, our narrative must close for the want of additional materials. Enough, however, has probably been presented to the mind of every reflecting reader, to satisfy him that temperance societies are not only WELL ENOUGH FOR THE VULGAR, but for the educated, the opulent, and the refined.

NANCY LE BARON.

The faithful delineation of reality and truth will sometimes produce a picture, which the boldest weaver of romance would scarcely venture to indite, — if it were the wild creation of his fancy. In the preparation of the following narrative, the writer has carefully selected, from the mass of curious materials, which have been communicated to him, from authentic sources, such as were least likely to offend, on account of their apparent improbability. Certain incidents, which, of strict right, belong to this painful account, have been sacrificed, upon the altar of decency and taste. However interesting to the mere anatomist of drunkenness, they would undoubtedly shock the sensibility of some, and stagger the confidence of others. — It may shrewdly be asked, however, if any extravagance be too gross or too fantastical, to form a legitimate result from such a cause? Where rum, gin, brandy, whiskey, and other intoxicating liquors, are the well-known premises, who will pretend to set any limit to the conclusions? Drunkenness is madness; and, when the mind is brought thus low, all, of course, is riot and misrule; and one species or type of extravagance may be as rationally expected to supervene, as another.

As a body, no one of the learned professions has more reason to thank the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for any precious blessing, than the professors of the healing art, for the temperance reform. Few men were more exposed to daily and hourly trial and temptation, in this respect, than medical men; particularly those, whose sphere of duty lay among the broadcast population of country towns. It is, indeed, matter for astonishment, that country physicians, some twenty or thirty years ago, were not more frequently intemperate men. Hard service, by night and by day, long rides, cold weather, abundance of liquor, ever in full view, and the fashion of the times, all conspired to stupefy the physician; and fortunate was the sufferer, who received his attention, at an early hour of the day. It was hard and rare practice when the doctor *gave* physic, and *took* nothing in return, beside his fee. It was impossible to resist the good wife's importunities, whether the temptation consisted of the city lady's glass or two of the choicest old Madeira, *kept expressly for the sick*, — or the poor country woman's hot toddy, stirred up *expressly for the dear doctor*. Pride and jealousy had so thoroughly mingled with our ancient hospitality, in the rum department, at least, that the physician, who had partaken of the rich patient's *bonne bouche*, could not decently reject even the sick beggar's bottle.

It is eminently disagreeable to be the only intelligent and tolerably well-informed person, in a well-filled stage-coach, during a long, dusty ride, of a summer's day. Your companions will, somehow or other, discover the fact, that your intellectual cistern is more capacious than their own; and each one, in his turn, will be sure, with a little turbid water from his contracted reservoir, in the shape of a searching interrogatory, "*to fetch your pump*," and keep you at it, from dawn till dark.

We had been wholly exempted from this travelling abomination. Half a dozen better tonguesters, and more mannerly companions, have seldom passed the whole day together, within the walls of a stage-coach. If we had "*made up a party*," we should have done worse, beyond all doubt. We fell into conversation, almost as readily, as though we had been comrades from our cradles. We certainly were very agreeable to one another, for we disagreed about nothing. We soon made the discovery, that we entertained the same political opinions; upon some allusion to the subject of religion, it became equally apparent, that we were of one mind, in relation to the loathsome and heartless doctrines of infidelity; and, when we entered the dining-parlor, at the half-way house, a prompt

and universal requirement, for the removal of the brandy-bottle from the table, established the fact, that we were, one and all, cold-water men. It was one of the shortest and pleasantest days of my existence.

The sun was now about to bathe in the ocean, after a hot day's work. We had just reached the summit of a wearisome acclivity, and there lay before us the little village of ————, and the hills and the valleys beyond. We caught no glimpse of the noisy river, but we knew, by the rushing sound at the bottom, among the dark, tangled wood, that the wild Amonoosuck was hurrying downward, with its lately-gathered tribute of mountain waters. — We had become suddenly silent; and, as I had borne something more, perhaps, than my share of the conversation, and entered as heartily, at least as any other, into the innocent pleasantry of the day, my companions began to rally me upon the change. "It is sad to part," said I, "from one's friends, even after so brief an acquaintance." This was a sufficient explanation for them; but my heart had a reason of its own, which was no concern at all of theirs: — I was, at that moment, entering the little hamlet, where I was born, after an absence of fifteen years! ———

We now began to descend the hill, and the driver, whose whole soul was swallowed up in the desire of exhibiting the spirit of his horses, cracked forward with a velocity, that put an end to all thoughts, but those of our personal safety. We soon alighted, at the tavern door; the horses were instantly shifted; and I took leave of my companions, who went a stage further on their way. — In the dusk of the evening, I found it impossible to identify the landmarks of my youth. The old meeting-house, however, was not to be mistaken; and the tavern was the same, kept by Colonel Rumrill, twenty years ago. After looking at my accommodations for the night, and swallowing a *potion* of bohea, sweetened with brown sugar, and stirred up, if I am not mistaken, with a rummy spoon, which a round, red, little hostess provokingly hoped was "*perfectly agreeable;*" I resolved to reconnoitre the tenants of the bar-room, and ascertain, if any of the wretched, old grasshoppers, who used to chirp and sip sling, in that very place, some twenty years ago, were still upon their legs. Accordingly, carefully muffled up in my travelling cloak, with my hat drawn over my eyes, I elbowed my way through the noisy throng, and took my seat quietly in a corner. The atmosphere was perfectly saturated with the effluvia of rum and tobacco. Fortunately I was sufficiently supplied with fresh air, through a broken pane or two in the tavern window. As the smoke occasionally passed away, I caught a view, between the puffs, of

the different individuals, who composed the several groups. Now and then, I discovered an old standard; but I was greatly surprised to behold so many faces, which were entirely new to me. The host himself was a stranger. He was a sedate-looking personage, and appeared to understand himself and his affairs exceedingly well; and it was truly surprising to mark the quantity of toddy, and flip, and sling, and julep, and drams of all sorts, which he could prepare in a single evening. I particularly noticed, that he invariably drank off, and it appeared to me, unconsciously, all the *heeltaps* or sugared *reliquia* at the bottom, which were left by his customers; and his countenance was, by no means, indicative of total abstinence. A miserable object, very gray and very ragged, edged his way through the crowd towards the bar, and stood, in the attitude of one, who scarcely dares to give utterance to his wishes. — He turned his face towards the lamp; — I knew him at once: it was old Enoch Runlet, who worked on my father's farm, till my parents died, when the farm (for my father died poor) passed into other hands. Enoch was a sad dog. He was the wag of the village; and the villagers often got him garrulously drunk, for the sake of enjoying his humor. He was eminently useful on training days. On such occasions, he would commonly seat himself on the lee side of the pail of punch, for the sake, as he said, of the perfume. — At weddings and ordinations, he always contrived to be in attendance; and no shark ever followed a *slaver* upon the high sea, more assiduously, than Enoch followed his vocation of mourner-in-general for the dead. Hundreds of times I have seen him enter the dead man's apartment; stroke down his hair upon his forehead: walk up slowly to the coffin; look down upon the corpse with a mournful shake of the head; and then, turning to the table within a few feet of the receptacle of death, pour out and swallow a liberal glass of the very poison, which had too frequently demolished the defunct. — Enoch was evidently determined, with an air of mock humility, to attract the attention of the host. Every glass of spirit, that was consumed, seemed to increase the beggar's importunity of manner. He could no longer be disregarded. — "What are you here for, Runlet?" said the host, with rather a repulsive tone of voice. Enoch reached forward, and whispered in the taverner's ear. "You've got no money," said the host. "No, deacon," said Enoch, "but I'm expecting a little, in a day or two." — "You won't get any rum here to-night," said the deacon, "so, the sooner you go about your business, the better." — "Do, Deacon Mixer, let us have a gill," said Enoch, with a winning and beseeching air. — "I won't," said the deacon. — "Half a gill

then," continued the beggar. — "I tell you I won't," replied the deacon, with increasing energy. — Enoch held on like a leech. "Dear Deacon Mixer," said he, "just let us have a taste." — "Not a drop, Runlet," answered the deacon, stamping his foot, and breaking his toddy-stick as he struck it, in his anger, against the bar. — "Well then," cried Enoch, running his nose in the taverner's face, "just let a poor fellow get a smell of your breath, Deacon Mixer!" — This stroke of humor caused such peals of laughter, as made the old house shake to its very foundations. The deacon lost his temper, and threw a whole glass of toddy, which he had just compounded, with particular care, for Squire Shuttle, at the beggar's head. Enoch avoided the compliment, with singular adroitness, and the squire himself, who was standing directly behind him, received the whole glass of toddy in his face and eyes. This circumstance, while it excited the squire's anger, increased the uproar of this respectable assembly. The deacon made a hundred awkward apologies, and a fresh glass of toddy, which he presented in the most humble manner imaginable. This scene had scarcely passed, when old McLaughlin, the sexton, whom I well remembered in my youth, entered the room, and, putting a gallon jug upon the bar, exclaimed, in his well-known accent, "Dacon Mixer, I has come, for the Communion woine." — It was Saturday night. — Is it possible, thought I, that this man will have the heart or the hardihood to officiate at the table of his Lord upon the morrow! — I quitted the apartment, and retired, in disgust, to my chamber for the night.

On the morrow, I attended the village church, and there, in the deacon's seat, I beheld the very same toddy-making Pharisee, whose performances, upon the preceding evening, I have already recounted And, when the minister named his text — "What is man?" — truly, thought I, *what is man!* — I found myself surrounded by strangers. A new generation had sprung up, and there were very few, of whose features I had any recollection. — Chloe was yet alive. She sat in a corner of the gallery. She was an old scoffer, and I had never expected to see her in the house of God. She lived on the skirts of the village, and got her livelihood by selling cake and ale, and telling fortunes. When I was eighteen, a giddy, thoughtless boy, I was fool enough to lay out the better part of my savings, in prophecies and predictions, which Chloe had ever ready for those, who would part with their money in return. Upon the faith of this old impostor, who, by inquiries of others, had discovered the secret aspirations of my boyish heart, I was induced to make my suit to the squire's daughter, who speedily sent me

away with a flea in my ear. — Through the influence of a religious companion of her youth, she was the pious daughter of infidel parents, though they were among the first people of the village, and owned the very best pew in the church. I was a poor ploughboy, whose parents had nothing to balance the account withal, but willing hands and honest hearts. The decided, but kind-hearted manner, in which she rejected my exceedingly awkward demonstrations, my very first overtures of love, were enough to settle the question of her excellent good sense, and my own incomparable folly. —And yet I have never blamed myself severely, for this innocent mistake of my youth; for, though there were many who wanted courage to acknowledge the fact, there were few of our village lads, who had not, at some time or other, fancied themselves in love with Nancy Le Baron.

After the death of my parents, having received a good school education, and being held down for life to the little hamlet, in which I was born, by no consideration of interest; I determined to seek my fortune in the metropolis. By the assistance of a fellow-townsman, who had pursued a similar course, with remarkable success, I obtained a situation; which became the stepping-stone to all my future good fortune. By unremitting activity and application, for fifteen years, I had become the master of a "*pretty property.*" If the reader has any curiosity to ascertain the connection, between this portion of my history and the visit to my native village, it is but fair that he should be gratified. I had begun to put a few profitable interrogatories to my own heart: — In what way shall I employ these riches? Am I not getting weary of this interminable accumulation? I felt, at the age of thirty-five, that I had lived alone long enough; and, if there were a person upon earth, to whom I desired to say so, that person was Nancy Le Baron. Ten years before, I had heard some rumors of misfortunes in her father's family; there was a mighty difference between the poor ploughboy, and the man of handsome estate; Nancy might have become less fastidious withal; and, perhaps, I might count, in some measure, upon the effect of that constancy, which had flourished for fifteen years, without even the poor solace of hope deferred. Such then confessedly was the main object of my visit. It was my intention, if Nancy Le Baron were unmarried still, to offer her, once more, the hand, which she had already rejected.

I was very forcibly struck, by the change, which, in so short a space, had taken place among the inhabitants of the village. After I had taken my seat in the meeting-house, and kept my eyes steadily fixed upon the squire's pew, for a quarter of an hour, I had the

mortification, at last, to see it occupied by strangers. I looked in vain for Nancy, in every corner. I scarcely noticed an individual of whom I should have been able to gather any information, in regard to an old standard, excepting Major Moody, the miller, whose expression was always about as sour, as a great portion of the meal, which he sold. On my return to the tavern, I ventured to interrogate the landlady: "Pray," said I, "is Squire Le Baron yet living?" — "Le Baron," said she, "I have heard that name; we have lived here only a few years; the factory business has brought a great many new-comers to the village, who have taken the places of the old folks." — "How long have you resided here?" I inquired. — "We have kept the tavern about seven years, sir, and have had a good run of business. The deacon is very particular about his liquors, and gives general satisfaction, for he never waters his rum. He has it direct from Deacon Gooseberry's distillery. It 's a great pity, sir, that the whole business was not confined to deacons and church-members; it would then be done upon honor. Sha'n't I fetch you a little spirit before dinner, sir? it 's very cheering after a long sermon." — "But, my good woman," said I, "I have not been preaching." — "That 's true, to be sure," replied this talkative hostess, "but I often say so to Parson McWhistler, and he always takes it very kindly." — At this moment, the good woman was called away; and, taking my hat and coat, I walked forth into the village. I bent my course towards the squire's mansion. It appeared not to have undergone any remarkable alteration. As I walked on the further side of the street, I observed several children looking forth from the windows. — Nancy is married! thought I. Those are her children! — I strolled forward, endeavoring to reconcile myself to a disappointment, which I had certainly gathered, before it was ripe, as men, of a certain temperament, are prone to take up trouble, at an exorbitant rate of interest. I had walked on, till I came to the village grave-yard. Almost unconsciously, I found myself within the melancholy pale. My recollections of many, who had gone entirely from my memory, were readily recalled by the simple memorials around me. According to the prevailing custom of mankind, some twenty years ago, almost every adult, whose name I noticed upon the head-stone, had been a moderate drinker in his day. A very large proportion had been incorrigible sots. What a motley group, thought I, in the great day of the resurrection, shall arise together from the drunkard's grave!

While I was thus engaged, my attention was aroused by the footstep of a person, who had approached within a few feet of the place where I stood. — It was old Enoch Runlet, who had excited

the deacon's indignation, on the preceding evening, by his importunity for grog. He was apparently sober, and his smooth chin and general appearance indicated some little regard for the outward observances, at least, of God's holy day. He knew me at once. "Why, Mr. Lawder," said he, "what, in the name o' natur, has brought you here? I thought, as I was a going by, that it was so much like Isaac Lawder, that I must needs step in and see. We heard that you had got to be quite a fine body, and we never thought to see you in these parts again, among us poor folks, in the old village. If a body may be so bold, what in the world, Master Isaac, has sent you this way?" — I was perfectly aware, that nothing could surpass this fellow's insatiable curiosity, unless it were the skilful exercise of that power of rapid combination, which enables a Yankee to reach the mark with the accuracy of a patent rifle. — "You always was a leetle kind o' melancholy, Master Isaac; I 've seen ye walk in this here place afore, of a moonlight night, when you was a younker. I *guess* you haant come up here a speculating, arter lands or the like?" — "No, Enoch, I have no such design," I replied. — "I *guess* you 've made a sight o' money already," continued he. — "Why, as to that, Enoch," said I, "I have the substance of Agur's prayer, neither poverty nor riches. Pray, good Enoch, who occupy the old mansion-house, where Squire Le Baron used to live?" — "Why, I *guess*," replied Enoch, "they 're the same, what has occupied it for the last five years: I *guess* you haant got a mortgage on it, have you?" — At that moment, this inveterate guesser fell over one of the foot-stones, in the grave-yard, and the writhing of his features assured me, that he had bruised himself severely. — "I *guess* you have hurt your shin, Enoch," said I. — "I *guess* I have," said he. — "Well then," I resumed, "I hope you will leave off *guessing*, and give me a few direct answers to some very plain questions. I perceive, that you tumbled over Bill Tillson's grave; it is better so, than to tumble into it, for Bill was an awful drunkard." — "I guess you 're a cold-water man, Master Isaac," said he. — "Well, Enoch," I replied, "for once, you have guessed right, and I hope you will rest satisfied. I wish you to inform me where Squire Le Baron now resides." — "Why, Master Isaac, did n't you know, as how the squire had been on Deacon Gooseberry's farm these six years, come next April? did n't you know that?" — "On Deacon Gooseberry's farm? — Who is Deacon Gooseberry?" — "Why, Deacon Gooseberry has been a distiller in this village, for twelve years, and this grave-yard is called the deacon's farm, and here, — step this way, Master Isaac, a piece, — here is the squire's head-stone." —

"Is it possible!" said I, as I read the "*Sacred to the memory.*" — "Was he intemperate at last?" I inquired. — "Very, very," said Enoch, with a ludicrously solemn expression upon his countenance, and a deaconish shake of the head; little suspecting that I had witnessed his own performance on the preceding evening; and, like many drunkards, unapprized of the full extent of his own unenviable fame. "The squire used to be a temperate man, Enoch," said I, "in my father's life-time." — "And long after, Master Isaac," he replied. "About seven years ago, he delivered a temperance address, in the next county, against ardent spirits; but the temperance folks blamed him very much, for going to the tavern, in the evening, after the lecture, and calling for his bottle of wine. We poor folks, who take a little rum now and then, don't see the wit o' that, Master Isaac. I guess you take a little wine yourself, now and then." — "No, Enoch," said I. — "A little ale then, or porter," continued he. — "Not a drop of any intoxicating drink," I replied: "I am a consistent cold-water man, and have no more belief, that intemperance will be entirely abolished, by the abandonment of ardent spirit, than that the vice of gambling would be rooted out, by the abolition of the game of all-fours. But pray tell me, Enoch, what has become of the squire's family?" — "The old lady is gone," he replied; "she took a little spirit herself, in a sly way. The old gentleman did pretty well, till he lost his property, and then he left off wine pretty much, and took to the other things. He was n't used to it, ye see. It never hurts me, and I don't think it ever will; but it fixed the squire right off. It did n't seem to agree with him." — "What became of Miss ——, the squire's daughter?" — "Why, Master Isaac, you have n't forgot her name, I guess; Miss Nancy, you mean. She was your old flame, you know: I guess you 've got married afore this, Master Isaac." — I fairly wished myself rid of the fellow; but, putting the best face upon the matter, I observed, with an air of indifference, that I had seen some children at the mansion-house window, and that I had conjectured Nancy was married, and that those children might be hers. — "I guess they are n't," answered Enoch; "Master Isaac, I always thought, that you and the squire's daughter would have made a good match; but Miss Nancy thought she could do better; so she went further and fared worse by a great chalk. It 's about nine years since she was married; and, for so good a young lady, and one, who was brought up so delicate, she has had a hard time on it. She married a Doctor Darroch, who soon lost the chief part of his business, and treated the poor creature roughly enough. She has three little children, and they 're as poor as snakes in winter

He cheated her, by a great show of religion. Maybe, Master Isaac, for the sake of old acquaintance, you 'd be willing to give 'em a lift." — "Poor Nancy," said I, after a short pause. "Good Enoch, tell me if this unprincipled brute, this Doctor Darroch, that you speak of, continues to use her unkindly?" — "Ha, ha," he replied, "he has n't given her much trouble of late; why the doctor 's been two years at least upon the deacon's farm here. He fell off his horse one winter night, and was found dead in a snow-drift, next morning. Some folks thought he died o' the rum palsy, and others that he had swallowed some of his own physic by mistake; but the general opinion seemed to be that he broke his neck. Nobody was sorry for his death, though his wife, notwithstanding he used her like a brute, said it was her duty to remember, that he was the father of her poor little ones, and so she gave him a decent funeral, such as it was. 'T was melancholy enough, you may be sure, for there was n't a drop o' liquor, from the time we went in to the time they lifted the body. Old McLaughlin, our sexton, said 't was the driest corpse he ever buried, by all odds. It was so plain a case, that everybody rejoiced, because his poor wife was relieved from such a drinking tyrant. Rum, Master Isaac, you may depend upon it, has done a mortal sight o' mischief in this town." — "But, Enoch," said I, "where do they live at present, and what means have they of support?" — "Why," said he, "you know where Long Pond is; they live in the old cottage, upon the skirt of the pine wood. The mother knits and sews; and, now and then, gets a chance to wash and iron, when her strength will let her, though she 's quite down of late; and two of the children are old enough to pick berries in summer; and, in one way and another, they make out to rub along." — What a reverse! thought I. The old squire and his lady were the *nobility* of the village; their wealth alone was enough, some fifteen years ago, to give them rank and importance; poor Nancy, preëminent in the little circle of the parish, for her sweetness of disposition and personal charms, was their only child. The parents have died, poor and degraded; and their daughter lives, the widow of a worthless drunkard, encumbered with three starving children. — Nancy Le Baron reduced to such extremities as these! Winning her bread by the sweat of her brow! It is impossible! — "No it is n't," cried Enoch, "and that 's not half the misery on 't neither. Poor soul, she 's had to run for life afore now, and hide her children in the wood, of a snapping cold night. Why, he used to flog her like a sack, and then drive her down cellar, and kick the children round the room, like so many footballs. She bore it, they say, like a saint, and never told of it for a long spell. Old Chloe, the fortune-

teller that used to be, first brought it out. She was passing by the house one night, and heard her scream, and peeped in at the window. Old Chloe was always as bold as a lion, you know, and she 's about as strong as a three year old steer. You remember Bijah Larkin, Master Isaac; — well, Bijah 's called pretty smart, but she trimmed him like a sapplin. He got a running on her about telling his fortune, and raised her temper; so says she, 'Bijah, I 'll tell your fortune for you — you 'll get a thrashing afore you 're a hair grayer, if you don't let me alone.' Bijah made her a saucy answer, and she gave him a real drubbing. Folks have n't left off, to this day, asking Bijah if old Chloe was n't a good prophetess. — Well, as I was a saying, the old creature pushed open the door. This devil's bird of a doctor was hauling his poor wife about by the hair of her head, and the children were crying for their lives. He ordered the old negro woman out of the house. But the good creature's feelings drove her on. She flew at him like a tiger; 'Let her alone, you dirty rum-sucker,' she cried. 'Many 's the good meal of victuals I 've had in her father's kitchen, and her old mother 's been kind to me many a time, and I won't see her abused by man or brute.' So she caught him by the throat, and drove him up in a corner among a parcel of gallipots and bottles. She was a match for any sober man, and could whip a rigiment o' drunkards afore breakfast, any day. A neighbor came in, and took away the wife and children for the night. The doctor was in a boiling rage, and threatened to bring old Chloe up afore the court, for a vagrant and a fortune-teller. The old woman never wanted a ready answer; so she told him she was afraid of nothing but his physic, and that she would tell his fortune right off, without a fee: 'You 've served the devil,' said she, 'in this world; and, when you die, you 'll go where they don't rake up fire o' nights.'" — "What an infamous villain!" said I, involuntarily raising my stick as I spoke, "I wish I had him here." — "I 'm glad you have n't," said Enoch; "take my word for it, Master Isaac, the deacon's farm 's the very best place for him."

I inquired if this poor woman had no neighbors who were kind to her. "Oh yes," replied Enoch, "as far as they are able, but we 've no rich folks in these parts. Old Chloe is the nearest neighbor, and, like enough, the best friend into the bargain: her hut is n't a gun-shot off from their cottage." — I thanked Enoch for the information he had afforded me, and was about giving him a trifle; — my hand was already in my pocket — the coin was between my fingers. But, thought I, why should I put my silver on the highway to Deacon Mixer's till? If I wish to do this poor fellow a

service, I may be sure, after my last night's experience, that I am not likely to accomplish it, by affording him the means of drunkenness. I was about to withdraw my empty hand, when a glance of my eye assured me, that I had already raised his expectations. I took the coin from my pocket. "Enoch," said I, "I shall be happy to give you this trifle, if you will promise me, that you will not spend it in liquor."—"Master Isaac," said he, with his eyes riveted upon the silver, "I should despise the very thought of it; why, I've heerd two temperance lectures, and have pretty much given up that thing of late. I haven't got the relish for it I used to have."—"Well, well, Enoch," said I, "I shall probably pass a few days in the village, and, perhaps, we will talk of this matter again: remember your promise."—Drunkards are very commonly liars. Under the influence of liquor, their declarations are strongly tinctured with the spirit of extravagance and falsehood; and when they become sober, it appears to them a more agreeable task, to maintain their statements, by accumulating falsehood upon falsehood, than to retract them; because such retraction would most commonly involve the admission, that such statements were the extravagances of a drunken hour. In this manner, intemperate persons commence playing at fast and loose, a game of hazard, as it were, with truth and falsehood; the pride of conscious veracity is speedily annihilated; and, ere long, whether drunken or sober, the boundary lines of falsehood and truth are entirely obliterated, in the mind of an intemperate man.

I returned to my inn, with some little misgiving, in regard to poor Enoch's powers of self-restraint, and the propriety of my own conduct. How many shillings, thought I, have been given to save one's own time;—how many to avoid the beggar's importunity;—how many from a sort of hap-hazard benevolence, or to avoid the reputation of meanness;—of all these, how many have contributed to the production of broken heads and broken hearts! It is really surprising, how much sheer misery a misapplied shilling will occasionally purchase, for some poor family. He, who bestows his money upon every supplicant, without any guaranty for its useful employment, embarks in a lottery, where there are many more blanks than prizes. It would be no grateful task to harden the heart of man sufficiently obdurate already, against the cries of his fellow, in distress: but the practice of money-giving, in the street, to mendicants, whose distresses and necessities are unstudied and unknown, is equally mischievous and absurd. It is equivalent to bandaging the eyes of Charity, and sending her forth to play at blind-man's-buff, among the worthy and the worthless of mankind.

My thoughts were soon recalled to the subject of Enoch's narra-

tive, and the hard fortunes of Nancy Le Baron. I should certainly have paid a visit to old Chloe, that very evening, had I not been prevented by a tremendous storm of wind and rain, whose violence was not sufficient, however, to prevent a dozen worthies or more of the village, from collecting in the bar-room of Deacon Mixer. I, by no means, approve of spending a Sabbath evening in the bar-room, even of a deacon; but, upon the present occasion, my curiosity prevailed, and I resumed my former situation, muffled in my travelling cloak, as before. I soon perceived, that the deacon and his guests were of the same opinion with the framers of the statute, that God's holy day goes down with the setting sun. No trace of its solemnity appeared to remain. Drinking and smoking were the amusements of the evening. Parson McWhistler and his lady took tea, as I discovered, with Mrs. Mixer, and the deacon's time was divided, in an ecclesiastical ratio, between the minister and the people, nine tenths of it to his customers, and a tithe to his spiritual guide. The concerns of both worlds were strangely mingled, in the mind of this extraordinary man; and, so far was he from appearing to perceive the slightest incongruity, between his office of deacon, and his calling, as rum-seller to the parish, that he really seemed to account his ministration in the bar-room, as sanctified, at least in the eyes of his fellow-men, and in his own, by his holier vocation. During his short, occasional visitations to the apartment, where the Rev. Mr. McWhistler and his lady were taking tea, the affairs of the bar were managed by Moses, the deacon's son, a sprightly lad of about fourteen years of age, who, I remarked, was quite as expert as his father, in taking off heeltaps. This interesting youth appeared to have some system in his business withal, for, whenever he put one lump of sugar into a glass of rum and water, he invariably put two into his own mouth.

I had not been long in my position in the corner, when two men entered the apartment, who appeared to be immediately recognized, as personages of some importance. They were very wet, and one of them, who carried a pair of small seal-skin saddle-bags upon his arm, I soon ascertained to be the physician of the village. Room was immediately made for the new-comers, by the tenants in possession. — "Let 's help ye off with your great-coat, Dr. Lankin," said a tall old man, with a wheezing voice. — "Thank ye, Mr. Goslin," replied the doctor. — "Here 's a peg for your hat, doctor," said another. — "Obliged to ye, thank ye, thank ye, neighbor Hobbs; how 's your wife?" — "Why, she keeps her head above water, and no more, doctor. I was a telling Mr. Bellows here, just afore you come in, that I wanted nothing more to put down the whole tem-

perance society, than my old woman's case. I know, for sartin, that spirit 's the salvation on her. Nothing less than a pint a day keeps body and soul together. One day, last week, I jist put in about a gill o' water to her Hollands, and, my soul, you never see how she fell away : she 'd ha' gone off, as sure as a gun, if I had n't gin her tother gill right away." — "Don't believe a word on 't," said a fellow with a rough voice and a voluminous countenance, as he rolled his ponderous person to and fro, after the manner of Dr. Johnson ; "no faith in that, none at all." — I was rejoiced to find an advocate for temperance in such an assembly as this. The whole air and manner of this individual, was inauspicious, to be sure. I had seldom met with a countenance more decidedly alcoholic ; but I conjectured that he might have recently reformed. — "Why, Bellows," cried old Goslin, who could scarcely articulate, for the asthma, "'kase you don't like spirit, you've no faith in it. I know as how it's saved me. My asthma's dreadfully helped by three or four spunfuls o' old rum, when nothing else will do me a mite o' good." — "Don't believe it," said Bellows, "no more than I believe my old anvil 's made o' cheese curd." — At this moment the parlor door was opened, and the deacon, who had been absent a few moments, returned ; he held the door, for an instant, in his hand : I heard the strong voice of Parson McWhistler, — "What, dear Deacon Mixer, what is faith without works?" — "Sure enough," said the deacon, as he shut the door, and stepped back into his bar. He soon perceived the new-comers, and said, in a half whisper, to his son — "Quick, Mosy, a pitcher of hot water ; the doctor always takes it hot."—

The individual, who came in with Dr. Lankin, had thrown off his coat, and, having lighted a cigar, stretched himself at length on a settle. He was a short, round man, in rusty black; and, as he lay upon his back, sending columns of smoke directly upward, with regular intermissions, he somewhat resembled a small locomotive engine. He uttered not a word; but, during the controversy, in which Hobbs, Bellows, and Goslin had been engaged, each speaker was cheered, at the conclusion of his remarks, by the short, round man in black, with ha, ha, ha, or he, he, he, or ho, ho, ho ; and yet such an excellent management of his voice had he, that it was utterly impossible to ascertain, to which side of the argument he inclined.

Dr. Lankin sat in the midst of this assembly, masticating tobacco, twirling his thumbs, and with an unvarying smile upon his features. — Hobbs was not disposed to relinquish the contest. — "Deacon," said he, "I 'll take a tumbler of your gin sling, if you please." —

"Directly, sir," said the deacon; "Mosy, reach me the Hollands." —When Hobbs had received the glass from the deacon's hand, "Here 's your good health, Mr. Bellows," said he, and turned off the liquor with a triumphant air, as though he had overwhelmed his antagonist with an unanswerable argument. — "Ho, ho, ho," cried the round man in black. — "You 've swallowed liquid fire," said Bellows, "and it 'll do ye jest about as much good as live sea-coal out o' my furnace." — "Ha, ha, ha," laughed the round man. — "I 've thought a good deal over this here business o' drinking spirit," said an elderly person, who sat with his hands clasped over a very high stomach, and whose utterance appeared to be frequently checked by a very troublesome flatulency. — "And what 's your opinion about it, Farmer Salsify?" inquired Hobbs. — "Why, no offence to anybody, but I think it 's mor——— morally wrong." — "He, he, ho, ho," said the little round man. — Well, thought I, here are two friends of temperance at least, and where I had but little expectation of finding any. — "How long is it, neighbor Salsify, since you joined the Temperance Society?" inquired Goslin. — "Why, don't you know?" replied Salsify. "'T was jest arter you fell off your mare, and broke your leg, town-meeting arternoon, four years ago." — "Ha, ha, ha," said the round man in black, in which he was joined by several of the company, while Goslin was seized with a violent fit of wheezing. — "You may say jest what you please," continued Salsify, "I believe ardent spirit 's rank poison. There 's no wholesomer drink than good ripe——— cider. Deacon, I 'll thank, I 'll ——— ——— thank ye for a mug." — "He, he, he," said the little man. — "Vile trash," cried Bellows, "no nourishment — full o' windy colic — I 'd stand a lawsuit afore I 'd touch a drop on 't. Deacon, I 'll task a mug o' your good draught porter, or, if you 're out, a mug o' strong beer will do: there 's some substance in that." — "Ha, ha, ha," said the little man. — It is well, thought I, that the cause of genuine temperance is the cause of God, for its fate would be a sad one, in the hands of such deplorable defenders as these.

It was understood by the company that Parson McWhistler was in the house, and it was resolved by Hobbs, Bellows, and Goslin, to consult him on the subject. Moses, having been sufficiently instructed, was commissioned to give their respects to the minister, and ask his opinion of the temperance cause. Moses returned in about twenty minutes, with a response from the parish oracle, substantially as follows: "Parson McWhistler says, as how he thinks very well on it. He says he thinks it wrong to drink ardent spirit, and beer, and cider, for they 's very apt to intosticate, but if folks

will drink, that 's their business, and not the person's what sells it." — "Moses," said Dr. Lankin, "did he say anything of wine?" — "No, sir," replied Moses, "he 's a drinking some now with my mother." — "Ho, ho, ho. ho, ho," said the round man, and the room shook with laughter. The little round man now arose and put on his coat; and, as he turned his face to the light, I recognized the features of Squire Shuttle, whose toddy had been administered rather unceremoniously, on the preceding evening. The doctor took his flip, and the squire his toddy; one after another the deacon's customers departed; and, as I rose to leave the room, he was engaged in emptying his till, and calculating the gains which he had gathered in exchange for his own soul.

Three important personages, in every village, whose dealings respectively are with the souls, bodies, and estates of their fellow-townsmen, have the power of exerting a prodigious influence, in relation to the temperance reform; and, according to the measure of their favor or dislike of this mighty enterprise, it is frequently fated to succeed or to fail. The minister, the physician, and the lawyer are the fuglars of the parish. Show me the village, in which the clergyman will not grant the use of his pulpit to a temperance lecturer, because the temperance cause is a "*secular matter*:" — in which the doctor has refused to sign the pledge of the society, because it is "*a trap for his conscience*;" — and in which the lawyer drinks toddy, and talks loudly of "*the liberties of the people*:" — and I will show you a drunken and a worthless township. Parson McWhistler, Squire Shuttle, and Dr. Lankin, were gentlemen of a very different order. Yet the cause of temperance appeared not to flourish here. Squire Shuttle and Dr. Lankin were never known to utter a syllable in opposition to the reformation: for there were some wealthy farmers and respectable mechanics, among whom their practice lay, and who were its decided friends. Yet they never gave it a good word in their lives, for it had been ascertained, upon some occasion, in a public meeting of the town, that there was a strong alcoholic majority, or, in the cant phraseology of the day, that the rum ones had it. There was a common bond of interest, between these village functionaries: for the doctor bled and blistered in the lawyer's family, and the lawyer collected the physician's demands, in the way of his profession. They agreed upon all important matters save one — the lawyer drank toddy and the doctor drank flip. The clergyman, however, had acquired the reputation of a devoted friend of the cause. He had lectured, himself, in opposition to ardent spirits, beer, and cider, but he accounted it a very wicked thing to call that a poison, which our Saviour wrought

by the miracle at Cana. Some how or other, the parson's habit of indulging in wine became, as I afterwards heard, a matter of notoriety in the parish, and utterly destroyed his influence as an advocate of the temperance cause.

Upon the following morning, after a slight repast at the inn, I bent my steps in the direction of Long Pond. It was one of those delightful mornings, near the end of June, of which so much has been sung and said in every age. The storm of the preceding night had entirely passed away, and the bright beams of the sun were playing among the varnished leaves of the forest. — The measure of wretchedness, into which Enoch had represented this ill-fated young woman to have fallen, in consequence of her alliance with an intemperate man, had appeared to me incredible. No small portion of it all I had ascribed to that disposition to deal in the marvellous, which is so common among those, who have no other avenue to a short lived aggrandizement. Enoch Runlet was one of those persons, who, however incompetent to draw the bow of Ulysses, can readily draw long bows of their own. — It is impossible, thought I, that Nancy Le Baron, by any weight of sorrows, can be reduced to such a state of dependence. And yet the name of the family was nearly extinct, at the period of my departure from the village. Her parents were solitary and unsocial in their habits; and I found no little difficulty in recollecting any early associate or intimate friend, yet living, who would be likely to take a deep interest in the fate of poor Nancy. Though I had not seen her for fifteen years, the impression, such as she had made, and left upon my memory, remained, unabated of its power and freshness. Her jet-black hair and eyes were contrasted with one of the fairest complexions I ever beheld. The rose upon her cheek was not that universal tint, which speaks of health and many years; but the concentrated, and almost hectical flush, which seems to say to the gentle spirit within — Thy light bark may glide securely down the smooth current of life, but it cannot live long upon its troubled waters.

Occupied with such reflections as these, I had strolled, almost unconsciously, beyond the borders of the busy hamlet. The splash of a lonely sheldrake, as she rose from the water, roused me from my reverie, and I paused, for a moment, to gaze upon the little lake, which was now discernible through the intervals of the pine forest. I pretend not to analyze the matter, but I have never, after long absence, gazed upon the hills and valleys, with the same interest, as upon the lakes and rivers of my youth. It would be no easy task to describe the various emotions of pleasure and pain, with which I now surveyed these glassy waters, in which I had so frequently

sported when a boy. How often had I guided my little shallop over their bosom, upon a summer holiday, having converted a portion of my mother's bed-linen into a temporary square-sail! A thousand associations were gathering rapidly about me. My eye fastened itself upon the very rock, near which, at the age of ten, I caught my first pickerel; an achievement, which gave me as much importance, at the time, in the estimation of my little compeers, as the victory of Austerlitz procured for Napoleon, in the eyes of all Europe. — The whirlpool, as we used to call it, was yet visible. This was near the centre of the pond, and the spot was indicated, by the troubled surface of the waters. There poor Bob Carleton was drowned. If Bob was not a poet, our village parson was mistaken. There was an ancient oak in our village, of gigantic size, which grew near the common, and overshadowed a part of it. It was the property of a private individual, who thought proper to cut it down for fuel. There was no little popular excitement upon the occasion; and the conduct of the proprietor, who had been offered a very considerable sum of money to spare this favorite tree, was considered equally obstinate and sordid. "I am almost of Evelyn's opinion," said good Parson Riley, in the hearing of Bob Carleton, "that, sooner or later, some evil will surely happen to those, who cut down ancient trees, without good provocation. It is enough, Master Robert, to excite the indignation of your muse." — Bob Carleton was absent from our sports for two or three days, when he produced his lines upon the fallen tree. Bob was sixteen, and Parson Riley said they would do credit to a man of thirty; and Mr. Brinley, the village blacksmith, who had a library of more than fifty volumes, asserted that these lines were nearly equal to Bloomfield. Poor Bob gave me a copy of these verses himself.

THE MIGHTY FALLEN.

Mighty monarch! peerless heart!
Gallant, o'er thy fellows, thou!
All majestic as thou art,
Yet doomed, alas! to bow!
No more to brave the wintry north!
No more, in spring, to bourgeon forth!

Thy giant form, by pigmies slain,
Lies, as erst it fell; for they,
Who stripped thy glories, strive in vain
To bear thy trunk away.
I knew thy doom, and sighed to save
Those verdant honors from the grave!

Sick at my heart, alone I sate,
While, echoing far, the woodman's blow,
Across the vale, proclaimed thy fate,
And laid thy beauty low.
I marked those echoes, one by one,
Until the ruthless deed was done!

I marked that fatal pause, and then
That short, confused, and fearful cry,
Which seemed the shout of victory, when
The recreant turn to fly;
While those, who mark the mighty low,
Shun the death-grapple of their foe.

When, like Colossus, from thy throne,
Cast down at last, and earth, and air,
And ocean, caught thy dying groan,
"O, what a fall was there!"
Thy shivering trunk, thy crashing branch
Seemed some enormous avalanche!

Or like Missouri's rapid tide,
Just when the gathering torrents, first
Spreading, like ocean waste and wide,
Their feeble barriers burst;
And o'er the planter's house and home
The mighty waters rushing come!—

Sordid spirits! selfish! cold!
Mark the havoc ye have made,
Where your worthier sires of old,
Their weary limbs have laid,
Sheltered from the noonday sun,
When the mower's toil was done!

Haply, those, from whom ye sprung,
Here, on love's first errand came!
And those, to whom for life ye clung,
First owned a kindred flame!
Here, beneath the moonlit boughs,
Gave true-love knots and plighted vows!

Have ye marked those branches green,
Waving in the silver light;
Murmuring breezes heard between,
And pearl-drops glittering bright;
While the broad moon sailed on high
Midway through the cloudless sky?

Have ye seen this wreck forlorn
Bourgeon forth, with early spring,

In the flowing robes of morn,
Wreathed, like forest-king;
While songsters came their court to pay
With flourish, glee, and roundelay?

Have ye seen the champion's height,
Naked, 'mid December's sky,
Like gladiator, stripped for fight,
Whose arms aloft defy;
While, rushing on, the roaring North
Led his blasts in riot forth?

Have ye seen, in winter day,
The giant, with his armor on,
Mail of ice o'er doublet gray;
Sparkling in the sun,
More than all Golconda's gems,
Wreathed in Persia's diadems?

Have ye? cruel and unjust!
More relentless than the storm,
Thus to level with the dust,
To mar so fair a form!
For paltry gain your hands to raise
'Gainst the seer of ancient days!

There thou li'st! the village pride!
Hadst thou spread thy branches, where
Tiber rolls his sacred tide,
Rome had vowed to spare!
Classic honors to thy shade,
Rome, imperial Rome had paid!

Till the Goth and Vandal power
Seized the sceptre, stripped the crown
From Grandeur's brows, in evil hour,
And hurled her statues down!
So thy trunk dishonored stands,
By Gothic hearts and Vandal hands!

The savage of the desert spared,
And left thee here to reign alone;
No rival then thy glory shared,
No brother near thy throne!
'Neath thy broad, symmetric shade
Indian peace and war were made!

This, perchance, is holy ground!
Here they formed their belted ring,
Sagamores, encircling round
Massasoit, their king,

Smoked the pipe of peace, and swore
Friendship with your sires of yore!

Mighty monarch! peerless heart!
Sunk thy glories are forever!
These, thy leaves, before we part,
For memory let me sever!
These at least shall never die,
Till, like thee, thy poet lie.

Poor Bob Carleton! he was very much beloved by his schoolfellows, and there was not a dry eye among us all, as we crowded round the shore, on the following morning, when his lifeless body was found, and laid upon the bank, until suitable arrangements could be made for its removal.

In the midst of these painful recollections, I broke away from the scene before me, and pursued my path to old Chloe's cottage. Enoch Runlet, as I have stated, had lived many years in my father's family; and it was not a matter for surprise, that he should recollect the son of his former master; but I doubted if the old fortune-teller would remember me. Time and my fashionable tailor had wrought an essential change in my personal appearance, since the period, when I expanded the ungloved hand of a poor plough-boy, for the inspection of this sable prophetess. I had also gained flesh and color. I soon drew near the cottage, and perceived, at the distance of two or three hundred rods beyond, a low tenement, which, from Enoch's description, I supposed to be the residence of poor Nancy and her children. I tapped once or twice at old Chloe's cottage door, and, receiving no answer, pulled the bobbin, and entered the apartment, which had served the old creature, so many years, for parlor, chamber, and kitchen. I perceived very little change, from its appearance some fifteen or twenty years before. No one was within, and I took a chair, determined to wait, till the occupant returned. Though Chloe could read, she was never at all inclined to be religious. She had been even disposed, at times, to scoff at the professors of Christianity. I was therefore agreeably surprised to find a Bible and a hymn-book upon her table. As I took up the former, I observed her spectacles, which had been left as a mark, at the chapter she had been reading. Turning to the title-page, I read in a neat hand, "*The gift of Nancy Le Baron, to her friend, Chloe Dalton.*" — Ah! thought I, it was always thus; she suffered no fair occasion, for doing good, to pass unemployed. As Enoch stated, she has probably found a friend in this poor African; and she has repaid the debt, ten thousand fold, by feeding her

famished spirit with the bread of eternal life. Ill-fated girl! whose amiable and interesting qualities might have made a Christian and a gentleman supremely happy, doomed, alas, to have thy gentle spirit broken, by an intemperate brute! compelled to call a drunkard — *husband!* As I sat silently, in the midst of these meditations, my attention was arrested, by the voices of children: I listened attentively — there were more than one, and they were evidently endeavoring to sing in concert. As the sound appeared to come from the rear of the cottage, I stepped out, and, walking round the corner of the tenement, I came, unobserved, upon the little group. It consisted of three barefooted children, a boy, who appeared about eight years of age, and two girls, who were considerably younger, of whom the smaller was a cripple. They were very meanly clad, in coarse clothes, with numberless patches. — Enoch informed me that poor Nancy had three children, thought I. — "Come," cried the boy, "come and sit upon the log." — The girls accordingly took their seats upon a fallen pine, in which position their faces were presented fairly to my view. I had no doubt they were Nancy's children. The elder resembled her, in a remarkable manner. I drew back, that I might not disturb the operations of these young choristers. "Come," said the boy, — clearing his little pipes, and raising his hand, like the leader of a choir, he set the tune, and the girls promptly joined in. They sung the morning hymn: —

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Their voices were inexpressibly sweet, and the accuracy of their performance was remarkable. Nancy Le Baron had been the sweetest chorister of our village; and I have often been struck with the extraordinary contrast, when I have seen her slight and delicate figure, in the gallery, by the side of old Major Goggle, the butcher, who was our head singer, and the fattest man in the county. — I have heard music in my time. — I have listened to fair damsels, pouring forth those hour-long strains of Beethoven, amid crowded saloons, while drowsy dowagers nodded out of time. I have never listened to the notes of Paganini's violin, but I have heard the incomparable Pucci call forth the varying notes of King David's harp, till I could almost believe myself before the great harper of Israel. I have opened my ears to imported organists and hireling choirs, while they have performed "*To the Glory of God*," for so much lucre, *per diem*. But I would not exchange the vocal concert of these three little children, upon the pine log, for them all. —

"Well," said the boy, "it 's almost time for granny to come." "Yes," replied the elder girl, "and, maybe, dear mother is so much better, that she will let us come home, if we don't make any noise." — "There comes granny now," cried the little cripple, as she jumped from the log, and, seizing her crutch, scampered off towards the road. Turning my face in that direction, I immediately recognized Chloe Dalton: her general appearance was unchanged. She still held in her hand her old oaken staff of unusual length, and walked with long and hasty strides. I observed, however, as she drew near, that she had lost somewhat of that erect carriage, for which she had been remarkable. Time had compelled her to bow the neck, and look downward upon that kindred dust, to which she must ere long return. The children greeted her with strong evidences of attachment; and, slackening her speed, to accommodate the little cripple, whom she led by the hand, she soon arrived with her charge at the cottage door. I had resumed my seat within. — She gazed upon my features intently, for a moment; — but it was evident that she did not recollect me. "I was enjoying a walk from the village," said I, "this fine June morning, and I have taken the liberty to rest myself, for a short time, in your cottage." — "You 're welcome, sir," said she. — She then placed three bowls upon the table, with a pitcher of milk, and a loaf of brown bread. "Here, children," said she, "you 've waited long for your breakfast." They sat round the board, and began their meal, but I observed that the elder girl was deeply affected; her eyes were filled with tears. — "Don't cry, Nancy," said the old woman, "maybe you 'll see mother to-morrow. Dr. Lankin is with her now, and I hope she 'll be better." A deep sigh escaped her, as she uttered these words. "Whose children are these?" I inquired, after they had finished their breakfast, and gone forth to play. "They are the children," she replied, "of a young widow lady, who lives in the next cottage, and is ill of a brain fever; and I have taken them home for a while, that she may not be disturbed by their noise." — "Are not these the children of Nancy Le Baron?" said I. — "Yes, sir," said she; "did you ever know her, or the old folks?" — "You do not remember me, Chloe," I replied; "I am Isaac Lawder." — The old creature sprang from her seat, and seized my hand with great earnestness. — "It 's the Lord," she cried, "that has sent you here; for my old head is full of care and trouble. Ah. Mr. Lawder, if you had only had your heart's own way, poor Nancy would not have come to such misery." — "You remember," said I, "that you set up for a true prophetess, Chloe. You told me, that I should. one day or another, be the husband of Nancy Le Baron; and, when I told you,

that she had rejected my offer, you bade me wait and be patient, for the time would surely come. And what do you say now, Chloe?" — "Ah, Mr. Lawder," she replied, "those were foolish times, and wicked times too they were, when a short-sighted mortal, like me, pretended to look into futurity. Nancy might yet be your wife, if you were saint enough to match her in a better world, and there were such things as marriages there. But, in this, I am afraid her course is nearly finished. It is wonderful how the poor thing has borne up so long against so many troubles." — "Pray tell me, Chloe, how she came to marry such a brutal, drunken creature." — "Oh, Mr. Lawder," she replied, "it 's a long story, and I 'm afraid it would prove a wearisome one: but I know you loved Nancy, in her better days; and, if you 've the time to spare, I 'll give you some account of the matter." — I assured her, that I desired not only to hear the account of Nancy's sufferings, but, as far as possible, to relieve them. — "You never used to despise the poor, Mr. Lawder, when you was a stripling," said old Chloe; "and now, if the Lord has made you steward over many things, as maybe he has, I dare say you 'll make ready to render a true account." — "I desire to know, Chloe," said I, "before you proceed, how you gathered all these good and just impressions. I well remember the time, when you had very little regard for serious things; and here I see a Bible in your cottage; and, as I find your glasses between the sacred pages, I suppose your eyes and your thoughts have been there." — "Even so, Mr. Lawder," she replied; "the Lord has been good to me, and sent me an angel of mercy to lead me to the clear light — none other than the mother of these poor children, who, I 'm afraid, will be left alone, before long, in a cold world. It 's now fourteen years, since I had my fever and expected to die. Miss Nancy used to come to my cottage every day, and she brought me a hundred little comforts; she also made Dr. Lankin visit me; and, when, at length, I got a little better, she gave me that greatest comfort of all, that Bible. She made me read a chapter with her every day. At first, I did so, because I was desirous of pleasing her; but it was not long before I began to do the same thing, to please myself. I never told any more fortunes, Mr. Lawder, but I tried to find out my own, from the word of God. I was born in this village. Eight-and-seventy times I have seen these woods cast off their leaves in autumn, and those banks yonder covered with violets in spring. For sixty-four years of my life, I lay down without any prayer, and got up without any thanksgiving It is a little less than fourteen years, since I bent my stubborn old knees in prayer, that never bent before in the service of the Lord

Miss Nancy knelt at my side, and, with an angel's voice, thanked the God of all comfort for my recovery. She prayed often with me after that, and taught me to pray for myself. When I feel so happy, as I always do, after my poor prayers, I often think how many years I have lived prayerless and comfortless before. Poor Nancy was a happy, light-hearted girl then, Mr. Lawder. — It 's about ten years, maybe a little more, since Dr. Darroch first came to the village. He came, recommended to old Squire Le Baron, and, in that way he got into the family at once, and was there a good part of his time. The squire never liked Dr. Lankin, and was willing enough to set up the new doctor. The squire used to lecture about temperance. Dr. Lankin made fun of his lectures, and used to say, that practice without preaching was better than preaching without practice; and that a man, who preached to other folks about total abstinence, ought never to wash his mouth with wine, unless as a medicine.. This made the squire angry; and, though he was an unbeliever, he used to quote Scripture, and swear dreadfully in favor of temperance. The new doctor pretended to be very religious. He was a teacher with Miss Nancy in the Sabbath school; and he and the squire disagreed, of course, about religion; but they agreed perfectly about temperance. They were both members of the society, and used to sit down very often after dinner, and drink their wine, by the hour together, and get dreadfully worked up in favor of the temperance society. — The squire was then thought to be amazing rich. He used, at that time, to go very often to the city, to attend to his business there; for he was concerned largely in a number of new corporations. People thought him the wealthiest man in the village. They said he owned more than a third part of the stock, in what they called the Elastic Beeswax Company. Then there was a plan for tanning shoe-leather by steam; the squire owned a part of that. There was no end to his speculating and trading. The new doctor proposed to the squire to take an interest in the great pill-machine, which made a million of pills in a minute. The squire made nothing of that, but bought up the whole concern. Many folks thought there was no end to the squire's money. When anybody spoke of these speculations to Dr. Lankin, he never uttered but one word, and that was *moonshine.* — This Dr. Darroch won Miss Nancy's affections. He was a good-looking man, and, no doubt, took with her mightily, because of his attention to the Sabbath school, which was poor Nancy's hobby, Mr. Lawder. By the squire's means, he had got a good deal of practice, though folks did n't seem to think much of his skill. But pretty near one half the people owed the squire money, and the rest were afraid of

getting his ill-will. 'T was soon known, that the doctor was to be married to Miss Nancy; and, when he felt pretty sure of her, he began to do a good deal less doctoring. She was the squire's only child, you know, and the doctor was thought to be a terrible lucky man. They had n't been married two months, before the squire's affairs began to trouble him very badly. There was a dreadful pressure for money, they said; and he could n't pay his notes. The treasurer of the Steam Tannery failed, and he had been supposed to be so very rich, that they had not thought it worth while to ask any bonds of him. The Elastic Beeswax Company found, after laying out a deal of money, that there was no demand, of any consequence, for their wax. The folks, that managed the Company, had sent off into all parts of the country a monstrous sight of the elastic beeswax, to be sold; and they were so sure of selling it, that they made a grand dividend, and Dr. Lankin said they borrowed the money of the banks to pay it with. The squire was full of cash after the dividend. He sold ten shares of the stock to poor Billy Buckram, the tailor, at an awful profit, they said. Billy sold everything off, goose, shears, and all, to buy the squire's stock; and resolved to live upon his income. Not long after the dividend, great lots of the elastic beeswax came back. Nobody wanted it. The concern came to nothing, and poor Billy Buckram lost his senses. As for the pill-machine, it worked, everybody agreed, a great deal better, and turned out more pills than they expected; but there were so few patients to take them, that the machine was given up for a bad job.

"The squire went on, from bad to worse, and the doctor followed Then Nancy's troubles began. Everybody soon saw, that Darroch had married the poor girl for her money. As wine was costly, the squire lectured no more for the temperance society, but soon took to brandy. So did the doctor. They quarrelled. The doctor called the squire a liar and a cheat; and the squire called the doctor a quack and a villain. — At last they both became common drunkards, and Nancy's heart was almost broken. When her father and mother were both dead, this vile man took no pains to conceal his abuse of her. There was no kith nor kin of the family then living, far nor near. Darroch knew this well enough, and he treated her like a dog. He run down to heel very quick. Nobody employed him, and nobody trusted him. Brandy and gin soon got to be too dear for him, and, whenever he could get it, he was very glad to get drunk on rum. He sold the furniture by piecemeal; and, when he had drunk up the chairs and tables, he stole her clothes and sold them. I've seen him drag her about the room by her hair; and,

if I had n't heard her screams as I passed by, and gone in to help her, like enough he would have killed her. When he came home, drunk and raving, she used to take her children and fly to my cottage. One night, she spent the chief part of it in the wood, with her little ones, when I was absent, and had fastened up my house He broke the leg of the youngest child, that you saw with a crutch, by kicking it about the room. This poor woman, Mr. Lawder, has shown me her body, covered with black and blue spots, where he has kicked, and beat, and pinched her. Once, when she had a sharp pain in the stomach, he gave her a wine-glass of laudanum, and made her swallow it, telling her it was red lavender. It nearly destroyed her, and would have put the poor thing out of misery, if she had not, directly after, discovered what she had swallowed, and taken a powerful emetic. The story got abroad, and Darroch would have been tarred and feathered, if there had been a pailful of tar in the village; though he solemnly swore he did n't mean to kill her. At last, he broke his neck, and Beelzebub was chief mourner. But, for all this, Mr. Lawder, before he took to liquor in such a way, he was as civil and obliging, as any other man. Liquor changed him into a brute beast. After his death, which took place a little over two years ago, she came to live in the cottage yonder; and, with the aid of her children, and such little assistance as I could give her, she has been able to rub along, poor creature. Deacon Mixer, who is chairman of the selectmen, has often said they ought all to be sent to the poor-house. But I told him last town-meeting day, that they would n't go there while my two old hands could keep 'em out. I told him so, afore all the folks, on the steps of the town-house; and Enoch Runlet, that used to work for your father, threw up his hat, and said I ought to have three cheers for it. — I can work hard yet, old as I am, and I've laid by a trifle, enough to bury my bones, at least, Mr. Lawder."

At the conclusion of this sentence, the elder girl ran into the room, quite out of breath; — "Granny," said she, as soon as she could speak, "you must go to mother directly." — "I hope, Nancy," said old Chloe, "that you have not been home to disturb your sick mother." — "No, granny," the child replied, "I only went and sat down outside the cottage to listen. Mother is a great deal better, I know she is. I heard her sing sweetly, first one tune and then another. Why, granny, she sang a part of Auld Lang Syne, that you 've heard her sing so often, and then a little of the Sicilian Hymn. Then, granny, you can't tell how merry she was; she laughed out loud; then she cried out — 'Oh, husband, spare my life; don't kill the poor children;' and then she 'd laugh and be so

NANCY LE BARON.

merry, granny. I heard Dr. Lankin trying to stop her. I wonder what he wants to prevent her from being happy for. He came to the door, and looked about, as though he wanted to see somebody; and, when he saw me, he told me to run and tell you to come there as soon as you could." — "Poor child!" said Chloe, aside, as she put on her bonnet, and, taking her tall staff, beckoned me to the door. I followed a few steps from the cottage. — "Will you watch over these children," said she, "till my return? I am afraid it 's all over with her. Dr. Lankin said she could not survive, unless she slept." — I assured her, that I would remain with the children; and she strode away, with the vigor of youth, towards the humble dwelling of her sick friend. I returned to the cottage, where the group had collected, to hear little Nancy's account of their mother. Her favorable report had inspired them with great glee. It would have been impossible to contemplate these innocent, unsuspecting children, and contrast their high hopes, with that dreadful reality, which was probably near at hand, without a feeling of deep pity, had they been the offspring of strangers. I had known their mother from her earliest infancy. — I had loved her, when the impulses of my heart were fresh and strong, — I had never loved another. As I gazed upon these little ones, and more than imagined, that, ere long, they would be the motherless children of that ill-fated girl, my eyes filled with tears. I turned to the window to conceal them — for why should I endeavor to prepare these little ones for that terrible blow, whose force would not be diminished, the tithe of a hair, by any preparation of mine; and which — for I had some faint hope still — might yet be withheld through the infinite mercy of God? — "Let 's go, Susan," said the elder sister to the younger, "and gather some violets for mother." — "I wish," cried Susan, "the wild strawberries were ripe, mother is so fond of them." — "My dear children," said I, "Chloe will not be pleased to have you go far from the cottage." — "Oh, sir," said the little boy, "it 's only a short way; the violets are plenty on the bank there." — "Well," said I, "we will all go together." — The mournful spirit gathers additional sadness from the untimely gayety of others. I could scarcely suppress my emotion, while I surveyed these happy children, sporting upon the flowery bank, and collecting bunches of violets for their mother. — Ah, thought I, never, perhaps, to gratify her earthly sense, but to wither on her grave! — They grew weary of their pastime. "It 's almost noon," said the little boy, looking up at the sun; "I wonder Chloe does not come back." I drew them together, and told them some interesting stories. — In a few moments, little Nancy sprang up, exclaiming, that Dr. Lankin was

coming. I saw, on horseback, advancing along the road, the same person, whom I had seen in Deacon Mixer's bar-room. The children would have run to inquire of him after their mother, but I bade them remain upon the bank, while I went forward to meet him alone. "Pray, sir," I inquired, "how is the poor woman in the next cottage?" — "She 's dead, sir, — they 're laying her out, sir, — a very fine day, sir." — And forward went the busy man, to whom death was an every-day affair. He troubled not his head with matters, that were not connected with his profession. It was his office to battle with the king of terrors; and, in this brief manner, to convey to every inquirer the tidings of death or life, defeat or victory. — My heart was full, as I returned to these unconscious orphans. I could not muster resolution to acquaint them with the fatal result. I resolved, if possible, to hold them in suspense, till old Chloe's return. — "May I carry my flowers to mother now, sir?" said little Susan. — "Not now, my dear child," I replied. — I could not, at that moment, have articulated another word. — "Is dear mother any worse, sir?" inquired her brother. — "Chloe will be here soon," I replied; "and then we shall know all."

An hour or more had elapsed, when I saw old Chloe, coming homeward. Her whole manner was changed. She walked very slowly, with her face toward the ground. The children ran to meet her. I did not restrain them, but remained seated on the bank. When they had reached the spot, where she was, the good old creature threw down her staff, took the little cripple in her arms, and bathed it with her tears. She, no doubt, at the same moment, announced the solemn tidings; for the elder sister clasped her hands together, and I distinctly heard her cries, as she sat down upon a stone, at the road-side. The boy ran back to the place where I sat, and with a wildness, almost alarming, exclaimed, "My mother 's dead!" In an instant after, as I took him in my arms, he cried, "My poor dear mother," and burst forth in a torrent of grief. — I uttered not a syllable, but pressed the poor child closely to my bosom. The bitter anguish of this orphan boy would have smitten a heart of adamant, till the waters flowed. — At length he became rather more composed. His sobs would, now and then, be interrupted with half-uttered ejaculations — "My poor mother!" — "Poor, dear sisters!" — "What shall we do now?" — "God will provide for you and your sisters, my poor boy," said I; "but I perceive, that Chloe and they have gone into the cottage. Let us go to them." — I took him by the hand, and led him thither. I took my seat, and placed the boy in my lap, while old Chloe held the girls upon her knees, with an expression of the deepest sorrow.

After some time, I asked Chloe if I could be of any further service to her, or the children, that day. She shook her head, and told me that a clever man, a carpenter, lived half a mile beyond; and that he would attend to such things as were necessary. I took her by the hand, and, kissing these poor orphans, promised to see them the next day, and departed.

I returned to my lodgings at the inn, and retired to my chamber, deeply solemnized by the scene, through which I had passed. I had never contemplated a case, in which cause and effect were more intelligibly related to each other. The destruction of this young physician; the long series of sufferings which his wife, once a lovely and delicate girl, had undergone; her extreme poverty, and sickness, and delirium, and death, and the forlorn condition of these hapless orphans were plain matters of fact. Intemperance, on the part of the husband, was the manifest cause of them all. — I was too solemnly and painfully affected, to go from my lodgings, during the remainder of the day. — On the following morning, I went once more to Chloe's cottage: I arrived at an early hour: when I raised the latch, she was on her knees, with the children around her. I immediately closed the door, and dropped upon my own, by the bed-side, till she had finished her supplication to the throne of grace. I have certainly listened to prayers, far more eloquent than old Chloe's; but never to a more natural and touching appeal to the Father of the fatherless. — The children appeared much gratified to see me again, as a partner in their affliction. — Chloe informed me, that the funeral would take place on the next day, at one o'clock, the usual village hour, upon such occasions; and that Parson McWhistler would make the prayer. I perceived, that she had several little arrangements to make for herself and the children, in connection with the solemnities of the following afternoon, and I forbore to occupy her time any further. I talked to the little orphans, for a short time, urging upon their young minds, such matters, as were adapted to their situation and their years. "Be good children," said I, at parting; "and God will surely be a father to you." — "I know he will," said little Susan, "for dear mother told me so."

As I was sitting at the open window of my chamber, on the following day, waiting for the appointed hour, I was attracted by the sound of voices beneath; one of which was somewhat familiar to my ear. I looked forth, and saw Enoch Runlet, in conversation with the inn-keeper. — "Well, Enoch," said the deacon, "what are you shooling after now, with your bettermost clothes on?" — "Why, deacon, I'm a-going to Nancy Darroch's funeral'

—"Ha, ha! Why, Enoch," the deacon replied, "you 'll get nothing there, I reckon, stronger than cold water."—"Never mind," rejoined Enoch; "maysobe, I 'll make it up, when I have the pleasure of coming to yours, Deacon Mixer."—"You 're an ungodly dog," rejoined the deacon, with no little agitation in his countenance; for there are not many rum-selling deacons, to whom the idea of their last, great change is altogether agreeable.—"Come now, deacon," said Enoch, "don't be angry with a poor fellow; I should really like a little something to whet my whistle with." At the same moment he drew a piece of silver from his pocket—it was the identical dollar,—I had not the shadow of a doubt of it,—that I had given him, upon condition that he should not exchange it for liquor. The exhibition of a monarch's signet-ring never produced a more instantaneous effect, when unexpectedly presented before the eyes of his astonished vassals, than was manifested by good Deacon Mixer, at the sight of Enoch's bright dollar.—"I am not angry, Mr. Runlet," said he, "not at all, not at all; you have an odd way, you know, that takes a body rather suddenly, to be sure; walk in, Mr. Runlet,"—stepping back within the door—"what 'll ye please to take?"—Enoch stood grinning at the deacon, with an expression of frolicsome contempt, as he slowly put back the dollar into his pocket.—"Dear Deacon Mixer," said he, "with your leave, I 'll take a draught of cold water out of a clean tumbler, and as all yours are rummy, I can suit myself best elsewhere." He then turned upon his heel, with a chuckling laugh, and walked off in the direction of Chloe's cottage. I was agreeably surprised to find that my dollar was still in his possession.

He had not been gone many minutes, before the village bell sent forth its short, sharp sound.—I walked slowly forward, on my way to the house of mourning. When I arrived at Chloe's cottage, it was closed, and the door was fastened. I moved onward, and soon came to the late habitation of poor Nancy, whose mortal remains were about to be consigned thus prematurely to the grave. As I approached the cottage, I heard the voices of several singers; and there were some persons standing uncovered around the door. Among them I recognized Enoch Runlet. His deportment appeared so grave and becoming, that I ventured to inquire of him, if it were usual to have singing at funerals. He replied, in a whisper, that it was not very common, and that these singers were Miss Nancy's Sunday scholars, whom she used to instruct, until her sickness prevented her from going to meeting any more.—He had scarcely replied, when old Chloe came to the door.—"I have been expecting you," said she; "though the room is quite full, I have kept a

seat for you." — I entered softly, and sat down among the group. There were about fourteen boys and girls, who were occupying the time, before the clergyman's arrival, in singing appropriate hymns, under the direction of a grave young man, who, as I was afterwards informed, had taken charge of Nancy's scholars, in addition to his own class, during her severe illness. There was something absolutely overpowering in the scene around me. I could scarcely command my feelings, as I listened to the notes of this infant choir, at the obsequies of one, who, if purity of life and the love of God could furnish wings for a heavenly flight, had gone to touch an unearthly harp, before the throne of Jehovah. — In the centre of this little apartment, upon a small table, was a coffin of stained pine; at its head sat old Chloe, with Susan on her lap; upon each side of her were the two other children. They were tidily dressed in their Sabbath apparel. — We had waited long for the minister. At length, as the afternoon was waning away, Chloe evidently became uneasy; and finally despatched a messenger to the village. When the messenger returned, he stated that Parson McWhistler was very sorry; — he had forgot all about it, and was just then stepping into his chaise to attend the wedding of Captain Faddle's daughter, in the next town. — There was a solemn pause, upon the announcement of this answer. It was finally interrupted by old Chloe. "The good book tells us," said she, "that it 's better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. Tell me," she continued, with a trembling voice, and quivering lip, "if the body of this dear saint shall go into the grave without a prayer!" — The young man, of whom I have spoken, rose from his chair, and, advancing to the foot of the coffin, lifted his hands and his eyes to heaven; and, if his fervent supplications reached not the throne of grace, they penetrated the hearts, and drew forth the tears of every listener: at the close, he could scarcely articulate, for his own.

For a short time we sat in silence; at length, the sexton came in, to perform his last office. The coffin was of the most inexpensive kind; it was without any tablet to designate the tenant within; and its cover was of one entire piece, which had been slid down from off the face, that all, who were so disposed, might take a parting look of the deceased. The sexton, with the assistance of the carpenter, was proceeding to adjust the cover, and secure it with common nails, a process not unusual in some of our remote villages, where, even upon such occasions as these, the superior cost of a screw is taken into consideration, at the funerals of the poor. "Stop," said old Chloe, as she raised little Susan in her arms. The poor child took its last look, and dropped a tear upon the cold forehead of its mother

and placed upon her bosom the bunch of violets, which she had gathered, with so light a heart, but yesterday. Little Nancy and her brother followed the example, and they deposited their bunches of flowers within the coffin. — During these moments. I had gazed upon the features of the dead. There was not enough, amid the wreck, to remind me of the lovely fabric, that I once admired. The forehead, sadly checkered, but less by time than care, the cheek, hollow and pale, the sunken eye, the bloodless lip, and the hair, prematurely gray, had no part nor lot, among my vivid recollections of Nancy Le Baron.

The painful process was at last performed, and the sound of the death-hammer — for such it may well be called — had ceased. — While the sounds were ringing in my ears, I could not expel from my mind the recollection, that, among the inhabitants of Padang, intoxicating drink is called *Pakoe*, which, in the language of the Malays, means a *nail*, because, as they affirm, it drives *one more nail into their coffins*.* It may be truly said, that every nail was driven into the coffin of this ill-fated woman, by the demon of intemperance, whose vicegerent was a degraded, drunken husband.

The body was now placed upon the bier. There was not a follower, save her children, who claimed a drop of kindred blood with the deceased. No other herald marshalled the array than common sense, which well enough determines the fitness of things. Old Chloe wept next the body, with the two elder children; I led little Susan by the hand; the Sabbath scholars came next, with their leader, whose admirable prayer I never have forgotten, and trust I never shall forget. The remainder fell in, according to their inclinations. — The body was committed to the ground, and I was about returning with old Chloe and the children, when I overtook Enoch Runlet, who was rubbing his eyes with the cuff of his coat. "This is too tough for me, Mr. Lawder," said he; "all this here misery comes of rum. I'll have no more to do with it."

After I had left the grave, I observed the members of the Sabbath school, and several other persons, gathering together near the grave-yard. Old Chloe informed me the next morning, that they had made a collection for the little orphans. "Enoch Runlet," said she, "gave more than any other; he gave a bright silver dollar."

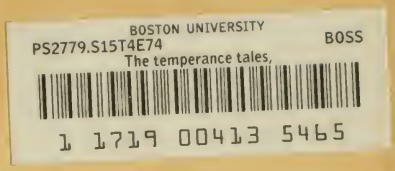
For the reader's gratification, it may be proper to state, that these little children have found friends, abundantly able and willing to shield them from want, and to guide them in the paths of virtue and religion. — About a year after this event, old Chloe sunk to rest

* Eighth Report American Temperance Society, p. 34.

requesting, with her last breath, that she might be buried by the side of her friend. "There 's difference of color," she used to say, "in this world, but I don't believe there 'll be any in the resurrection."

Deacon Mixer had frequently admonished Enoch Runlet, that he would die of the liver complaint. The deacon was mistaken; he died of that very complaint himself, leaving his wife and two sons exceedingly poor, and all three addicted to spirit. Enoch is yet living; his reformation appears to be complete; he works hard and lays up money; and his generous contribution, for the benefit of poor Nancy's children, has obtained for him a good name, which is better than riches.

The energies of man can never be more wisely or beneficially employed, than for the construction of beacons, upon those points of danger, where sunken ledges lie concealed, and upon which many have ignorantly rushed, as upon certain destruction. It is designed, by this simple story, to hang out a light for the guidance of those, who are just embarking upon the voyage of life. If, by the perusal of this little work, one alone of my fair readers shall be effectually preserved from all that complicated wretchedness, which is the inevitable lot of her, who weds an intemperate man, I shall not regret the time, as lost, which I have devoted to the narrative of Nancy Le Baron.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